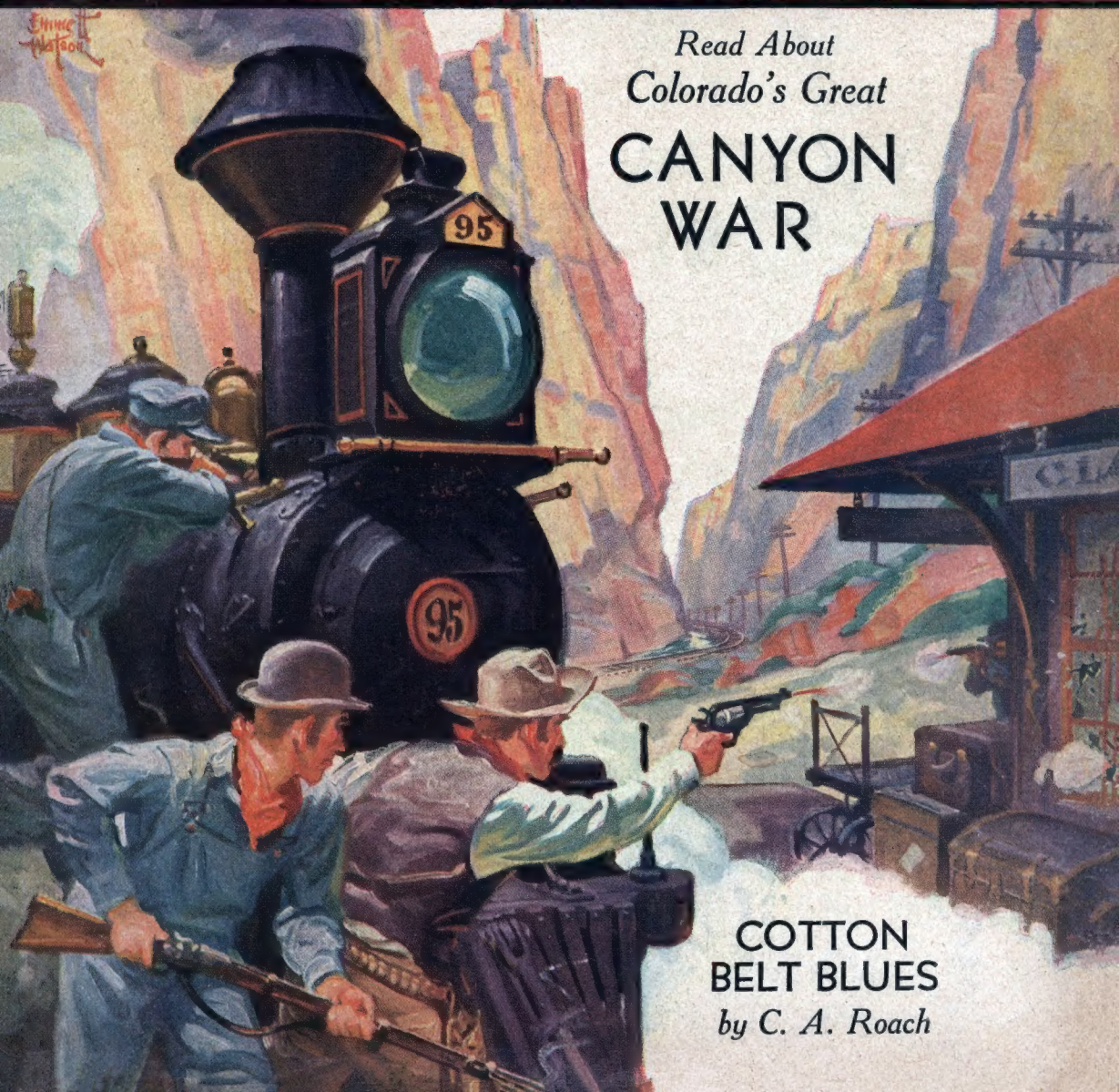
August

WORTHY BROTHERS *by E. S. Dellinger*

RAILROAD STORIES

15¢



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COTTON BELT BLUES
by C. A. Roach

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SO that was it, eh! That's what they were saying—the last thing he suspected. Now he could understand Lydia's insistence that they go home early, and the distant manner of the Johnsons. He stood there flushed and humiliated. He would have given a thousand dollars to escape entering that room again, and to avoid their gaze of disguised disgust.

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AUGUST, 1932
Vol. IX, No. 1

Formerly RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—*Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

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THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, New York City
WILLIAM T. DEWART, President C. T. DIXON, Vice President

MESSAGERIES HACHETTE
3, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE.,
111 Rue Réaumur

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WORTHY BROTHERS

By E. S. Dellinger

Former Brakeman, Mo. P. and Frisco; Author of "Steam and Steel," "Sidetrack the Old Ones," etc.

The Student Skidded Forward and Plunged Down Between the Cars

SMILIN' BILL GARNER walked down the gloomy hall of the terminal office building in Lynchville. A blue serge suit, wrinkled from days and nights sleeping in it, hung loosely on his frame. Bill's cheeks were hollow and thin after a three months' siege of swamp fever. He turned in at the open door of the trainmaster's office.

"Mr. Mulligan in?" he inquired of the little stenographer.

"Yes, sir. Busy right now. Be through in a minute. Sit down, please."

The girl eyed him from head to foot, with a shrug of silken shoulders, then turned back to her typewriter.

Smilin' Bill took the indicated chair and stared gloomily out over the rain-drenched freight yards, where water streamed from a thousand car roofs and stood two inches deep between rusting rails.

Behind the frosted door, voices were speaking, evenly, clearly. Smilin' Bill could hear every word.

"Tell you, Mr. Mulligan," the soft

Complete in This Issue

A Stormy Night, a Steep Grade and No Brakes — That's a Combination to Show up a Poor Railroader and Glorify a Good One!

one was drawling, "I ain't got a thing ag'in' that kid uh yours. Young Buck's as good as the average student, maybe better. What I told him—an' what I've said to you a dozen times—is that us conductors here on this Von Brimmer Hill Division can't understand why a trainmaster would refuse to give us at least one experienced man to the crew, instead uh forcin' us to work with a coupla students."

"Whaddya mean by students?" rasped the harsh voice of the official.

"You know what I mean, Mr. Mulligan. I mean fellers who ain't been in the railroad game long enough to know what to do without a conductor or hogger on their tails tellin' 'em every move. It doubles the work on a conductor—an' on these mountain jobs it's too damn much like flirtin' with the undertaker to suit me."

"Bear soup, Riggs! Before I took over this office there was an average of two wrecks a year on the Von Brimmer Division. I haven't hired a boomer since I been here, nor any other kind of experienced man. There hasn't been a wreck since—"

"That's no sign there ain't goin' to be one, Mr. Mulligan. Some uh these days or nights Von Brimmer Hill's goin' to enter a protest, an' when she does you'll see that student brakemen an' mountain railroadin' don't mix worth—"

Smilin' Bill heard the office chair squeak on its swivel, heard the trainmaster's voice break in:

"Trouble with you, Riggs, is that the old gang here ruined the makings of a damn good home-guard conductor when they nicknamed you 'Boomer.' Boomer Riggs is a high-sounding title.

You've been trying to live up to it and help out a lot of worthless drifters that go floating around the country trying to ride on traveling cards and claiming the right to live off working men just because they're worthy brothers."

The little stenographer grinned. Smilin' Bill's ears tingled. The smile left his face and a hot flush mounted to his cheeks. What the conductor responded was lost in a flood of confusion.

Before the war, Garner had been a boomer. In his frayed wallet now were traveling cards, a dozen service letters, all but one of them out of date, and three lodge receipts. When again he heard the conversation behind the frosted door, Mulligan was speaking.

"Young Buck spent sixty days learning his job on this railroad, Riggs. He's been on the board since August. Thirston's been on longer than that. They're full-fledged brakemen, both of 'em. Damn it! They'll be working on your crew till the last car's pulled off."

"You're the boss, Mr. Mulligan," admitted the drawling one.

"You said a mouthful, Riggs," snapped the trainmaster.

The little stenographer chuckled. Smilin' Bill's blue eyes blazed. The frosted door opened, and a sad-eyed individual of uncertain age, wearing a red tie, a blue thousand-miler,* a pepper-and-salt suit, and a yellow slicker, towered six feet tall in the opening.

"And while you're here, Mr. Riggs," bellowed the T. M., "I may as well warn you against carrying bums—those boomer brothers of yours—on any caboose of this railroad. If I ever hear of it happening again, by the Eternal, out you go—and no meddlesome Brotherhood is going to reinstate you, either!"

Boomer Riggs laughed, and with a nod toward Smilin' Bill, sauntered out of the office.

II

GARNER entered as soon as Riggs had gone. Even before he had asked a question he knew its answer. Mulligan was rocking to and fro in the swivel chair. His size 17 white shirt was open at the throat. The sleeves were rolled to the elbow. His iron gray hair was tousled, while the face beneath it bore an angry flush.

"Well," growled the trainmaster, "what's your trouble?"

"Lookin' for a job, Mr. Mulligan."

"What kind of job?"

"Train service."

"Yeah? Had any experience?"

"Yes, sir." Smilin' Bill opened his wallet and removed a yellow slip. As Mulligan unfolded it a frown wrinkled his forehead. It was a service letter stating that William G. Garner had been employed on the Arkansas Division of the C. B. Ry. from March 11, 1919, to May 6, 1925; he had been discharged "account reduction of force," and his service had been commendable.

During his nine years as trainmaster, Mulligan had doubtless seen thousands like it, yet he read the slip again and again. Then he eyed its owner appraisingly.

"In the army during the war, Garner?" he queried.

"Yes, sir. Twenty-one months. Yardmaster at St. Nazaire most of the time."

Smilin' Bill lifted his shoulders as he spoke of the army service. Mulligan looked puzzled. A boomer with six years on one job, and a good army record behind it, was something new in

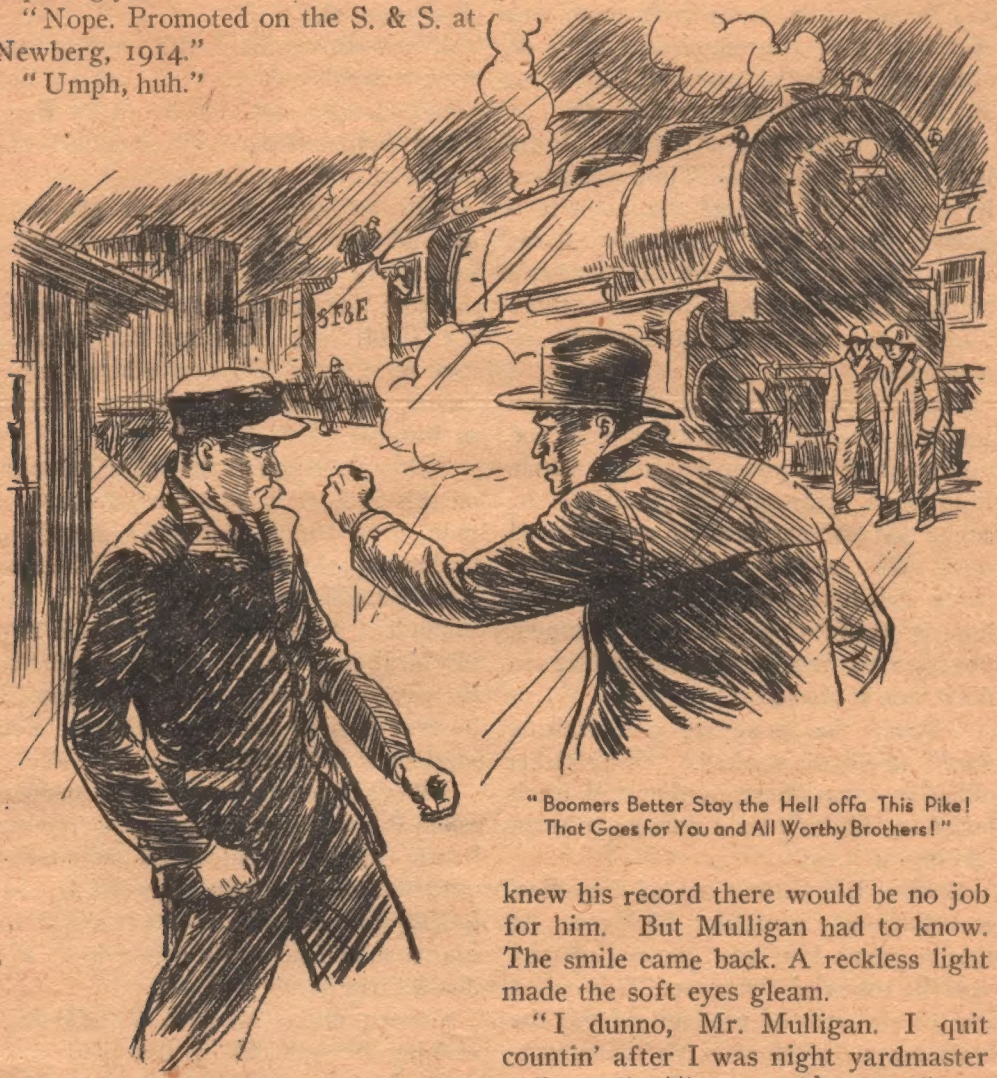
* *Shirt commonly worn by boomers*

his experience. The crease in his forehead deepened.

"I take it you weren't promoted on the C. B. road?" He arched his brows inquiringly.

"Nope. Promoted on the S. & S. at Newberg, 1914."

"Umph, huh."



"Boomers Better Stay the Hell offa This Pike! That Goes for You and All Worthy Brothers!"

Mulligan flicked the ash from his cigar and read the letter again. Smilin' Bill's eyes did not waver. He fumbled the nickel and four pennies in his trouser pocket, squeezed the empty wallet in his left hand.

"How many roads did you work for before you went to France Garner?"

Smilin' Bill hesitated. The smile left his face. He had heard Mulligan condemning boomers a moment before. He dreaded to answer. If the T. M. knew his record there would be no job for him. But Mulligan had to know. The smile came back. A reckless light made the soft eyes gleam.

"I dunno, Mr. Mulligan. I quit countin' after I was night yardmaster at Pocatello. That was thirty-one."

Mulligan shoved the letter across the desk.

"Another damned boomer!" he grunted. "Had you figgered out when you stepped through the door. Can tell the breed as far as I can see 'em. Wouldn't give one of you birds a trip on my division if our box cars had to

stay out in the yard till the wheels rust off."

The trainmaster picked up a sheaf of papers and began thumbing through them. They were complaints turned in by conductors on the inefficiency and blundering of this summer's crop of student brakemen, especially his son, Buck. Mulligan swore viciously.

Smilin' Bill stared hard at the "brass hat" (railroad official). Time was when he would have directed that man to a hotter place than Lynchville. Now, with the installments on his mother's cottage at Fort Jones, Arkansas, three months in arrears, he could not be independent.

He had banked strongly on getting a job at Lynchville. As it was considered the toughest mountain job in the whole Southwest, trainmasters used to be eager for the services of experienced men. Always had boomers been welcome. Bill had come a thousand miles, hoping conditions had not changed. He cleared his throat, intending to make one more effort.

"What the devil are you waiting for?" Mulligan barked. "The ticket office is down there in that red brick building. There'll be a passenger train leaving at 5.15."

Smilin' Bill backed out of the office, surreptitiously thumbing his nose. At that moment Mulligan glanced up and saw the token of disrespect. This called for an outburst of profanity from the brass hat, who followed his visitor outside, vociferating:

"Boomers better stay the hell offa this pike! That goes for you and all other lousy bums—worthy brothers!" He spat disgustedly.

III

BILL sauntered away, but did not go to the passenger station. The nickel and four pennies would not buy a ticket to the water tower. He went to the freight yards, expecting to catch a ride west on a caboose or in an empty before the day was done. Again he was disappointed.

Two railroad bulls with bulging hips were watching every train until a flea could scarcely steal a ride out by them. They approached Bill, inquired his business, and warned:

"If we ever catch yuh prowling around these yards any more we'll give yuh thirty days in the coop."

From the yards Garner went up to the Y. M. C. A. Several Brotherhood men were there. They gave him a meal, but no one invited him into a caboose or box car.

"Boomer Riggs is the only conductor on this S. F. & E. who dares to carry a man, now that Mulligan's here," a brakeman told him. "Riggs is headed west tonight on a wheat drag.* He might carry you. I don't know. Heard old Mulligan had him on the carpet this morning and threatened to fire him if he ever carried another boomer. You might ask him, though."

Bill did not say he had been present when the threat was made. But having heard it, he debated all afternoon whether to approach Riggs or to slip quietly into a box car under cover of darkness and go as he had come. He decided the latter was safer.

Consequently, at nine o'clock that evening he sneaked by the yard bulls and edged forward, a few steps at a time. One by one he tried the doors on fifty cars of export wheat, which stood on Track 8, engine coupled, air tested, ready to leave town.

All day long the October rain had continued. Icy drops stabbed through his wet clothing like frozen needles.

*A "drag" is a slow freight train

Cold and rain had brought back the nightly chill which he thought he had left behind in the swamps of Arkansas. The smile was gone from his face now. Teeth chattered. Knees knocked together until he could scarcely stand.

Twenty car lengths away, the friendly gleam of a caboose marker beckoned invitingly. There would be fire and food and shelter from the storm. Bill was tempted to ask for a ride in it. Then he remembered the angry voice of the trainmaster threatening Riggs. It seemed to cry above the splash of rain on the wet cinders, and he turned away from the caboose.

Every one of the wheat cars was sealed and cleated. His only chance to ride this train would be the bumper or the rods. He shuddered, jingled the nickel and four pennies, and felt for the watch he had pawned in Tulsa.

Between him and the caboose a light now bobbed up and down. That would be Boomer Riggs, bringing orders to the engineer. Smilin' Bill Garner waited between two cars of wheat.

The light drew rapidly nearer. A tall figure in a yellow slicker was approaching. When he was ten steps away, Bill emerged from between the cars.

Riggs faltered a moment, then, lantern lifted, came on to meet him. The wanderer uttered a word, a distress signal. Riggs peered into his face and answered. Reaching into his breast pocket, Garner pulled out his thin, worn, leather wallet. Without a word, he held it toward his brother of the rail.

Boomer Riggs took the wallet, stared at the rectangle of pasteboard showing through the celluloid window—Smilin' Bill Garner's traveling card. He closed the wallet and handed it back.

"I'm sorry, Garner," he drawled. "Sorry as hell. But right now—I wouldn't dare carry my wife's picture on the caboose, much less a worthy brother. Only this morning Mulligan—"

"I ain't askin' for a ride in the crummy, Riggs. I heard what that old crab told you this mornin'. I wouldn't ask no man to risk his job for me. All I want is an empty I can crawl into outa this blitherin' rain—"

"There's no empties on my train tonight, Garner. Everything's wheat, loaded to the limit." The big conductor studied Smilin' Bill's face, noted the chattering teeth. "Sick, ain't yuh?"

"Have been all summer. Chills an' fever."

"You don't need no empty on a night like this, brother. What you need's a hot lunch an' a dry bed to sleep in."

The two men stood looking at each other through the drizzle. Riggs drew out his watch, rubbed the face of it with his wet hand, dropped it into his pocket.

"What happened to your last job?" he inquired finally.

"Big engines got it. Pulled off five crews in May. Tryin' to find another job. Nobody hirin' experienced men."

"I know—" Riggs dug the heel of his rubber boot into the cinders. "I'm goin' to take a chance on you, Garner. I've never yet turned down a worthy brother, especially a sick one. You can go on over to the head end with me an' we'll catch the crummy as she comes by."

"But suppose Mulligan—"

"Mulligan'll be in bed asleep. All we've got to do's dodge these two yard dicks an' keep my head brakeman away from the crummy. My hind shack* is harmless as a kitten, but the head one—damn him! *He's old Mulligan's kid!*"

*Hind shack—brakeman on rear of train

Three car lengths from the engine, Garner stopped to wait while Boomer Riggs took the orders over to the engineer. Shivering in the rain, he considered the conductor's offer.

It was nothing new. A thousand times Bill had carried worthy brothers on his freight caboose. A hundred times he had ridden thus himself. In the old days it had always been a courtesy extended by a trainman who had a job to a worthy brother who had none. Even now on many roads the courtesy was seldom denied. But on the S. F. & E. with a trainmaster like Mulligan—

He was tempted to refuse and to ride instead the truss rods beneath a car of wheat. But he thought of the cold wind whipping over the water-soaked ballast eighteen inches from his face, ballast that in the higher altitudes of the Glory Range might be buried deep in snow. Then his mind went to the warm fire in the caboose and cushion on the bunkers.

Boomer Riggs came back to stand beside him. They caught the caboose as it clacked by. And as Riggs led the way inside, where the fire was roaring up the pipe of the coal stove, a stealthy figure in oilskins and broad-brimmed hat slunk away toward the yard office.

IV

For ten miles Riggs and Garner sat swapping experiences. They had much in common. Both of them had been boomers before the war. Both had railroaded on the Western Front, and Riggs recalled the time when he had, for a short while, run a switch crew in the C. B. yards at Fort Jones.

Smilin' Bill mentioned that he had once worked over this same track before the Von Brimmer line had been taken over by the S. F. & E.

"It was some job in those days," he mused. "There used to be a whale of a mountain to cross between Lynchville an' Conway."

Riggs blew a ring of smoke into the air. "There still is, brother. Old Von Brimmer's just as crooked an' just as perpendic'lar as she always was."

Smilin' Bill picked up a hickory brake club off the bunker and ran a hand down its scarred surface. The scars had been made by jamming the heavy stick between the spokes of many a brake wheel.

"Do your students use these, Riggs?"

"Yeah. Sometimes. When a car's standin' still."

Both men laughed. Then the skipper's face grew serious.

"I've been predictin'," he growled, "that with these green hands somethin'll happen on this hill one uh these days that'll teach the brass hats a lesson in railroadin' they won't forget soon."

"Maybe."

"No maybe about it, Garner. You know an' I know that a man can't learn to railroad in sixty days. It takes years. My hind man, Monk Thirston, has been railroadin' since July. Young Mulligan's been on since August. They can nose out hot boxes an' open switches. But if anything ever happens up around Crestone or Glory Grove, it'll be just too bad!"

Rain came in heavier downpour. It sounded now above the clack of wheels on rail joints. Through it the cry of the whistle was heard as a mournful whisper.

Smilin' Bill yawned. Riggs threw his cigar stub into the ashpan, put more coal into the stove. Then he took a roll of bedding from one of the bunkers, replaced the lid, straightened out the cushions upon it, and made down a bed for his guest.

"Put your carcass in them blankets, buddy," he drawled. "When we start up the hill to Glory Grove we'll fix a bite to eat an' a cup uh Java."

The conductor sat down to work on his reports. Smilin' Bill dozed fitfully. Monk Thirston seemed restless. Several times he descended from the cupola and went out to stand on the rear platform.

"What's the matter kid?" Riggs asked.

"Aw, I dunno. Seems like somethin's wrong somewhere. Thought maybe we was developin' a hot box."

"You'll get over that by the time you've railroaded fifty years."

Riggs lighted another cigar. Thirston returned to his cupola.

At 11:50 their train took siding at Logan to let the "Midnight Limited" by. Riggs went to the telegraph office. Thirston left the caboose.

Smilin' Bill pulled the blankets over his head in an effort to smother the gloomy thoughts which arose constantly in his mind, and fell asleep. After what seemed ages, he heard a locomotive whistle. The glare of a headlight shone through the glass panel in the rear door. He lifted himself to his elbow.

"Wonder if that damn student shut the switch?" he muttered.

Bill arose and looked back. The switch light was green, as it should be. He slipped on his shoes, ran a hand through his tousled hair. Then he watched the "Limited" drift down between the switches.

The train stopped. Knowing that Logan was not a scheduled stop, he wondered why. He was still wondering when it puffed away. He did not wonder long.

The instant the last Pullman had passed a figure in a yellow slicker came bustling across the main track and swung up the steps. Even before he entered the open door Bill recognized Trainmaster Mulligan. His heart came up in his throat. He knew that if Mulligan caught him riding with Riggs it would be the conductor's last trip.

The wanderer looked for a place to hide. There was none. Mulligan sighted him from the door, stopped dead still, laughed harshly.

"So you *are* riding west with Riggs tonight, Garner?" he rasped.

"Nope," denied Smilin' Bill. "Jist flyin' across the country. Seen a crummy with the door open. Dropped in to warm my wings."

Mulligan looked down at the unlaced shoes, at the covers on the bunk, up at the tousled hair. Smilin' Bill pulled on the serge cap and started for the door.

Just then Boomer Riggs swung up the steps, whistling. As he thrust his head inside Bill saw him start. The whistling ceased.

"Hello, Mr. Mulligan," drawled the conductor. "Wasn't expectin' the pleasure of your company tonight."

"So I see," sneered the trainmaster. "Carrying another worthy brother, are you?"

"Ho, sure," Riggs admitted. "Mr. Mulligan, meet Brother William Garner, Fort Jones Lodge Number 141."

Mulligan ignored the introduction. His gray eyes were cold. He thrust his bronzed face close to Riggs.

"Didn't I tell you this morning I'd fire you on the spot if I ever caught you carrying another one of these—these worthless drifters? Didn't I?"

Riggs grinned recklessly. He fumbled for a match. "Kinda seems to me like—"

"Seems like hell!" exploded Mulligan. "When you get into Conway, turn in your equipment and go back to

Lynchville for your time. It *seems to me like* you're fired!"

Mulligan jerked off the slicker, tossed it angrily on the bunk, strode the length of the caboose and climbed up into the cupola. Smilin' Bill said nothing. Boomer Riggs laid his train-book on the table and hung his slicker on a nail.

"That's the way old Mulligan fires 'em, pard," he drawled.

"I've been canned that way a few times myself," mused Garner. "Reckon it would help matters if I made myself scarce around this crummy the rest of the way in?"

"Nope. Mulligan ain't firin' me on account of you. It's because I've been tryin' to make him hire railroaders who do their own work, instead of students who let the conductor do it for 'em."

He turned back to his desk. Smilin' Bill sat disconsolately on the bunk, while the tortuous miles slipped back down the ever steepening plain.

V

At Mountainberg the helper engines coupled on, two behind the caboose, one ahead of the engine. From there to Glory Grove the four big mountain jacks worked three thousand tons of wheat laboriously up the heavy grade.

While the crummy groaned along, now six miles an hour, now less or more, Boomer Riggs fried chicken, made strong coffee. When lunch was ready, he called Trainmaster Mulligan down from the cupola, and the three of them ate together.

"It's going to be a nasty trip down Von Brimmer Hill tonight," ventured the trainmaster.

"Yeah, Von Brimmer ain't so hot when it's stormin'," growled Riggs. "'Specially when yuh got two student brakemen on your crew."

Mulligan's face flushed. He did not speak again until the meal was finished. Then he went back to the cupola to smoke and stare out over the car tops while the student hind brakeman came down to eat.

At Glory Grove the wheat drag took siding to meet an eastbound freight. Monk Thirston cut off the two pusher engines and let them into the spur siding. Riggs went to the office for orders. Mulligan put on his slicker and strode over toward the head end of the train. Smilin' Bill took another nap.

At 1.25 the eastbound freight pulled by and went drifting down the grade toward Mountainberg. Five minutes later the wheat extra moved out of Glory Grove. Conductor and trainmaster caught it as it clacked by the station. They remained on the caboose platform until the brakeman closed the switch. Then the three of them came in and hung up their slickers.

"What's that order you got here, Riggs," inquired Mulligan.

"Time on Six at Von Brimmer."

Riggs fished out the green tissue with its clearance and handed it to Mulligan. The trainmaster read the order and gave it to the brakeman. From force of habit, Smilin' Bill reached for it as Thirston finished reading.

> Number Six, engine 3432 will wait at Von Brimmer until 3.25 for Exa 3803 west.

Mulligan and the brakeman climbed to the cupola, leaving Riggs and Garner standing by the stove as the half mile of loaded wheat cars rattled down the grade toward Crestone. On this four and four-tenths miles, the S. F. & E. follows the divide. It descends gradually for more than a mile, dips through a sag, climbs a slight hump, and tips over the ridge into Crestone.

In Crestone, on a quarter-mile of easy grade, all trains are instructed by timetable to make a complete stop so that crews may test air brakes.

Halfway between the Crestone switches the track begins dipping down. From the west one it curves sharply to the left, writhes out along the rim of Crestone Gulch for a little more than a mile to the junction with Von Brimmer Canyon.

Here it rounds another curve and emerges upon a sloping ledge of granite a thousand feet above the canyon floor. For seven miles it follows this canyon wall, squirming down it like a huge serpent, creeping through its sharpest turns in three tunnels, and spanning it on trestles set at dizzy heights above the whitening waters of Von Brimmer River.

VI

TONIGHT, as the 3803 tipped over the grade leading down toward Crestone, the brakes went into emergency. Riggs swore lustily. He and Garner dropped upon bunks and braced themselves to take the jar of possible collision. The collision did not come. Within a few hundred feet the caboose stopped.

Riggs jerked up his lantern and, striding forward, flashed its light upon the air gage.

"Reckon the hogger lunged one pullin' through this sag," he drawled, meaning that the engineer's carelessness in starting the train with a jerk must have yanked out a drawbar ("lung") and rendered the air brakes ineffective.

"Looks like it," snapped Mulligan. "I'll give him forty brownies for it."

Brownies are demerits or black marks on a railroad man's record, named after a Mr. Brown who originated the system. So many brownies mean discharge. On the other hand, brownies may be wiped out by unusual meritorious service.

Riggs shrugged. The trainmaster wrote viciously in the little black book. Then he climbed down from the cupola. Riggs put on his slicker, took one of the heavy brake clubs from the cupola floor and started for the front door. Mulligan was two steps behind with a pocket flashlight.

The brakeman grabbed a red lantern and headed toward the rear. Boomer stopped with a hand on the knob.

"I'll twist up ten brakes on this rear end, kid," he yelled. "You be sure to let 'em off when you're called in from flaggin'."

"All right, cap."

The student slammed the rear door and started back to stop No. 5. Mulligan had already gone forward. Smilin' Bill went out on the front platform where Riggs was twisting down the caboose brake with a club.

"I'll get your brakes for you, pardner," he volunteered. "You go on over to the head end an' look out for your trouble."

"Thanks, Garner," muttered the conductor. "You'll find an old rainsuit in that left locker. Better put it on."

Smilin' Bill struggled into the worn suit of oilskins, located an extra club and lantern, and went out to set brakes before the air leaked off the cars. With ten of them tied down, he then followed Riggs.

Five cars from the engine he came upon the conductor and young Buck Mulligan, busy with wrench and bar, untangling a mass of wreckage where the draft rigging, the cross timber, and part of the front end of an old system

car had pulled loose and piled up in the middle of the track.

He helped them break out the débris and roll it down the embankment. Then he crawled under the car, where he lay for fifteen minutes, showing Buck how to work a chain around a bolster to draw the car without a drawbar.

Meanwhile Buck's father was stamping around in the rain, raving and cussing like the top kick in a cavalry company.

"I'll fire that hogger, Joe Welch, the minute I get to Conway," he stormed. "Another damned worthless boomer! I've been laying for him ever since I been on the job."

"Blame the hoghead!" growled Riggs. "If you brass hats would send these scrap heaps to the rip track instead uh puttin' 'em out on the head uh your wheat drags, yuh wouldn't have your trains tore all to blazes."

The car was finally ready to move. Riggs cut it loose from the one behind it, and left open the anglecock—the cut-out valve in the train brake system—so it would not have to be turned when the brakeman coupled the train together on his return. Then he and young Buck went down with the engine to set out the car in Crestone.

Arriving there, they found both passing tracks full. Two eastbound extras had taken siding there. They spent thirty minutes sawing their bad order car into the house track. It looked as if, with No. 5 due behind, and No. 6 coming up the hill from the west, the road would be blocked for the rest of the night.

But by the time he was ready to go back after his train, the dispatcher had put out an order instructing Extra 3803 to run ahead of No. 5, Crestone to Von Brimmer.

"Delayer said tell you to make it down to Von Brimmer on double quick," the operator told him. "Said Number Six would be waitin' at the switch for yuh."

"You tell that delayer to go hang by his toes," growled Riggs.

He and young Buck finally took the engine and four cars back to the train. The rain had momentarily ceased, but a new storm was brewing down the canyon. A cloud, black as ink and streaked with zigzag lightning, was rising from the west. The roll of distant thunder came up out of Von Brimmer to break the mountain stillness and threaten destruction.

VII

THE engineer sounded his whistle calling Thirston in from flagging. Riggs was on the fourth car with young Buck.

"Now, kid," he instructed, "you make this coupling. Don't forget to couple your air and cut it in. Then let off these five brakes, and stay back to pass a signal."

Riggs swung down the ladder, dropped off the car. He set the coupling knuckle, and, leaving the trainmaster's son to finish the job, hurried back to get into position where he could receive and pass a starting signal around the curves.

Young Buck brought the two cuts of cars together and coupled the air hose connections. Then, student like, without noticing that the rear one was already open, he turned both anglecocks, *thereby cutting off the air-brake connection behind the fourth car!* It was a fatal mistake, as he realized later that night.

The rain had commenced once more, so that Riggs, trotting over the tops of the cars, could not possibly have heard

"Nothin' Much Is the Matter," Said Riggs. "Only This S. F. & E.'s Headed for the Biggest Smash Since the Road Was Built"

the hiss of air coming through the trainline.

Engineer Welch, having set his brake valve to charge the train line, was down on the ground with his oilcan. The fireman was busy with a clogged stoler. Neither of them noticed in the bedlam of sounds the absence of one which they should have heard—a *thud-thud-thud* of a racing air pump!

In the cupola, Smilin' Bill heard the dull *woo—oo—woo!* of the whistle filtering through the muggy air. At almost the same time he heard the whistle of No. 5 sounding behind, and reckoning that Thirston would be back to the caboose in three minutes, he turned to the trainmaster.

"You tell that hind shack I'll let off his brakes for him," said Bill. "Then I'll wait up there so I can pass a highball when he gets on."

Mulligan grunted. Smilin' Bill released the brakes. Then he walked the top of the train until he could just see the marker's green gleam. Soon No. 5 pulled in and stopped behind the caboose. A lamp on the rear swung a highball, the go-ahead signal.

Garner passed the signal. The conductor's lantern repeated it, and, after a few seconds' pause, two short blasts of the whistle told him it had been relayed to the engine.

It was more than two miles to Crestone. Within ten car lengths the engineer, who knew he was delaying two passenger trains, had the train running twenty miles an hour. Garner waited

for Riggs, and the two of them walked the top of the train together back to the caboose. The train was making thirty miles an hour when they reached it.

Mulligan and the student were both in the cupola, facing the air gage. Neither of them had as yet looked at it. Smilin' Bill climbed through the left cupola window over Mulligan's knees. Riggs climbed through the right one. From force of habit, both of them flashed lanterns on the gage the moment they were inside. *The black hand was lying flat against the zero peg!*

"What—what—" stammered Riggs.

The smile faded out of Bill Garner's face. It grew suddenly old.

"My God!" he whispered.

The brakeman came to his knees shaking. "What's wrong?" he quavered.

Riggs kicked out the front window of the cupola and scrambled through. Garner flung himself out through the side one. One thought seemed to have gripped both of them—to get a stop signal to the head end before it had tipped over the heavy grade beyond Crestone. At the end of the first car Riggs stopped.

"Come on back, Garner!" he yelled. "It's forty cars to where yuh could even see the engine. Yuh might as well try to flag a birch bark canoe shootin' Niagara Falls!"

Both men darted back to the caboose to recover the brake sticks they had tossed to the floor as they had entered through the windows. Mulligan, not yet fully alive to what had happened, grabbed the conductor's valve and was holding it down. Not a squirt of air was coming from it!

"What's the matter, Riggs?" he croaked. "What's happened?"

"Nothin' much," was the answer, "only one uh your expert students failed to cut in the air when he made a couplin' an' the other one forgot to look at the air gage when he got on the caboose. This S. F. & E.'s headed for the biggest smash since the road was built!"

"If that kid of mine's to blame for this I'll fire him in the morning," said the trainmaster, coming quickly out of his fright. "I'm going—"

"There ain't gonna be no mornin'," growled Riggs.

"Whaddya mean?" bellowed the official. "Do you think—"

He stopped short, stared from Boomer Riggs to Smilin' Bill Garner. A veil of ashen gray climbed out of the collar of his size 17 shirt and covered the bronzed face. All his brow-beating sternness had vanished.

"You mean—" he whispered.

"Exactly," muttered the conductor, shedding his slicker and grabbing the brake stick from the floor. *"This outfit's goin' into the ditch!"*

VIII

White-faced and shaken, Monk Thirston was stumbling around the caboose. He had snuffed out his lantern coming down from the cupola. His trembling hand wasted four matches relighting it.

Smilin' Bill stripped off the oilskin suit to give him freedom. He was scrambling up the cupola ladder when Riggs came in from setting the caboose brake.

"Where yuh goin', Garner?" cried the conductor.

"Goin' high an' tie down hand brakes," Bill shot back at him.

"Listen, fellers!" Riggs stopped with one foot on the cupola ladder, speaking feverishly. "You unload goin' through Crestone. It's your only

chance. Old Joe Welch is on short time against a passenger train. He's goin' down into Crestone like a bat out of hell, figgerin' on stoppin' with half his train above the lower switch. He'll slough his air jist after he tips over the grade. He'll find he ain't got any. He'll start whistlin' for brakes. Then he'll come alive an' make his fireman unload.

"About the time he starts to foller he'll remember there's a student brakeman decoratin' the top with a lantern ten cars back. Young Buck, he won't know what it's all about. He'll be tryin' to club down hand brakes as long as he can stand up on 'em.

"Old Buck'll stay because the kid stays. Old devil'll be workin' air, sand, an' reverse when she goes into the ditch. An' she's goin'! Ain't a chance in a thousand she'll ride that first curve. If she does she'll be makin' a thousand miles an hour when she hits that lower hill. You three fellers join the birds!"

Out of the night, mingling with the swish of the wind, with the splash of ice water, dashing from above, came the mournful *woo-oo-oo-oo* of the whistle as the hogger held down the cord on the 3803—old Joe Welch, who as yet knew not that *Death was crouching on the curve below!*

Smilin' Bill glanced from conductor to trainmaster. Mulligan's lips were twitching. His eyes bulged from their sockets. His knees shook until he could scarcely stand erect clinging to the grabiron.

Boomer Riggs gave a dry, croaking laugh. Then, club and lantern clutched in his right hand, he started swinging up the ladder into the cupola.

"What you goin' to do, Riggs?" yelled Smilin' Bill.

"Me?" Riggs threw a glance into the white, upturned faces as he backed through the cupola. "I've got a meet with a passenger train waitin' on the switch at Von Brimmer. I'll be clubbin' down handbrakes when—"

Smilin' Bill did not wait for him to finish. Leaving brass hat and student, open-mouthed and quaking, he sprang up the ladder and followed Riggs.

Out they went on the reeling slippery decks, out into the night where lightning sent blood red arrows hurtling upward from the crest of old Von Brimmer.

The rain, dashing in Bill's face, all but took away his breath. He sprang to the running board, and, head down, plunged along the bounding deck.

Riggs kept two strides ahead of him, leaped the coupling between caboose and freight car, and swung to the brake wheel. He whirled it until each chain became taut, until the brakes were grinding. Smilin' Bill dropped lantern and club to the running board and grabbed the wheel with him.

While they surged and tugged until the grinding brakes made the car buck beneath them, two figures went by. One was the student, club and lantern in hand, stumbling awkwardly along the top. With him was the trainmaster, hatless, coatless, flashlight gripped in right hand, hurrying forward to help set brakes.

"They'll both be killed!" cried Garner.

"Git that next brake!" Riggs shouted. "I'll twist this one down with the club."

Riggs set his club in the wheel spokes, took one notch, two, three. Garner whirled, grabbed club and lantern, and plunged on toward the second.

At forty miles an hour, the drag was writhing down through groves of Douglas fir and silver spruce which crowned the crest of the Glory Range.

From a half mile away came the dismal cry of the crossing whistle. It ended suddenly, and as Garner whirled from the brake wheel to plunge forward along the deck, the whistle broke anew, not this time in the monotonous crossing blast, but in a wild, frantic, blood-curdling call for brakes—a call which, heard once on a mountainside, is never forgotten.

Mingling with the frenzied appeal of the whistle, the thunder of the train, the roar of wind and rain, Bill caught another sound—a clattering, banging noise, as of a hundred houses falling. He knew what it was. A hundred times he had heard it—the *boom-bang-bum-bum* of jostling cars as forty-five of them, loaded sixty tons each, racing down the slight grade without brakes, brought fiercely up against a locomotive in reverse and four cars whose brakes were in emergency.

Bill knew what was coming when the slack went out of those cars. He braced himself to take the shock. The car he rode seemed suddenly to stop, as if hurled against the granite cliff.

A flash of lightning shimmered in the mountain sky. Black night became as blazing day. Smilin' Bill saw the two figures ahead of him. The student brakeman was in the lead, balancing himself for the leap across the three-foot gap between the first and second cars. Mulligan, head down like a charging bull, was two steps behind.

Garner tried to call a warning, but before he could open his mouth the thing was done. The sudden check in speed hurled both men down upon the oaken boards. Thirston's lantern left his hand to roll along the car top.

Above the roar of the storm and the racing train there came a startled cry, a wild yell of terror. The student skidded forward and plunged *down through that yawning gap beneath the screaming wheels!*

IX

The car jerked forward, then back, and went rumbling on. Garner ran along its swaying top. Riggs was a step behind. They found the trainmaster struggling to his feet. Oaken splinters had ripped gashes in his face. He was spitting and cursing.

Riggs grabbed him by the arm. "Git offa here! Do you wanta git killed?"

But Mulligan had become again the trainmaster of the mountain. Maddened with pain and fear, he shook his head and whirled fiercely on the conductor.

"To hell with you!" he screamed, tottering on the swaying top. "No pair of damned boomers is gonna tell me where to get off. If this train goes into the ditch, I'm going with it!"

They had now passed the upper end of Crestone yard and were rushing down between two mile-long strings of empty freight cars—the eastbound extras in the siding. Riggs and Garner left the trainmaster standing on the running board and leaped from car to car, madly setting brakes.

The speed of the train cut down to thirty miles an hour as reverse and brakes took hold across the level stretch through Crestone. But neither of them was deceived.

On the right the green eye of the order board rushed toward them. Beyond the station, two markers twinkling through the rain marked the end of the eastbound extras. A dozen rods below those markers, hidden now around the curve, a pair of switch-lights stood like sentinels where the track squirms through the deep rock cut and plunges down the rim of

Crestone Gulch. Once they enter the open jaws of that rock cut . . .

The car they rode crashed by the station. Trainmen were running excitedly up and down the platform, madly waving lanterns. A hoarse voice shouted:

"Jump, you fools! You'll all be killed!"

But Riggs and Garner scarcely heard the cry. Their clubs were working in and out between the wheel spokes, twisting, heaving, until laden wheels were all but skidding on the slippery rails.

Six brakes had been set when, at twenty miles an hour, they passed the two cabooses. Two more were grinding when, with quickening speed, they crashed over the switch points and entered the jaws of Crestone Gulch!

They thought they had left Mulligan behind them, had seen him for the last time. They were mistaken. Though old Buck, who had come to the trainmaster's desk by the office route, was no expert in moving over reeling car tops, he was a man who did not know defeat.

As they worked on their seventh brake he came lumbering awkwardly by them. He was even trying to run; but, thrown by the jerking motion of the speeding train, he stumbled right and left like a drunken man.

He was working with the eighth brake when they reached it. "Git out—" began Smilin' Bill, who was a step ahead.

But already the trainmaster had turned and gone lumbering away to the next.

Entering Crestone Gulch, they had run head on into the fiercest storm of years, into one of those bursts of revelry among the elements which sometimes come when summer bids goodby to earth in the wilds of the southern Rockies.

About them lightning danced and quivered. Deafening thunders crashed against the granite walls, rising higher and higher. Rain came in sheets. Wind-driven, it lashed their faces, drove through their clothing as if they had none on. Water streamed from sodden garments.

It is nights like this which try the souls of the men who ride the rail. On such nights one man of five having blundered, the other four must risk a meet with Death and sometimes keep it. And on passenger trains they must risk all in fire, flood or storm, lest passengers, who sleep in thundering berths, trusting their lives to the care of grimy, hardfaced men they never know, should waken in Eternity.

The *whack-whack* of the wheels on joints came in ever quickening rhythm. The scream of the wheels grew louder. Like the death cry of the fabled banshee, it played up the scale and sent gooseflesh spreading over the wet skin of the two men who had just seen one of their crew go hurtling down between them.

With more than a dozen brakes set, with the heavy train doing thirty miles an hour and gaining speed at every turn of its wheels, hope died in them.

"We'll—we'll never make that first curve, Garner," choked Riggs. "We'll fall a half a mile straight down."

Smilin' Bill did not answer. The death cry of the student was still ringing in his ears. Minutes now, seconds maybe, and he too might be hurtling down the cliff face to the jagged rocks below. He clenched his teeth and twisted the brake tighter.

On top of the fifteenth car, Mulligan was poised for a leap to the next. As the two men came on they watched

him. He balanced, wobbled drunkenly, balanced again and jumped.

The trainmaster cleared the coupling, missed the running board, went sidewise almost to the edge of the roof—the edge whence a slip, another step, would send him headlong down the face of the granite cliff. He hung motionless for a second, then reeled backward and fell sprawling across the running board of the car.

Garner and Riggs leaped the coupling to him and attempted to lift Mulligan to his feet.

"I—I can't go, fellows!" he cried hoarsely, rising to his knees. "It's up to—to you!"

In the pouring sky, sheet lightning glimmered. White water coursed down cold walls of granite rushing by. In the canyon below, black pine trees bowed and beckoned before the rush of the west wind.

Yet, through it all, with Death lurking on the curve a mile away, the two boomers, skilled and hardened by years atop these rattling freights, twisted taut the brake, smiled grimly at the plight of the man who had that day cursed them and their kind as worthless drifters.

Tonight, before he died—if indeed he was doomed—old Buck Mulligan would learn that only men like them could even stay and fight with the mountain job on the crags of Von Brimmer.

X

On and on the wheat drag thundered down the grade—thirty-five, forty miles an hour and more. Not in years had a drag attained this speed on Von Brimmer Hill. On and on the two men plunged over the tops, still setting brakes.

Only six minutes had elapsed since they had climbed in at the cupola window and looked at the air gage—six minutes which, in the span of human life, seem endless. During that time they had tied down the brakes on twenty-five cars. Some of they had failed to hold—dogs loose on bolts or chains rusted until they would not stand the leverage of heavy clubs.

Half a mile above the first sharp curve where Crestone Gulch joins Von Brimmer Canyon they were running forty miles an hour—where they should be making only ten. Seventy-five cars pounding over every rail joint in sixty seconds!

Never had a train ridden Crestone curve at such a speed. Beneath it, the bottom of the canyon was piled with car wheels, locomotive parts, twisted scraps of cars which had failed to take the curve. Some of those scraps had been rusting there since the days of the hand brake and the link coupler.

As they approached it the mournful cry of the whistle arose above the clamor. Old Joe Welch was staying with them to the end.

After the whistle sounded the two boomers hurried to the center of a car and crouched down waiting. Never do to be caught walking the tops on that curve. In a flash of lightning they saw the box cars ahead of them pouring out of sight behind the rock wall.

Watching, listening, they felt the car they rode set up a quiver. They heard the groan of its quickening wheels. The car swayed far out to the left. It seemed to rise in balance with wheels against the banked outer rail.

Before the light died out they caught another glimpse of the blackened depths of Von Brimmer Canyon, far down on the left. Apparently they were skimming along the top of the world. The gulch below was bottomless.

Smilin' Bill Grabbed Boomer Riggs by the Knees, Crying: "The Tunnel! Down!"

Riggs and Garner gripped the running board more tightly. They were scarcely breathing when the car they rode took the curve. Like the one ahead, it leaned far out to the left. In the moment of suspense they even feared their added weight might overbalance it. Then, with a jerk and a bang, it dropped into place and went racing down the mountain.

The men gulped and shuddered. Seconds passed before they realized that they had made this first curve in safety. They came to their feet running.

"We've—we've got a chance!" panted Riggs. "A fightin'—chance. Two miles to Winston Tunnel— Git a dozen brakes! Maybe slow 'em down to make it."

With renewed hope, they sprang to their work. Never before had railroaders fought as they fought that night against speed and tonnage. They tugged, lunging forward along slippery tops, falling, rising, stumbling on in frantic effort to get that three thousand tons of wheat under control.

At thirty miles an hour, it *might* make the turn out on the high trestle beyond. At forty, *never!*

From niches in the wall trackwalkers yelled up to them in shaken profane voices demanding what the hell they were doing. From far down

the canyon came the cry of the whistle, telling them that the grizzled old hogger was still at his post, keeping steam on his gage, pounding an engine in reverse, working four air brakes to help them.

Somewhere behind, on the rain-drenched top, Buck Mulligan crouched and clung for life to the running board. Somewhere ahead, his son should be twisting down handbrakes. There should be a gleam of his lantern. No light was there.

"Reckon the kid jumped?" panted Garner, once when they twisted a brake together.

"Nope. Might 'a' fell off. Never jumped—not Mulligan's kid!"

Knee to knee and toe to toe, they struggled on. Their brakes were now cutting down the speed—thirty-five miles—thirty-three!

Walking became easier. At thirty miles an hour they swung out over the high trestle leading into the tunnel. A few car lengths away its black mouth reached toward them, an arched lip with a bare five feet clearance above the tops of the box cars.

Between them and it the "telltale" or "head tapper" swayed in the wind of the rushing train—a heavy fringe of knotted cords stretched across the track to warn unwary trainmen that danger was overhead. This fringe would slap the face of a man standing straight on top of a car. Stooped as they were over a brake wheel, Riggs and Garner would pass beneath it.

Struggling for notches, for more braking power, neither of them was thinking of that low-roofed tunnel. Through the darkness they could not see it. In the roar of the river, the rumble of the train, the deafening thunder, they had not heard Old Joe's last warning whistle.

Old railroaders though they were, the boomers were off their guard. The tunnel rushed toward them. Within a second the "telltale" would pass above.

Four feet from it, Smilin' Bill straightened his aching back, and opened his mouth to speak. The bits of rope reached down like ghost fingers and brushed his face.

A student would have stood and wondered. An instant only, Smilin' Bill was puzzled. Then he grabbed Boomer Riggs by the knees, plunged with him to the car top, crying:

"The tunnel! *Down!*"

Even as they fell, the tunnel arch swept above them. Coal smoke was choking. A smothering blackness enveloped the two men. No rain fell upon them. The roar was deafening. The air was charged with gas.

Seconds passed. They came once more into the open. Fresh air filled their nostrils. Rain was now in their faces. Lightning blazed in the dripping sky. In a flash they glimpsed something black on a car ahead of them.

"What the hell!" yelled Boomer Riggs. "Looks like—"

They did not set the intervening brakes. Riggs in the lead, they ran over the car tops and brought up beside a huddled figure. It was young Buck Mulligan, hatless, without club or lantern, fingers still gripped for life in the crack of the running board, unaware that they had passed the danger point, that they would make their meet with No. 6 at Von Brimmer siding.

Buck lifted a terrified face to them. Eyes were gleaming white in their soot-black setting. He stared at the boomers as at apparitions from another world.

"Where's your lantern, kid?" growled Smilin' Bill.

"Lost it—comin' through Crestone," quavered the young brakeman. "Come

damn near goin' with it. God, what a ride!"

Boomer Riggs laughed harshly.

"What does that fool hogger think he's tryin' to pull down here tonight, anyhow?" inquired the trainmaster's son. "Tryin' to kill us all?"

"Naw!" Riggs flung back sarcastically. "Settin' a new speed record down Von Brimmer Hill."

XI

With ninety pounds of air showing on the gage, the wheat extra had dropped down into Von Brimmer siding. In the caboose Smilin' Bill Garner and Boomer Riggs stood with backs to the stove, watching the trainmaster wash off blood and dirt, then patch his skinned face with sticking plaster.

"You still wantin' a job, Garner?" asked Mulligan, without looking away from the glass.

"I've not got one yet," was the boomer's response.

Mulligan coughed and sputtered, dashed a hand across his eyes. Then he faced the two of them.

"I—I lost a man tonight—I've got to hire somebody to take his place. And, by the Eternal, the man I hire is going to be a worthy brother!"

THIS HOG HAD 96-INCH DRIVING WHEELS!

Courtesy of Otto Kuhler and Schwarz Galleries, New York City

A Famous Old Engine—One of a Series of Five Historical Lithographs by Otto Kuhler

CANYON WAR

"Any Man Interfering with This Work Will Stop a Bullet between the Eyes!"
Thus a Santa Fe Man Challenged the Denver & Rio Grande in 1878

By Earle Davis

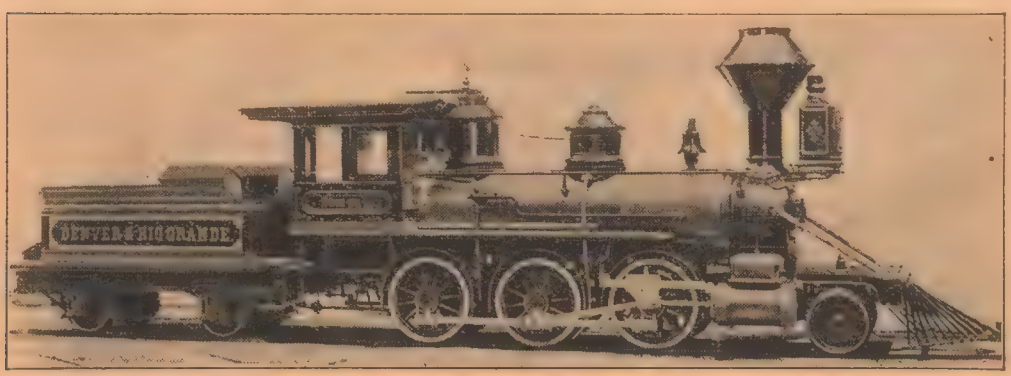
"WE got here first and we're building the Cañon City & San Juan Railroad through the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. Any man interfering with this work is going to stop a bullet between the eyes!"

Taking deliberate aim with his revolver, W. R. Morley flung defiance at a band of two hundred men, representing the rival Denver & Rio Grande, who had been hastily recruited and armed for an invasion of the Royal Gorge on April 19, 1878.

Morley was engineer in charge of construction for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway at El Moro, Colo., where the D. & R. G. main line ended. The Santa Fe was attempting to fling its steel northward to Leadville, Colo. Silver had been discovered there and the Santa Fe was determined to add that rich territory to its rapidly growing system. The D. & R. G. also knew of the silver boom and was eager to push westward from Pueblo and beat out its competitor.

Leadville at that time was the world's greatest mining camp and highest city, walled in by mountains 10,000 feet above sea level. Twelve thousand freight teams, working six days a week, kept that camp operating at high pressure and carted away its precious metal.

No wonder that two railroads were fighting for the silver key to Leadville. The only route lay through the canyon, where for miles a sheer rock



The "Shou-wa-no," First Freight Locomotive Used on the Denver & Rio Grande. Built by Baldwin in 1871

wall rises up to 3,500 feet above the narrow winding passage way of the Arkansas River.

Whichever road would hold this modern Thermopylæ would serve the silver fields, besides having a steel highway along a route of rare scenic beauty for the tourist passenger business.

There was bitter rivalry from the start. The Santa Fe had snubbed Denver, whereupon the Denverites in 1870 had organized a road of their own, the Denver & Rio Grande, to build southward and head off the Santa Fe. The original plan was to extend from Denver to El Paso, Texas, 850 miles, and possibly as far as Panama. The Denver & Rio Grande had already surveyed to Mexico City and was prepared to go into the job on a big scale.

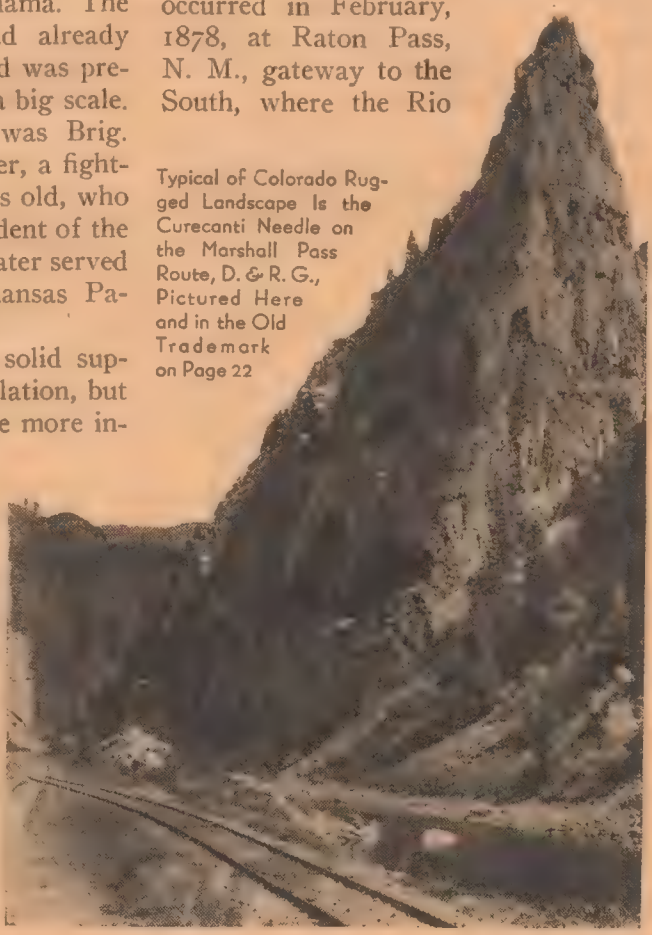
Heading this enterprise was Brig. Gen. William Jackson Palmer, a fighting Quaker, thirty-four years old, who had been secretary to a president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and later served as chief engineer of the Kansas Pacific.

In 1870 Palmer had the solid support of Denver's 4,000 population, but the financiers back East were more interested in the five big trans-continental lines which were then either building or planned. It was felt in New York and Philadelphia that the northern Rockies could not be pierced because of heavy snowfall which would block traffic for at least five months every year. A railroad from Charleston, S. C., to San Diego, Calif., they contended, would be more practical.

While one end of the D. & R. G. was being built in Colorado, General Palmer raised money to lay the first 150 miles of rail northward in Mexico—a country which until then was entirely without railroad service. This work was halted, however, by a revolution.

Then came the panic of 1873, in which seventy-seven American railroads were wrecked. Very little construction was done on the D. & R. G. for the next four years.

The first clash with the Santa Fe occurred in February, 1878, at Raton Pass, N. M., gateway to the South, where the Rio



Typical of Colorado Rugged Landscape Is the Curecanti Needle on the Marshall Pass Route, D. & R. G., Pictured Here and in the Old Trademark on Page 22

Tablet Erected to General Palmer in Mexico City

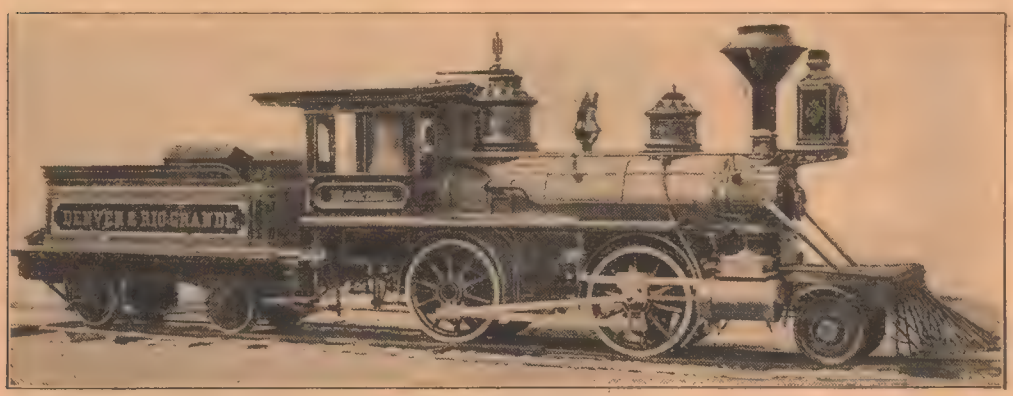
Grande had made a preliminary survey. William B. Strong, militant vice president and general manager of the A., T. & S. F., decided the pass should be taken over by his own road. He sent for Chief Engineer A. A. Robinson, who had made a remarkable record in constructing every mile of the Santa Fe that had not been acquired by purchase.

"Seize Raton Pass immediately and hold it on behalf of the Santa Fe," Mr. Strong ordered, "by force if necessary."

Robinson was in Pueblo at the time. When he boarded a D. & R. G. train to go to El Moro, he was recognized and followed by J. A. McMurtrie, the rival road's chief engineer. Both leaped off the train at El Moro even before its wheels stopped spinning. McMurtrie hurriedly mobilized an armed force, while Robinson borrowed a horse and rode furiously to Trinidad, five miles away, where the D. & R. G. was unpopular because it had not yet built up to that point.

With a small army Robinson marched into Raton Pass at 4 A.M., just ahead of the McMurtrie outfit, and held the pass without firing a shot. Thus the Santa Fe won its first skirmish in the Canyon War.

Then came the encounter which opens this story. Enmity between the coal interests of Cañon City and El Moro had led to the incorporation of the Cañon City & San Juan Railroad, whose charter authorized it to build through the Canyon of the Arkansas to Salida, Colo., forty miles away. This "paper road" was offered to the Santa Fe, which quietly accepted but did nothing about the matter until the Leadville silver boom. Then, on April 17, 1878, Mr. Strong determined that his men should take possession of the canyon and extend the Santa Fe line to Leadville under the franchise granted to the C. C. & S. J.



"Montezuma," the D. & R. G.'s Earliest Passenger Engine. It Was Made by Baldwin in 1871. Total Length, Including Tender, 30 Feet. Total Weight, 25,000 Pounds

From Photo Collection of Joseph Lavelle

"Mountaineer," No. 101 on the D. & R. G. Built in England and Presented by the Duke of Sutherland for Service on the Narrow-Gage Veta Pass Line, 1873 to 1883. This Engine Was of the Farlie Patent Double-Ender Type (0-4-4-0), a Wood-Burner with 10 x 18-Inch Cylinders and 39-Inch Driving Wheels; Weight, 62,000 Pounds

"Get the fastest horse you can find," he instructed a messenger, at Rocky Ford, Colo., "and ride over to Deep Rock, our nearest engineering station, fifty miles from here. Tell the engineer there to go immediately to Cañon City, with utmost speed and with all the men available. Instruct him to occupy the canyon and stay there, no matter what happens."

Meanwhile, on the 18th, Morley, of the Santa Fe, was sent to replace the engineer at Deep Rock. Finding that the latter was not carrying out instructions, the fearless Morley took the situation into his own hands. He commandeered an engine and made a wild run to Pueblo, which he reached late that night.

Tense excitement filled Pueblo. A Denver & Rio Grande construction gang had just taken a night train westward, with the intention of seizing the canyon at daybreak. Apparently the Santa Fe cause was lost. But no! Morley gritted his teeth, ran to a livery stable at midnight, mounted a horse and was off in the darkness, riding through the r o u g h and dangerous canyon. Recklessly he whipped his steed, cut corners, hung on the brink of chasms, and all night long dared the tumultuous rushing waters of the Arkansas to come and get him.

It was a desperate journey, on the hundred and third anniversary of Paul Revere's ride. Just as dawn gilded the jagged mountain peaks, Morley's horse dropped dead, and Morley himself, utterly spent, staggered on foot into Cañon City, which was friendly to his railroad.

At the same time, the train containing the Denver & Rio Grande group, equipped with weapons as well as construction supplies, steamed into town. Morley, unrecognized, hurried to the local offices of his company, where he

Scene of the Canyon War—Grand Canyon of the Arkansas—as It Looks Today. The Royal Gorge. For Overhead Is the World's Highest Automobile Bridge, Opened Dec. 8, 1929

obtained authority to grab the proposed right-of-way. Then he picked up a shovel and rushed out, driving a buckboard madly toward the canyon, two miles distant, accompanied by President Clelland of the Cañon City & San Juan and six assistants.

Their opponents, unaware of what was happening, arrived on the scene a few minutes later and saw Morley digging with his lone shovel, officially beginning construction work on what was intended to be the C. C. & S. J. main line.

There were three hundred Spartans in the pass at Thermopylæ, but only eight audacious men barred the advance of probably 200 Denver & Rio Grande fighting workers in the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas.

"Look what's here!" jeered the D. & R. G. spokesman. "You'd better go now. We're gonna build a railroad."

"Not so's you could notice it," retorted Morley, with a steady eye. "We are holding this location on behalf of the Cañon City & San Juan. Any man who attempts to meddle will get a carcass full of lead."

The invaders looked into the muzzles of leveled firearms and discreetly withdrew to another point in the canyon, a few miles away. The case was then taken to the courts for a long series of litigation, and the D. & R. G. was enjoined from interfering with the C. C. & S. J.'s construction work. The Rio Grande retaliated by refusing to haul supplies over their line, but the Santa Fe interests, undaunted, transported their material by wagon trains from Pueblo.

The D. & R. G. also applied to the courts, on the ground that the Santa Fe's charter did not authorize a Colorado extension, but was beaten again and was nearly bankrupted by the costly legal controversy. The jubilant Santa Fe then threatened to build a line paralleling the entire stretch of the D. & R. G., whereupon the latter accepted a truce upon disastrous terms. On December 13, 1878, the Santa Fe obtained a strangle-hold lease upon D. & R. G., with its nearly 400 miles of narrow-gage road.

But the victor, being a Kansas concern, apparently showed little intention of giving the residents of northern Colorado the kind of transportation service they demanded. The Santa Fe's

chief purpose at that time seemed to be the glorification of Kansas City as the metropolis of the pioneer West. So the war was on again.

Both of the rivals kept armed gangs to take him to Denver as speedily as possible. The latter, who knew of Judge Bowen's decision and was loyal to his company, the Rio Grande, hid a copy of the writ in his boots and

A Train of Two Cars and Its Bewhiskered Crew at Manitou, Colo., on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad about 1881

in the disputed canyon. Despite the lease, the D. & R. G. train and engine crews, station agents, etc., were loyal to the Colorado road, and clashes were frequent. In the spring of 1879 the Rio Grande management, backed by additional capital, threw more men into the fray and forced Attorney General Wright of Colorado to bring a suit challenging the right of a "foreign" corporation to push its main line through Colorado.

The legal battles were tense. The Supreme Court gave the Rio Grande prior right to the Leadville canyon, and the Santa Fe was forbidden to continue to operate the road it had leased.

The attorney general's suit was heard before Judge Bowen at Alamosa. Immediately afterward Willard Teller, Santa Fe legal representative, got into a D. & R. G. train waiting at the little station there and ordered a conductor delayed the train about fifty-two miles from Denver by removing a main rod from the engine and throwing it into Palmer Lake.

Then the conductor leaped aboard a hand car and highballed down the long slope into Denver, while the Santa Fe lawyer fussed and fumed in the stalled train.

Flushed with victory, a force of fifty D. & R. G. men, equipped with guns, blocked Santa Fe operations in the Grand Canyon. A Santa Fe spokesman demanded: "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I'm holding this pass for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad," responded J. R. Deremer, construction engineer, "by authority of the Supreme Court and the fifty rifles you see here."

"We'll fix that," was the retort, and the Santa Fe adherents imported an armed gang headed by "Bat" Maste-

son, who is said to have had a long record of killings, most of them justifiable "executions" in the course of Bat's duties as city marshal at Dodge City.

Then on June 10, 1879, came the news of Judge Bowen's decision. General Palmer, president of the D. & R. G., personally tapped the wires at Colorado Springs and sat up all night listening to Santa Fe messages. Also, he organized a band of mounted couriers to aid in train dispatching until his road could recover telegraph service.

Fearing that Judge Bowen would be reversed the next day, Palmer sent out a small army of his men as sheriffs' deputies, each having a copy of the Bowen writ, with instructions to take possession of all Denver & Rio Grande property, lease or no lease.

The first station they marched upon, West Denver, was locked, but it was broken open and a D. & R. G. brass-pounder was put on the job immediately. After that, with the assistance of another Rio Grande force of deputies under ex-Governor A. C. Hunt proceeding northward by train, the entire road was recaptured by its own men. Santa Fe engineers were dragged from their cabs and station agents were forcibly evicted, in some cases after an exchange of rifle fire.*

The last point to fall was Pueblo, which the Santa Fe sympathizers were determined to hold at all costs. Their shock troops, Bat Masterson and his gang, were entrenched in the roundhouse, while the more dignified Santa Fe officials tried desperately to induce Governor Pitkin to call out the state militia. The Governor ordered the latter to wait under arms, their bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, but not to march unless local officers of the law should lose control of the situation.

At Denver, General Manager Dodge of the D. & R. G. made up a train to run south. The Adams Express Co. messenger was loaded down with six shooters and locked in his car. W. B. Strong, who was now president of the Santa Fe, had a team of horses hitched up and drove furiously from his hotel to the depot, to intercept the train before it pulled out. A crowd followed, expecting the shooting to begin then and there, but President Strong saw the futility of settling it with bullets and he turned again to the courts.

Meanwhile, attention was centered on Pueblo, where the Santa Fe cohorts

* *See Front Cover Picture*

This Little Engine Pulled Some of the First D. & R. G. Passenger Trains through the Royal Gorge

From an Old Print, Courtesy of Harry E. Entler

Pullman Car Life on the Old Kansas Pacific (Now Union Pacific) at the Time of the Canyon War

were making their last stand in the Canyon War. Bat Masterson's followers had stolen a cannon from the local militia, it was reported, and were ready to die hard. Finally R. F. Weitbrec, treasurer of the D. & R. G., waved a white flag, the signal for a parley, then entered the besieged roundhouse. Bat's men agreed to lay down their arms, and were permitted to leave unmolested.

The roundhouse was captured, but grim Santa Fe men continued to hold the dispatcher's office until the arrival of Hunt's train with about two hundred deputies. The dispatcher's office was forced open, amid a hailstorm of bullets, and thus the Santa Fe lost its last D. & R. G. stronghold.

Two Santa Fe men were killed and two wounded in the D. & R. G.'s dramatic recovery of its own road, but

the real battle was fought out in the courts. Although General Palmer and his friends were in complete possession of every department of the narrow-gage line, a federal court reversed Judge Bowen's decision on June 12th. Then on the 14th Bowen retaliated by throwing the D. & R. G. into a receivership. Anticipating further trouble, the latter fortified the station at Pueblo, while Engineer Deremer's forces continued to hold the pass against their enemies.

In this crisis the Santa Fe appealed to the federal court again, and the order went forth that all property taken "unlawfully" by the D. & R. G. must be returned. The Colorado road obeyed this order, but at the same time obtained a court injunction forbidding the Santa Fe to operate in the disputed territory.

Finally the trouble-making lease was cancelled. The D. & R. G. agreed to pay for all construction work which the Santa Fe had done on its line up to that date, including the famous hanging bridge in the Royal Gorge—a world famous engineering feat, designed and built by C. Shaler Smith in 1879—and for the franchises, a total of $1,800,000, besides pledging itself not to extend operations further south into New Mexico.

At the same time, the Santa Fe promised not to parallel the tracks of its northern Colorado rival, and it was assured of half of the D. & R. G. interstate business, the other half going to the Kansas Pacific. In 1882 a traffic agreement authorized the Santa Fe to run its own trains to Denver.

The net result of the Canyon War was that the D. & R. G. was permitted to expand locally, while the wealthier and more ambitious Santa Fe concentrated on the transcontinental field. But the Denver & Rio Grande had to go through three receiverships before peace was finally restored.

The next trouble came with the Rio Grande Western. This was a new road organized in 1882 by General Palmer, president of the D. & R. G., who was now planning to extend the steel highway to Ogden, Utah. Palmer made a rental contract whereby the Rio Grande Western was turned over to the D. & R. G., whereupon a bitter struggle ensued between those two companies.

In a fury, General Palmer resigned from the D. & R. G., which then tore up a mile or more of its tracks across the Utah line, severing all physical connections with the Rio Grande Western for nearly a year. Finally, in 1900, Palmer sold the R. G. W. to the D. & R. G. and retired. From this merger came the road's present name, Denver & Rio Grande Western.

When the aged general died in 1909 he left a large fortune to be divided among his former employees, particularly those who had stood by him through thick and thin in the Grand Canyon War.

THE WORLD'S SHORTEST RAILROAD

THE Missoula Belt Line, with only 175 feet of track, is the world's shortest railroad. Located just west of Missoula, Mont., it is used as a transfer line between the Northern Pacific and Milwaukee railroads. Tax authorities in 1930 assessed the property at $5,000 and levied taxes of $116.66, which was paid under protest. Robert C. Cardell, owner of the midget line, recently has entered a tax recovery suit, contending that the road is worth no more than $180, and that his taxes should have been but $9.75 if based on the same lineal foot assessments as the two railroads it connects.

BLUE FLAG

By Griff Crawford

Santa Fe Train Dispatcher; Author of "Rule G," "Mr. Manifest Misses," etc.

Sure, Wilson Knew Who Held Him Up—He Could Pick That Scar-Faced Bozo out of a Thousand!

"TIN-PAN" WILSON cocked his big feet up on the telegraph table, leaned back at an angle of forty-five degrees, plunked a few preliminary chords on the guitar, and raised his voice in song.

Oh, they buried Mister Casey,
In a coffin fine and grand;
With his Sunday suit and collar
And a lily in his hand.
Yes, they buried Mister Casey,
And most everybody said—
There was nothing wrong about it,
For poor Casey, he was dead.

"E—e—ow—yow—yow—eeeeee." Wilson jumped up, looked out the open window at a sand dune some hundred yards to the west and shook his fist.

"Damn that coyote," he growled, "mockin' me, the lousy whelp. If I had a thirty-thirty I could pick him off of there, showin' like he does in the sunset—damn him." He yelled other and more profane words at the culprit until the wolf broke in with a series of "yees" and "yip-yip yippity-yips" and slid out of sight on the opposite side of the dune.

"You mustn't swear, mister man," said a voice. "It ain't nice."

Wilson looked around in surprise to

see where the voice was coming from. Not until he stretched his neck out the window did he observe the small wheel chair and the bit of humanity in it—a child, some ten or twelve years of age.

"Well, well; howdydo," grinned the operator, "and who might you be, young lady?"

"I'm Tess Franklin, and my daddy's the section foreman, and he's goin' to send me away off to get my spine fixed so I can walk. Ain't he a good daddy?"

"I'll say he is," agreed Tin-pan, when he looked at the big, bright eyes so full of anticipation at the mere promise of being able to walk like other children. "He sure is—" He had never seen such pleading combined with the tell-tale story that reveals itself in the eyes of all cripples. "I'll say he is," he repeated. "And when are you goin', Miss Tessie Franklin?"

"Tonight, if daddy can raise the money. I'm just around saying good-by to things—Mrs. Michael's dog—his name's Rover—and the frogs down there in the pond."

Wilson looked at her and smiled.

"And now I'm goin' to see you home. Where do you live?"

She pointed down the track to the neat section house that stood some half mile away.

"How did you ever get away up here?" he demanded.

"This way," she manipulated the wheels with her hands to show him. "But I'm tired now—you don't know how tired it makes me, sometimes."

"I know one thing, though," he answered as he took hold of the handle to push the contrivance along. "You should be wearing a blue dress. You see," he added whimsically, "when a car is crippled we sometimes hang a blue flag on her."

They chatted like old friends as Tin-pan trundled his passenger along toward home. At the gate leading into the yard he stopped.

"Well, goodby, Miss Tessie Franklin," he said. "I guess you can make it the rest of the way? So you're going away tonight to be made well and then I'll bet you have fun?"

"On the morning train, yes, sir."

Wilson turned away just as a woman's voice was calling.

II

All the way back to the depot he marveled at the fate that had twisted the spine of the child. He was not particularly sentimental, but such things always gave him a moment of sober reflection.

"It's hell," he said to himself, "bein' forced to face the hard knocks of life in a condition like that. It's hard enough for us folks who ain't got anything the matter with us."

Squires, the agent, was at the depot when the operator returned. He listened to the story told him.

"Why," he said, "that kid's right in her second heaven—just thinking about gettin' well."

"Poor kid," Squires answered. "I'm afraid she's got a big disappointment ahead of her."

"You mean the doctors can't do anything for her?" There was anxiety in the question.

"No, not that. I understand they can cure her all right. But such things cost money—lots of it. And Shag Franklin hasn't got it nor he can't get it. He's cussed near crazy—I saw him an hour ago. He's all nuts. Thought he had arrangements made for the cash and then it fell through, and he'd been so sure of gettin' it he'd promised the kid—you can guess how he feels."

"How much will he have to have?"

"Five hundred."

"Hell!" answered Wilson, who had never possessed more than a pay check at a time.

"It's a shame," Squires went on. "She was like any other kid till the Express Company's truck hit her when they lived over at Dover. They say the driver was stewed, but the claim agents got hold of Shag and give him fifty dollars and got him to sign a release. He didn't know there was anything serious about her condition then. He's tried to get the company to stand the expense of the operation, but they turned him down cold, flashin' that release on him, and I don't reckon he could go to court and get anything now. He ain't got the money to fight it, and no lawyer will take it on a percentage account of him signin' up."

"Tough, darned tough."

"I'll be gettin' back home, I guess. Just dropped back to tell you about the salt plant payroll, seein' this is your first night here. It comes in every Friday night on Ten by express; they send it in cash because there's no bank here. Just put it in the safe—I've left it unlocked—; when you put it in, close the door and turn the combination. The superintendent from the plant will be after it early."

"O.K.," answered the operator. "Good night."

For an hour or more he worked at making out the freight expense bills which were to be collected in the morning; he brought other reports up to date. He picked up the guitar again and strummed the chords idly. Before his eyes was the little wheeled chair and the wistful face.

They buried Mister Casey, oh,
They buried him at ni-ght—

"Eeee—yow—yowww—eeee," came from the direction of the butte.

"Hang that coyote! He thinks this has to be a duet." He took his feet down from where he had placed them on the table and answered the dispatcher, copying a message for the conductor of No. 10. It was getting along toward train time now, so Wilson went out on the platform and ran a truck down to the point where the baggage car would stop.

Far off toward the little town a light twinkled here and there, but for the most part the inhabitants had retired. He felt lonesome. He wondered if the coyote were still out there on the butte. He looked toward the section house. There was a light there. Probably they were getting Tess ready to leave on No. 9. He hoped so, anyway.

A moment later he heard the station whistle of No. 10, and he went back in the office, pulled his train order signal to clear and got the mail sack as well as the company mail.

III

THE train hesitated at Leeds only a brief moment. Wilson threw his mail in the car door, picked up the sack that had been kicked out, handed the company mail to the baggageman and then went to the express car when called by the messenger. He had forgotten all about the salt plant payroll. He signed for the bulky envelope and thrust it in his coat pocket, pulled the truck back to its place and, with the mail sack over his arm, walked toward the door.

"Hands up!"

The command rang like a pistol shot. Tin-pan Wilson involuntarily dropped the sack and put them up. In the hand of his assailant the operator could see the black muzzle of a forty-five pointed straight at his heart. The bandit's face was well concealed by a huge red handkerchief tied tightly

across the bridge of the nose. He was dressed in overalls and wore rough shoes. His voice was heavy.

Wilson was not scared. In fact, he had never been scared. His red hair and freckled face might have turned a shade redder and the freckles might have expanded a bit, but his nerves were steady.

"I'll take that package you've got in your pocket."

"You're makin' one big mistake, *hombre,*" was the answer. "You're just edgin' up to old man fate and darin' him to put you in the pen for the rest of your life."

"Don't let that worry you none, son; you talk too much. Stand still." He approached and reached out his left hand while he kept his right holding the gun on his victim. At that moment Tin-pan did a foolish thing. He hated to be ordered around. It wasn't according to his nature to be bossed like that. So, before he really thought of the consequences, he leaped to one side and grabbed at the handkerchief. He wanted to see who was holding him up, anyway. But the bandit was equally quick.

Wilson half expected to hear the roar of the gun and possibly feel the sting of a bullet. But instead the heavy barrel was brought up and with a side swing that took him across the temple, laying the flesh open and almost knocking him down and out. He stood for a moment, swaying unsteadily.

"You damn fool!" the bandit growled. "Don't you see I don't want to kill you? Have a little sense. Now, make another move like that and I'll drill you sure as the devil." He slipped the package from the pocket and rammed it down inside of the bib of his overalls, meanwhile cutting off Wilson's furious protests.

"Shut your mouth. You talk too much. Keep your hands up—walk across to that car." He nodded at a box car on the house track across from the station whose door was standing half open. "No monkey business—and hurry!" He followed close behind the operator as they crossed the tracks.

"Now, up in that door," he said. "I'm goin' to lock you up."

The bandit was pulling the door on its slides now. The crack was but a couple of inches wide when the handkerchief slipped and fell down about his neck. The lamp from the office window threw its light so that his face was, at that instant, plainly revealed. Wilson had a flashing look at it, and in that moment his eyes took in every feature possible.

"Big mole on left side of nose," he breathed. "Moon-shaped scar just below the right eye." The door slammed shut and he heard the click of the hasp as it was fastened.

"If you start hollerin' or poundin' before I've had time to get away, I'll come back and finish you," came the bandit's warning.

"All right, old gobbler," replied the prisoner, "but you'd better do it now—I'm promisin' to get you on sight. There'll be hell poppin' when I'm collectin' for this wallop on the side of my head."

IV

It seemed he had pounded on the door and sides of the car for hours and hours. He had yelled until his voice was so hoarse he could hardly talk. He rested and pounded, cursed and yelled. Finally he heard a faint, answering response to his clamor and he redoubled his efforts to attract attention. A slow, plodding walk, stopping at intervals to get the direction, came up to the door.

"What's the matter in there?" some one called.

Tin-pan explained hurriedly and well. In an instant the door was slid back and he had dropped to the ground. "Held up," he explained. "Locked in that cussed car—batted me on the head—go after the officers while I call the agent—what time is it?"

"Nearly four; I'm the milkman. Heerd you hollerin', but couldn't locate you—nasty cut, that. I'll get the constable and he can phone the sheriff. You all right?"

"Yeah—hurry. I want to get that bozo. I want to do a little bit of collectin' from him. Nearly train time, ain't it?" He ran to the depot, called Squires and briefly told him what had happened. The agent came down at once.

"He sure laid you open on the temple," was his observation. "Better go get that dressed first thing you do; might be some sort of infection set in. I'll 'tend to the train." Wilson objected to this. He wanted to be there when the officers arrived, wanted to go with them.

"Did you get a look at him?" asked the agent, referring to the bandit.

"Yes, he was—" Something seemed wrong. The room was dancing around. The ticket case was moving—everything was getting black and indistinct. The whole thing was going flooey. He tried to speak, tried to pull himself up. He heard Squires talking to someone and telling them to help.

The voice sounded miles away, but he felt himself being picked up. Then he was out. That blow and the consequent loss of blood, combined with his physical efforts in trying to attract someone to the car, had caused a reaction. And when the company doctor examined him he shook his head. What had been an apparent ordinary contusion proved to be a serious complication. Tin-pan's skull had been fractured.

"It'd have killed lots of men," the doctor asserted.

Of course, he knew nothing about that part of it. In his feverish mind he saw a child with big, shining eyes. A child running down from the section house to the depot, capering about like a child should. Frequently he muttered something and the nurse, listening, would shake her head as much as to say, "It's too bad." She couldn't understand when she caught the words.

"Damn that coyote—I mean, dawgone that coyote."

It all sounded so foolish and hopeless to her, like the wandering of a brain that might never return to normal.

V

But Tin-pan Wilson fooled them all. It was three long months before the change came, and it was at hand as suddenly as it had first occurred. With the opening of his eyes one morning he glanced about the hospital room, grinned at the startled nurse.

"He's all right, doctor," she said as the surgeon making his morning rounds came in. "Kidding and all that sort of stuff."

Then she told Wilson about his case from the time he was carried through the doors until the present moment.

"They've been asking about you almost every day from Leeds," she continued. "As soon as you are able they want you back there to identify the man who held you up. They say all they need is your identification and they'll have a clear case on him."

"Fine," chuckled Tin-pan, "and I've got a little private case of my own—a little collectin' to do—when I

meet him and get my feet under me again. Who is this bozo they've got?"

"I don't know; never heard."

"Well, he's headed for the hoosegow and the big house, that's a cinch. I dunno of anything I'd rather do than identify him, except pay him back for this knock."

He passed the remaining days impatiently, and when at last the doctor released him he took the first train for Leeds. Squires shook hands with him as soon as he'd taken care of the train work.

"You're lookin' mighty peaked, kid," he said. "That gun-barrel just missed sendin' you up with the big choir, didn't it?"

"I could almost hear the harps," admitted Wilson. "What's this I hear about 'em gettin' that bozo that smacked me?"

"They have, I guess. Seems the Express Company sent a detective down here and they claim they've got the dope, all circumstantial, but with you identifyin' him they'll send him up for life. I'm sorry about it, too, in a way. Did they tell you who's arrested?"

"No. They didn't know at the hospital."

"Shag Franklin, the section foreman here. You remember the crippled kid—the little girl? Well, it's her dad."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Wilson and then added hurriedly, "How did she come out? Did they ever send her to the specialist?"

"Yeah, and she's walkin' quite a bit now. Has to be careful, but the surgeon told her she'd be runnin' races same as other kids in two more months. That's where they got Shag. You remember he was tryin' to raise money to send her and they say he held you up and got it."

Tin-pan felt tenderly of his bruised temple. "Well, if it's him, he's due for a long stretch. No bird's goin' to smack me like that and get away with it. When do I go to identify him?"

"Right now, I reckon. Here comes the sheriff and the dick. Guess they've heard you were back."

"We've got the goods on him, Wilson," explained the sheriff. "Found where he'd sent the money to the specialist—all the dope we need if you say he's the man. You had a sight of him, didn't you?"

"You're derned right I did. When his bandana handkerchief slipped down around his neck I saw his face as plain as I see yours this minute. Let's go."

He got in the car with the officers for the drive to the jail. As they passed the section house it seemed deserted. A bit of smoke coming from the chimney was all that told there was still life about the place. The flowers were wilted, dying; the walks unkempt.

"You'd never seen Franklin, had you?" asked the Express officer.

"No. You see, I was only at Leeds that one night."

"There's too much of this robbin' business goin' on," the detective continued. "We're goin' to make an example of this bird."

"You ought to," agreed Tin-pan. "Goin' around takin' money that don't belong to him and beatin' up innocent men like me. Why, I've lost three months' time layin' in that hospital, not to mention the misery I been through. You bet he'll get justice if I've got anything to do with it."

When they arrived at the jail they took Wilson down the long corridor toward a cell at the rear. "I wish you'd let him out. I'd like to pay him for this lick on the bean," he remarked. "I sort of feel like I'd ought to be entitled to

that much satisfaction." The sheriff laughed.

"Well, we couldn't do that, you know. You'll have to take your revenge seein' him headed for the big house. There he is. What's the answer?"

Wilson looked through the bars. The form seemed to shrink back, the eyes, with their hopeless, dead look, glanced at the man who was to decide his fate; then dropped their vision to the floor.

For a moment the operator stood silent, making his inspection. He saw once more that same face reflected in the light of the office lamp when the handkerchief had fallen. There was the mole, big and prominent, on the left side of the nose; there was the moon-shaped scar just below the right eye.

"Well?"

Wilson turned to the officers. He looked at them pityingly, and a loud laugh boomed down the corridor. It was continued until a word from the sheriff brought him out of it.

"I didn't think anybody but railroad men made slopovers," chuckled the operator, "but you birds make me laugh. The fellow who held me up was a little guy compared with this man; he didn't have any mole on his map and he didn't have any scar on his cheek."

"You mean this ain't the man?" The Express detective almost shouted the words. "You mean this ain't the bandit?"

"No more than you're the president," Wilson told him seriously. "Better turn him loose before he sues the company for false arrest."

VI

BACK at the telegraph office in Leeds Tin-pan Wilson cocked his big feet up on the table, leaned back at an angle of forty-five degrees, and strummed the guitar strings.

Oh, they buried Mister Casey
In a coffin fine and grand—
With his Sunday suit and collar
And a lily in his hand—

"Ee—ow—yow—yow—eeee."

The singer jumped up and stuck his head out the window. "Da— plague take that coyote," he said. But his eyes were looking down the platform. Shag Franklin and his wife came along slowly, leading, between them, a little girl who stepped her way carefully over the cinders.

"I don't have to wear a blue flag any more," Tessie said with a smile.

The operator nodded. When they turned toward the little section house again Shag Franklin made an excuse to go back to the depot. For a long moment the two men looked at one another.

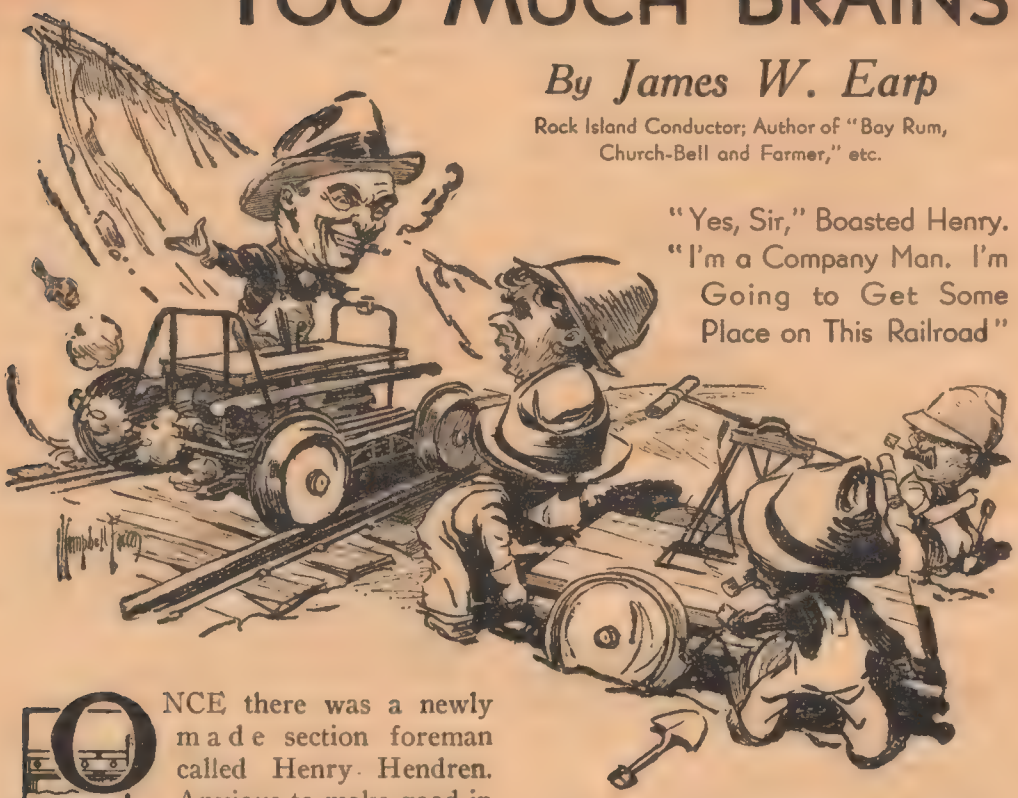
"I—I—don't know what to say—how to thank," Shag began, as he shifted his feet. "I needed it so bad—for—her."

"Now," broke in Tin-pan, "who in hell's talkin' too much?"

TOO MUCH BRAINS

By James W. Earp

Rock Island Conductor; Author of "Bay Rum, Church-Bell and Farmer," etc.



"Yes, Sir," Boasted Henry. "I'm a Company Man. I'm Going to Get Some Place on This Railroad"

ONCE there was a newly made section foreman called Henry Hendren. Anxious to make good in the railroad game, he was known as a loyal employee.

Henry planned to obtain recognition of his abilities by doing his work a little bit better than any of the other section foremen, most of whom, he said, were hopeless mossbacks belonging to the horse and buggy days.

No time was lost in putting his theories to work. Before he had been on the job a week, two of his best gandy dancers quit. They told everybody that Henry was a slave driving fool. When the roadmaster missed them and asked about them, Henry told him they had quit. To strengthen his stand with the roadmaster, Henry informed him that they need not be replaced, since they were more or less excess labor.

At this statement the roadmaster almost passed out. All of his other section foremen were always complaining about a shortage of men. It was a shock to meet a man like Henry.

So the roadmaster took the two men who had quit and placed them with his other section foremen. His budget called for so much money and he might as well spend it while he could.

But he told Henry that the company appreciated his honesty. And Henry was sure that he had taken the first step toward the ladder of success.

After that he settled down to show what a real man could do with a section. His requisitions for spikes, ties, angle irons and other material were the smallest of any section foreman on the Mohawk Division. In a year he was

being held up to the others as an example.

Of course, this did not make Henry popular with his brother section foremen. They decided to frame him. So one night they slipped over to his section, broke into the tool house and carted away a half dozen shovels, two kegs of spikes and half the spike mauls they found there.

The next day they found that the spikes were all worn and rusted, the shovels were even worse and that the spike mauls had worn heads and were useless. It did not help their feelings any when they learned that the roadmaster had given Henry new articles for the old ones that had been stolen.

Henry was an unrelenting foe to waste of any kind. The fact that much time was lost to the company in going to and from work on the handcar worried him. Had it not been for the section gangs' contract Henry would have made them go to work on their old time. As it was the contract specified a gandy dancer on duty from the time he showed up at the tool house.

But he was convinced there was a way to evade this. He was still trying to find a way out when his Aunt Millie died in the next State. Henry lost two days getting to the funeral and back. It was while on his vacation that he met up with another section foreman from a rival road. They fell to discussing their work.

"We've done away with hand cars," boasted his new acquaintance. "I got a motor car to take me and the men to and from work. Saves a lot of work pumping, believe me."

"I imagine it helps you get more work out of the men," Henry offered.

"I should worry about the men," grunted the man from the rival road. "I got it for myself. No more cold lunches for me or the men. We run in for dinner no matter how far away from home we are. You ought to have a Savetime Section Motor Car. They give you terms of any kind. Here's their address. Drop them a line."

Henry took the name and address. Finally he wrote to the manufacturers of the car. They responded by shooting out one of their best high-pressure salesmen. Before Henry could find out all the merits of the car he had placed his name on the dotted line and was obligated to pay ten dollars a month for twenty months to the Savetime Motor Car Manufacturers.

His men viewed the motor car with suspicion when it was put in service. They knew Henry was not thinking of their welfare when they boarded it. Two days later they knew their suspicions were right. He informed them that since he had spent his good money buying the car for them to ride on, it was only fair that they should pay for the gasoline and oil used. This, he figured, would amount to two cents per day for each man. Cheap riding and in addition no more pumping. The men voted to pay for the gas and oil.

When the roadmaster saw the latest innovation he praised Henry highly. To his other section foremen he hinted that they might show a little of Henry's spirit in looking after the company's welfare. The men took the hint. Soon they all had motor cars, paying for them out of their sixty dollars a month salaries. Another year saw the Mohawk Division fully motorized.

It was then that the vice-president of operation made an inspection trip over the system. The roadmaster on the Mohawk proudly pointed out the section motor cars.

"Time saver," he bragged. "We can get more work out of our men."

"Fine," approved the vice-president, a gleam in his eyes. "Truly fine."

"And not a cent of cost to us," went on the roadmaster. "You know, the men bought the cars themselves. They even pay for their upkeep."

"Truly fine," said the vice-president again.

When the vice-president had finished his trip of inspection he sent for the chief engineer.

"This motor car idea is a winner," he told him. "With them we can cut our operating expenses in half. Effective at once you will reduce the force that much. You can double the working area of each section foreman and crew. They can cover it easily with their motor cars. As a compensation we will agree to furnish the oil and gasoline necessary to operate them. And to see that our generosity is not abused, I am appointing a Mr. Rider as motor car inspector to instruct the foremen on the proper use of fuel and oil."

That Mr. Rider was a brother-in-law of his who had long been a free boarder the vice-president did not think worthwhile to mention.

So the edict went forth. In the readjusting process Henry Hendren lost out, for he was one of the youngest section foremen in service.

Henry was canned. Before he found another job the Savetime Service Manufacturers foreclosed the mortgage on his car and took it back to resell to another section foreman somewhere else.

Be sure of your seniority before starting to make good in any line!

WHAT THE HOBO TOLD THE BRAKEMAN

THAT tramp didn't care which way he went, so long as he moved along!
He sat on top of a rolling car; the wheels ground their traveling song.
From East to West the day was bright; the little towns were fair;
The grass and the trees waved in the sun, the hills walked, large, in the air;
The engine unwound, as thick as wool, her wind-billowed smoke, like hair.
A royal purple clothed the sky; the world looked great and kind.
Like a skipping calf the little red caboose bounced on, behind.

"O, what is that bum a doing there, riding so free and high,
"As plain to sight as a monument that stands up in the sky?
"Go, kick him off!" the head shack bade, "his nerve has gone too far!"
The engine whistling around the bend was shining like a star.
"O, where are you going, you nervy bum?" the jocose brakie cried . . .
And the answer that that hobo gave caused the crew to let him ride.

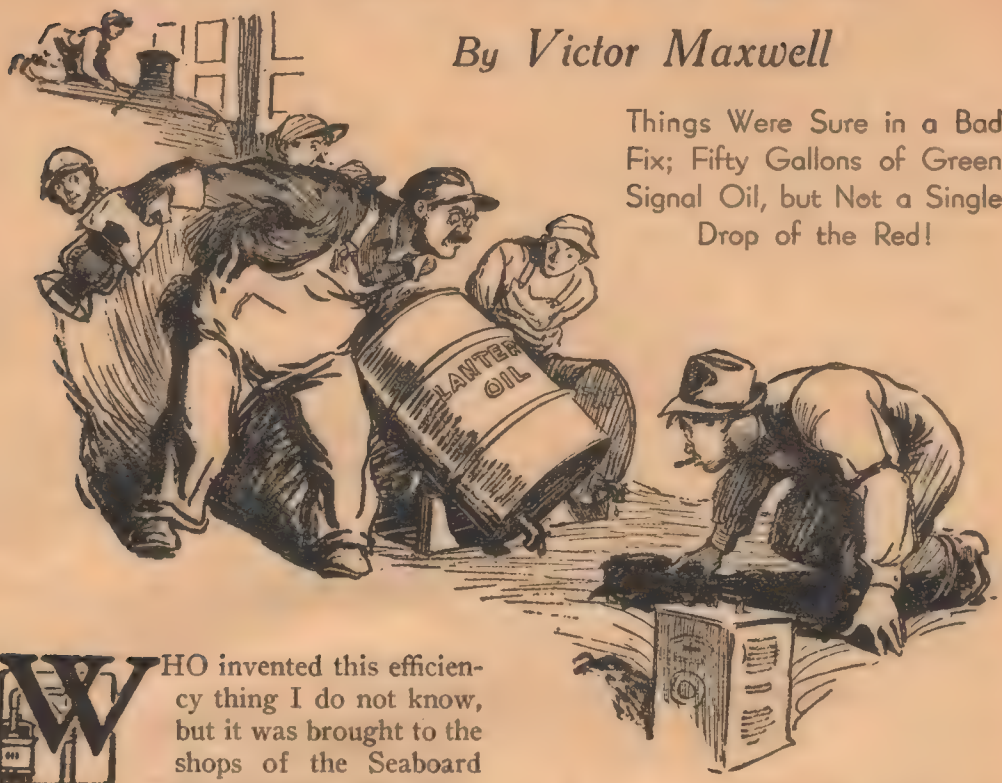
The brakie danced back over the boards because the day was fine.
He watched the rails go shining back like gold rods laid in a line.
He stopped and tried a wheel with his stick, just to have something to do.
The head shack looked from the cupola, he laughed and said to the crew:
"I guess that bum was a crazy man—and Joe's gone crazy, too!
"Come in here, Joe, and tell the boys what that hobo said to you!"
"'O,' he answered, 'I don't know whither I'm bound, nor where I want to go—
"'But please, Mr. Brakeman, don't kick me off; I'm enjoying the landscape so!'"

—HARRY KEMP

RED LANTERN OIL

By Victor Maxwell

Things Were Sure in a Bad Fix; Fifty Gallons of Green Signal Oil, but Not a Single Drop of the Red!



WHO invented this efficiency thing I do not know, but it was brought to the shops of the Seaboard Division by this muh-Crum party. And the man who put it on the bum was Robertson, the Scotch machinist who ran the electric speed lathe.

The former's name was Erastus Jay MacCrum, and he had not been in the front office more than two days when he tells Spinney, the foreman of the lathe shop, that he didn't want to be called "Mack," and that he is to be addressed as Mister muh-Crum, with the accent on the last syllable.

Up until the time we got this muh-Crum party the Seaboard Division shops was efficient enough—only, as the muh-Crum party said, we was not organized. We was just a lot of men working together, each one doing his job. There was the lathe shop with Spinney as foreman; there was the erecting shop with Boots Maguire as foreman; there was the blacksmith shop which was run by the boss blacksmith. Me, I run the tool room.

All of us, we was under old Bylesby, who was Superintendent of Motive Power, and nobody from the headhouse ever bothered us at all. If Bylesby had anything to say he sent a memorandum to the right boss, and it was done.

After the War, however, it seems there was a change come over railroading, like everything else. The headhouse decides we are not organized right, and they get this muh-Crum party and send him out to the shops, to be what they call Master Mechanic in

Charge of Production. Of course he was not a real master mechanic. You can only have one M. M. on a division, and as long as anybody could remember old Dave Hill had held that job on the Seaboard.

It was Spinney, the boss of the lathe shop, who brought the muh-Crum party into the tool room and introduced him to me. He was a little under standard height, but he had wide clearance to make up for it. He shook hands with me and looks about the tool room and asks me what system we have.

"I'd like to know," he says, "how things are run around here."

I tells him. We had a very simple system that worked fine. If one of the boys wanted a tool he shoved in a brass check with his number on it and I give him the tool he wanted, hanging his check on a hook over the tool rack. When he brought the tool back I put it in the rack and give the lad back his check.

I showed the muh-Crum party how it worked, but he said it is no good. If one of the boys steals a tool, he says, I have got nothing to show for it but a brass check. I should have a record, he says, and he will see to it that I am provided with record forms.

The next thing, as far as I am concerned, is that I get a big box one day, and on opening it I find it is full of printed forms and carbon paper. These printed forms says at the top: "Requisition for tools (To be filed by employe)"

Then there is a line for the date, a line for name of employe, a place for the shop number, two lines for description of tool desired, two lines for description of work, a line for a counter-signature and so on. I look through the box some more and I see there is also a lot of rubber stamps and some pads. Well, I see there is going to be a lot more work to my job than there was before.

II

We put the system to work, all right, But what it all amounted to at the end was that I was so busy keeping these records filed and cross-checked that they had to give me a helper in the tool room to pass out the tools. And Spinney says it took the boys from ten to fifteen minutes to get a tool out of the tool room.

The next thing this muh-Crum party did was to find the scrap piles out back of the shop. He says the scrap must be segregated, that a lot of it can be reclaimed and that will save money. Of course we had always sorted it—brass in one pile and iron in the other. The brass pile included brass, copper pipe and babbitt, and the boys, around Christmas time, could always find good chunks in it from which they could make paper-weights and candle sticks to give their folks' relatives.

The other pile had everything in it that wasn't brass or copper or babbitt. I don't know who cleaned up the scrap, but about twice a year a gondola car with a gang of workmen would be pushed in there and the stuff taken away somewheres.

Well, the muh-Crum person says this is all wrong and very wasteful. He sends out to the carpenter shop and he has a gang sent down, and they build a lot of bins out back of the shops, and the paint shop is told to put signs on them:

DEPOSIT OLD BRASS HERE—DO NOT throw driving or truck brasses in this bin but deposit them on shelf

DEPOSIT OLD COPPER HERE

—COPPER PIPE must not be thrown in bin but must be placed on racks

BABBITT AND BEARING METAL—DO NOT put broken bearings in this bin. Broken bearings and bearing scrap must be put in Bin No. 6

After a little they had to hire a straw boss and two men to keep the scrap bins in order. And what is worse, the muh-Crum party was always going out and pawing over the bins and finding things like mud-ring plugs that he said should not have been scrapped at all, but should have been sent to Spinney's lathe shop to be reclaimed.

When the muh-Crum party first come to his job, and had anything to say in general, he would go to Spinney or to Boots Maguire, and say:

"Let it be known to the men that after this they will do such and such a thing."

And Spinney or Boots would pass the word to the boys. But oftentimes the boys didn't like the new idea, so they would just forget it and go on doing as they had. So the muh-Crum party begins to issue something which is labeled at the top with "General Shop Order Number—"

These orders were posted on all the bulletin boards and on the wall of the blacksmith shop. The last one I see was "General Shop Order No. 265," so you can see that he was putting them out pretty steady.

III

THIS last order is what I want to tell you about, because it led to a funny mixup. There is always somebody in every business who will buy bargains, just like in your home there is always somebody like the wife or your sister or somebody who will buy bargains. Well, it seems we had in the Purchasing & Supply Department some nut who was bugs over bargains, and after the war the Navy Yard has a lot of green enamel paint that it don't want any more.

This green enamel paint had been used during the War to paint engine room interiors on all kinds of ships. The Navy had bought a lot of it, and was peddling it to the private shipyards to paint the engine room interiors they was turning out, and when the War stopped all of a sudden, there was a whole mess of this paint left. And like it done with corned beef, beans and everything else, the Navy offered this green paint for sale cheap.

Now, our system was like all other systems; we painted the inside of our engine cabs green. This shark in the Purchasing & Supply Department thinks here is a chance to get a lot of green paint cheap, so he takes it up with the higher-ups, and the result is that we put in a bid for this paint—and we get it.

It seems there was a miscarriage somewhere, and while we had bid eight cents a gallon for this paint, they had failed to specify how many gallons; and when the sale was awarded to our system on its bid we had to borrow 27 tank cars from the Standard Oil to haul the paint home in. That is the way with the Navy—they never make no mistakes themselves, so when somebody else makes a mistake they take it serious. The long and short was that we had to take the paint.

Of course, we got the paint cheap. That cannot be denied. But we got too much. The Purchasing & Supply Department just unloaded this green paint on everybody and says to use it freely.

You would be surprised how much

green enamel paint you can use. It has its advantages. Being enamel paint, grease nor oil nor dirt will not stick to it, and you can wipe it off clean with a bit of waste. Also green is a striking color and it stands out. So we began to bathe the system in green enamel paint.

As far as I am concerned it don't bother me much. All I had to do was to put a band of green enamel paint about each of the tools to identify them. And also paint all wrench-handles green, the handles of all the jacks, the shelves and racks in the tool room, the window frames, the doors and the counter.

Down in Spinney's lathe shop they repainted all the machinery with it. In the paint shop they used this green enamel for a first coat on all the letter-boards after the filler had been sprayed on, and then over it they put the company color and the gold-leaf.

The maintenance of way got its share, and all the targets and semaphores blossomed out in new green, which made them look kind of funny against the old red ones, which were dirty.

They still got a lot of this green paint left over when the muh-Crum party comes to the system, and one of the first things he done was to pass the word that he liked to see a neat shop, and to use paint freely. I don't think he knew about the green enamel paint at the time, because it was something nobody talked about very much; but when he passes the word that he wants to see a neat shop and to paint up, why there was just one more chance to use up some of this great bargain the Purchasing & Supply Department had got.

So the bosses pulled a couple of punks off each floor, give them a paint-can and a brush, and told them to daub everything they see that wasn't in actual use. Which they did, including broom-handles, oil cans, waste receptacles, vent pipes, the turntable levers, the watchman's boxes, and so on.

Then came muh-Crum's latest:

> General Shop Order Number 265.
> Subject: Greater Safety.
> To: All shop department heads
>
> It has come to my notice that there is no general designation for containers of inflammable materials. Every container that holds inflammable material should be plainly marked, and preferably in bright red. Requisitions will be issued on the Paint Shop for the necessary labor and charge the same to shop maintenance accounts. It is my desire that all containers holding oils, greases, oily waste, lubricants, explosive gases, etc., should bear a distinctive red coating.
>
> Erastus Jay MacCrum,
> M. M. in Charge of Production.

I guess the idea was good enough, all right. Of course, I could see where it might cause some trouble. For instance, there was the oxy-acetylene welding outfits, with one container painted black and one yellow. Both of these contained explosive gasses, and if you painted them both red it might mix the boys up some; yet I guess our welders was pretty wise and could tell by the flame did they have too much oxygen or the other thing turned on.

As far as I was concerned, the order didn't mean nothing, for all I had in the tool room was a barrel of low-grade kerosene for the torches, and that barrel was painted red when it come.

Well, all the bosses read the order, and when they got 'round to it they all put in requisitions to the paint shop for a man to come over and paint this or that red.

Gradually there begun to bloom against the general shade of green that we had everywhere crimson blotches. Every day when you come to work

there would be a new daub of red somewhere standing out like a full moon in a smoky sky. Thus the shops begun to look real artistic.

"Have You Got a Red Light on Her Rear End?" Muh-Crum Asked

Red and green are the railroad man's favorite colors, especially red. And boy, there was plenty!

IV

And then come the blow-off. Like I said in the beginning, the man who put this efficiency system on the bum was old Robertson, the Scotch machinist. He was a cantankerous pest, he was, and he wouldn't turn a wheel unless everything was just so; but when he did throw the lever on that electric lathe of his, the work just fell out like it was coming from some piece of automatic machinery.

This Robertson had two abiding hates. He hated apprentices and he hated the muh-Crum party.

The former because they never took the job serious, and the latter because he had invented this system of making the boys fill out a requisition for tools before they could draw from the tool room. Robertson hated this because he had no education whatsoever, and couldn't write for sour apples. Making out a requisition was ordinary torture for him, and every time he come to the tool room window to get something he would cuss this muh-Crum party something scandalous.

"Never mind, me boy," Robertson would say. "The higher they are the harder they fall, and I will get that blankety-blank if it is the last thing that I do."

To all of which I would never pay no attention.

The day this General Shop Order No. 265 comes down is late in the fall. There was a spell of miserable weather, rain and fog, and it was dark at four in the afternoon. While the man from the paint shop is going 'round putting red on this and that, it come to one afternoon when there was a dirty mist rolling in from the river and at half past four it was so dark outside you couldn't see your hand before your face.

It was just the time of day when the switchers in the yard was making up the suburban trains that hauled the commuters out, and one of these was kicking a train of ten light coaches across the yard crossover to shunt it in

on track eleven at the terminal when she busts a connecting-rod pin.

It don't amount to much, but it couldn't have happened at a worse time nor in a worse place. Here is ten light coaches strung across the yards, completely blocking the inbound crossover and the main line tracks, with only one pair of rails open for a run-around!

The switcher is dead on her feet. It is just the beginning of commuters' time, and the two sections of the limited from the north is due at any minute and will be stalled behind the crossover. It so happens the wrecker is out to a pile-up at Cherryvale, and it is a time of the day when all the switchers in service is busy, both in the passenger and classification yards; and every engine that will steam is being made ready for the evening local rush.

Of course they flash the news to Dave Hill, the Master Mechanic, and Dave don't let any grass grow under his feet. He pulls one switcher off the classification yard and gets her started down to take the place of this cripple, and he takes the first engineer and fireman he can find, throws them onto one of the steaming engines outside the roundhouse and sends them down to run around the blockade, back up to the rear end of this string and drag it clear.

He figures the switcher will be in from the classification yards by that time and can couple on to this cripple and jerk it over to the shops. Then he telephones Boots Maguire that he's sending in this busted connecting-rod pin, and for Boots and Spinney to have a gang ready to fix her up, as he hasn't got enough engines in service to be able to afford laying up the switcher.

He knows, then, that he's done the best he can and that everything is all set; and then it occurs to him that just as a matter of courtesy he might tell this new guy, the muh-Crum party. So he puts in a call for the muh-Crum party and tells him, and adds that everything is all arranged and it's all right. Meanwhile Boots Maguire is rustling up a gang of his best boys to be ready. Spinney in the lathe shop has been told the news, and Spinney being always on his toes, runs over to Robertson's bench.

"Drop what you're doin', Rob," he says, "grab your calipers an' take the dinkey an' beat it down the sidin'. They's a switcher bust a pin an' dropped her rods down on the crossover, an' she's comin' up here for a new pin. You get down there an' caliper the old pin an' then squirt back here so you can have one fitted."

The dinkey we have around the shop is one of these hump-back industrial locomotives with a tank on her barrel. We use it to push 'round cold engines, haul heavy castings, and so on.

The stationary engineer is supposed to run it, but when there's need any of the old hands can tumble into the cab and pilot this cabbage-cutter to where it ought to go. Robertson is an old head, and though he's got no Brotherhood card, it's all right for him to run the dinkey on the shop siding.

V

Robertson, he drops whatever he's doing, dashes out back of the erecting shop where the dinkey is standing, piles on board, backs her down through the murk to the switch, throws the target so he can get her over onto the shop siding, yanks the bell-rope, and starts up the siding hell-bent—which means about eight miles per hour, all the dinkey will travel.

As I say, it's so thick outside with

the river fog you can't see your hand before your face, and Robertson pulls up alongside the shop and yells to the watchman to light the headlight.

Everything is going fine, you see. Everybody knows what to do and is doing it. Meanwhile Dave Hill has done his telephoning to the muh-Crum party, and the new boss is all lit up. He has had a lot of training, has this muh-Crum party, and he knows this is a case for quick work and what you call co-operation.

So he busts out of his office and runs down into the shops and shouts orders and gets in everybody's way.

And in the course of seeing everything is all right, this muh-Crum party rushes out into the entry way and sees the watchman just climbing down from the pilot of the dinkey after lighting the headlight. Robertson is leaning out the window. Then muh-Crum says:

"Have you got a red light on her rear end?"

Efficiency, you see. The muh-Crum party knew all about having your rear end protected. The watchman says yes and starts looking around for a lantern he can throw over the coupling as the dinkey pulls by him; but Robertson has heard what the muh-Crum party said. So he slaps onto the dinkey, slides down out of the cab, shoves the watchman back so he falls over the bench he usually sits on, and runs into the oil room, which is right beside the shop entrance. In a second he begins to cuss.

Robertson, while he is not an educated man, has led a varied life and picked up a lot of words and expressions. With him cussing was an art. And at this moment he is doing extra good. He is standing with a lantern in his hand and belching a stream of hellfire from his whiskers that I expect every minute will set the oil on the pop. The muh-Crum party busts in behind me and he asks what is the matter.

The Scotch machinist don't stop his cussing at all, but in between the fancy words he tells the muh-Crum party that there is no red lantern oil. Right in front of him is two fifty-gallon drums. One is painted with the well-known green enamel paint we had so much of, and on it in white letters it says "Signal Oil."

And next to it is a drum just like it that has been painted red as a result of General Shop Order No. 265, and on it in white letters is "Lantern Oil." This drum is empty. On the floor in front of it is a five gallon can and I was just going to open my mouth when Robertson, the Scotch machinist, shoots a glance at me, and I stopped. I saw what was up and says not a word.

Whereupon Robertson begins to orate. He grabs the empty fifty-gallon drum and shakes it with one hand, slapping the lantern he's got against it so I thought the glass would break, and with the other hand he points to the green can labeled "Signal Oil."

"Feefty gallons o' green signal oil," he shouts, "an' nary one drap o' red lantern oil. Ye can see for yourself, Meester muh-Crum, the way things be here," and he's off into the original Gaelic and Hebrew of the Scriptures with large, round oaths that fairly made your blood curdle.

In the course of it he mentions that this is a time when red lantern oil is more precious than salvation itself, that the Federal regulations will not permit of a train movement after dark unless the rear end is protected by a red light, and to finish he shakes and rattles the red-painted drum and tips it up, and not a drop of lantern oil runs out of its open spigot.

"Feefty gallons o' green signal oil, an' nary a drap o' red lantern oil," he shrieks, "an' out in the yards lay that puir hog with her rods down on the ties."

It was so good that for the moment he had me believing it myself. The muh-Crum party looks at him, looks at the empty drum, opens his mouth like he was going to say something, moves forward and kicks over the five-gallon tin. The cap flies off the top and five gallons of prime kerosene run out on the oil-house floor.

The painter, of course, had drained the drum so he could turn it round and round to get it evenly daubed with red in obedience to General Shop Order No. 265. He had poured what was left into the five-gallon tin. He hadn't got to the signal oil drum yet and it was still green. The muh-Crum party looks at the two drums, one green and one red, and he forgets all that he ever knew and believes only his eyes, and begins to join the Scotch chorus.

He damns the shop, he damns the system and the Seaboard Division. Then he damns me and tells me to run into the tool room and get some red lantern oil. I am minded to dash in and get the kerosene that we got a tank of, but Robertson gives me one look and I stand in my tracks and mumble that the tool room has only got torch oil, and that all the other oils are kept out here.

So the muh-Crum party and Robertson, they steam up again, and in sympathy and chorus they damn everything and anything they can think of. And mostly they damn the fact that there is no red lantern oil.

VI

WELL, from the tool room window I can see all over the lathe shop and out through the open doors into the erecting shop. And what I see is good. They shove in this crippled switcher. Dave Hill has rustled a yard gang and has her rods off. As she comes into the shop Boots Maguire's gang swarms over her and they start to rip her apart. Robertson, the Scotch machinist, he is in everybody's way.

Meanwhile Dave Hill is looking on, and Boots Maguire is asking Spinney where is the new pin so they can press it in. And Spinney is trying to alibi, and Boots won't stand for the alibi.

"I tol' yuh, when I got the word there was a bust," he says. "I tol' yuh we would need a new pin. Where the hell have yuh been?"

Spinney, of course, he don't relish the bawling out none, not especially as Dave Hill is standing there, his eyes flaming, drinking it all in. And he comes back at Boots right snappy.

"The minute you told me," he says, "I run to Rob's bench and told him to get his calipers and hop the cabbage-cutter and run up there and size that pin. He must be working on it now, I seen him just a minute ago."

"I seen the ol' fool, too," says Boots Maguire. "Dodderin' around here like a ol' woman, he was, in everybody's way. He wasn't up to the crossover at all, they was nobudy there but a gang of workers Dave Hill had brang down."

I guess this muh-Crum party is a square guy. I don't know. Anyway, he see it is up to somebody to alibi, and he stepped right into it.

"Robertson could not run up to the yards," he says. "He made every effort. But he could not run that dinkey without protection on the rear end, and there was no red lantern oil. I know that is so, because I investigated and the drum was empty. I shall have an

investigation made to discover how it happened."

Dave Hill, he had been looking first at Spinney and then at Boots Maguire while they was jawing at each other, but when the muh-Crum party butted into the fray he turns his head and looks at him. And as he heard what the muh-Crum party said there come a look over his face like—well, if Dave Hill ever looked at me that way I would just drop dead.

I expected to hear him open up. He has been railroading for thirty-six years that I know of, and he has what you call a complete vocabulary. I guess he see that this muh-Crum party is hopeless, for he did not say a word but just looked at him. And the wonder to me is that the muh-Crum party did not drop dead right in his tracks.

The only noise you could hear was the whirring of the gears on the electric speed lathe over which Robertson was stooped. And in a minute or so this stopped. Then he grabbed the pin he had been making, run to the door of the lathe shop, flung the pin into the air, and it sailed in a perfect pitch right into Joe Beaudette's hands at the press. Joe slaps it against the buffer of the press, swings the drivers so the hole is over the end of the pin, lines it up for a second and then nods his head. The helper, he opens the valve, there is a faint squeeze and hiss, and the pin is in place.

A minute later the whole job is done.

That is, almost all done. Dave Hill, he don't climb onto the switcher. Instead he walks over to Robertson's electric speed lathe, and for maybe two minutes he parleys the Scotch machinist. The faces of both of them is solemn as owls, but it looks to me in the tool room window like there was a funny twinkle in Dave Hill's eyes.

Meanwhile the muh-Crum party is in a huddle with Spinney and Boots Maguire out in the middle of the floor, and the two shop bosses look like they was embarrassed. But they wave their hands and wipe at their mouths, and the muh-Crum party is looking at them very earnest and asking them something. So finally Boots Maguire, who is a roughneck anyway, tells him.

Well, the muh-Crum party gets red as a beet. Boots, he turns away and walks out to the erecting shop. Spinney just stands there. Then the muh-Crum party, he steams up and starts for Robertson's lathe. He's got blood in his eye.

I am glad Robertson has been with the system long enough to drag down a pension, so he is safe enough.

But Dave Hill, he leaves the lathe and he meets the muh-Crum party head-on, takes him by the arm, turns him around, and walks him upstairs to the office over the entry-way. What went on in the office I don't know. All I know is that the whistle blew for bell-time before the office door was opened, and the day gang all made a rush for the washroom.

And the next morning there was a new notice on the bulletin board. Not a General Shop Order Number so-and-so, either. It was from the headhouse, and it said:

> Office of the Sup't of Motive Power
> To All Concerned:
>
> Effective this day executive control of the Seaboard Division shops is placed in the hands of David Hill, Master Mechanic of the Division. Department heads will take instructions from Mr. Hill.
>
> Mr. E. J. MacCrum, formerly M.M. in Charge of Production, has been transferred to this office and will have general direction of efficiency work over the entire system.
>
> HIRAM BYLESBY,
> Supt. Motive Power.

When the West Was New—Kansas City, Mo., Station as It Looked About 50 Years Ago

By the Light of the Lantern

Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Owing to the number of queries, no engine specifications are printed except type, driver and cylinder dimensions, weight, and tractive force (t.f.).

(3) Sign your full name and address as evidence of good faith. We will print only initials, without street address.

(4) Always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary.

(5) Answers to questions are published in this department. Don't be disappointed if they do not appear at once. This department is printed two months in advance of date of issue.

A FRIEND of mine told me that the bottom of the wheel of a locomotive always stands still, no matter how fast the engine is going. Is this true?—V. K., Brooklyn.

Your friend is right. The bottom of the wheel is always standing still, and the top of it traveling twice as fast as the engine. Of course, you must bear in mind that as the wheel revolves the point of contact with the rail changes. But if you will think this over a minute you will see that the bottom of the wheel must stand still, for if it moved ahead it would grind on the rail. This can be proved by making two marks on the wheel: one where it touches the rail and other on the top. Run the engine forward two feet and you will find that the top mark has moved much farther ahead than the bottom. Or take a piece of board, eight feet or so long, lay it on top of the wheel. Move the engine ahead three feet and you will find that the board moves six feet. Or tie a torch on the rim of a driving wheel some night, walk about a hundred feet away, and then watch the torch as the locomotive moves. You will note that it does not revolve around the axle at all, but moves forward in long jumps, coming completely to rest each time it touches the rail, and going twice as fast as the engine when at its highest point.

M. P., Winnipeg.—According to latest estimates, about 15 pounds of coal are required to haul each passenger car one mile. This was the average last year on the Pennsylvania System, and may vary a great deal on other roads.

WHEN trains are doubleheaded, why is a small locomotive always first?

(b) What is the difference between a fire-tube and water-tube boiler?—J. B., Long Beach, Calif.

(a) There is no reason why a small locomotive should precede a large one, and there is no rule about it. The oldest engineer generally gets the head engine. It often happens that one of the engines on a doubleheader is a passenger type, and therefore may be the smaller of the two. But it would be run first because of its four-wheel leading truck, and not because it is smaller.

(b) In the fire-tube boiler the water circulates around fire tubes from the fire box to the front end, and through them hot gases and smoke are drawn by the force of the exhaust. In a water-tube boiler, on the other hand, the water circulates *through* the tubes, while the hot gases and smoke surround it. The latter type is used very little in this country, although the Delaware & Hudson and the New York, New Haven & Hartford have been experimenting with it.

J. A. F., Seligman, Ariz.—The Canadian National oil-electric No. 9000 exerts 29,000 lbs. t. f. at 13.5 m. p. h. Thus it will pull about the same tonnage as a passenger or freight steam locomotive with a t. f. rating of 40,000 or 45,000 lbs. We have no authentic figures on the maximum grade it will climb with a load of 2,500 tons, but would say that a 1% grade with such a load would be a stiff proposition.

Santa Fe 4-8-4 type, 3755 class, has 30 x 30 cylinders, 73-inch drivers, 210 lbs. pressure, weighs 432,240 lbs. without tender and exerts 66,000 lbs.

This New York Central Railroad Bridge at Millfield, O., Was Wrecked by Dynamiters During a Coal Strike Recently in the Hocking Valley Section

t. f. It has larger cylinders than most engines of its type, but about the same t. f. and drivers.

V. C., Pomona, Calif.—We compared SP 4300 class with UP 7800 class on page 183 of our May issue.

A water-tube firebox is one which uses for its walls a vertical arrangement of tubes with the lower ends welded into a hollow ring and the upper ends into water reservoirs. This kind of an arrangement permits a greater heating surface than the ordinary sheet steel fireboxes with stay-bolts. It is finding favor on many roads.

J. McM.—The Sperry rail detector cars, which are owned by the Sperry Rail Service Corporation, search out and indicate transverse fissures and other defects in the rail. This is accomplished by making the rail act as an electrical conductor. All hidden defects obstruct the current and are automatically registered on a recording paper. The Sperry Corporation owns many such cars, and they are rented out to the railroads.

L. B., W. Somerville, Mass.—According to E. K. Heath, Barre, Vt., B&M 400 series (0-6-0) has 51-inch drivers and 31,300 lbs. t. f.; Nos. 430-453 have 32,200 lbs. t. f.

According to A. G. Hale, Winchester, Mass., B&M 800-801, 0-8-8-0 type, had 26 and 40 x 28 cylinders, 51-inch drivers, and exerted 100,500 lbs. t. f. They were sold a few years ago to the Utah Copper Co.

E. C. P., Chicago.—It has been estimated that 58% of the heat generated in a locomotive boiler is lost at the stack as exhaust steam. The feedwater heater makes use of it to pre-heat water before it is injected into the boiler. The Elesco

This Queer Mallet Was Built by Baldwin for the Santa Fe in 1909. It Had 73-Inch Drivers and Was Used in Heavy Passenger Service

type, for example, consists of a pump, a heater and a skimmer. The water passes from the tender to the pump, which forces it through the heater and into the boiler. The exhaust steam is piped from the cylinders to the heater, where it heats up the water passing through the tubes. The skimmer, which is in the tender, separates any oil from the condensate formed in the heater. Most feed water heaters are located just ahead of the smokestack on the front end of the locomotive.

Burlington class O-1a (4940-99, 5060-5147), 2-8-2, has 27 x 30 cylinders, 64-inch drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weighs 523,500 lbs. with tender, and exerts 52,300 lbs. t. f.

M. T., Edmonton, Alta.—Northern Alberta Rys. 100 class, 2-10-0 type, have 24 x 28 cylinders, 56-inch drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 390,500 lbs. with tender and exerts 49,000 lbs. t. f.

B&O 2-6-6-2 type, 7450 class, has 23 x 30 cylinders, 70-inch drivers, 250 lbs. pressure, exerts 90,000 lbs. t. f.

M. B. C., St. Johnsbury, Vt.—The White River RR has 2 locomotives, Nos, 5 and 7. The latter has 17 x 24 cylinders, 56-inch drivers, 150 lbs. pressure, weighs 95,000 lbs., exerts 13,500 lbs. t. f. No. 5 has 16 x 24 cylinders, 48-inch drivers, 180 lbs. steam, weighs 106,000 lbs., exerts 16,000 lbs. t. f.

The Clarendon & Pittsford has 4 locomotives, but does not give out any information about them.

E. S., Chicago.—CMSt.P&P class A-1, 4-4-2 (Nos. 3000-3017), has 19 x 26 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, 79-inch drivers, exerts 20,197 lbs. t. f. Class A-4s, 4-4-2 (Nos. 3133-3135) has 22 x 28 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, 79-inch drivers and exerts 29,160 lbs. t. f. These engines are probably as fast as any in use today.

E. H. N., Geyserville, Calif.—The Northwestern Pacific does not operate motor truck service, but has daily freight service between San Francisco and Eureka. The Southern Pacific uses trucks both in a combined rail highway service and independently. Space would not permit us to print the various routes over which they run.

D. S., Lewiston, Idaho.—The Spokane, Portland & Seattle uses Pacific and Atlantic type engines between Spokane and Pasco. The former (Nos. 620-625) have 23½ x 30 cylinders, 73-inch drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 484,583 lbs. with tender, exerts 38,580 lbs. t. f. The latter (Nos. 600-609) has 22 x 26 cylinders, 73-inch drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weighs 394,317 with tender, and exerts 26,460 lbs. t. f.—with booster, 35,520. (Formerly Great Northern class K-1.)

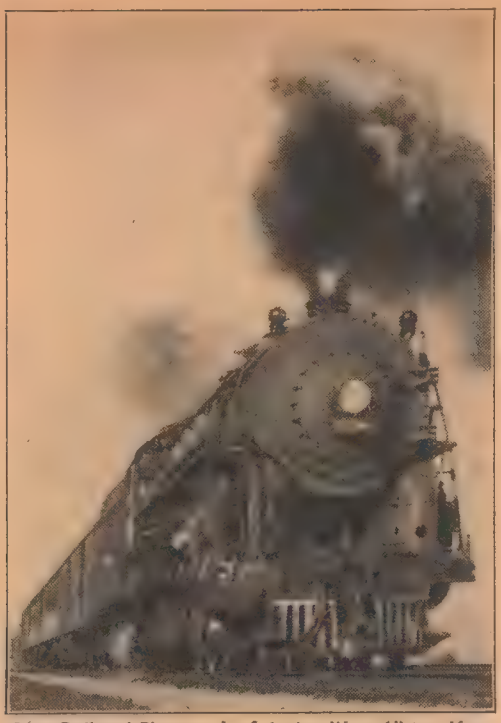
From Railroad Photographs, 5 Appian Way, Allston, Mass.
Shutting off for Town—As the Engineer Looks at His Watch He Is Closing the Throttle. Note the Reverse Lever Hooked up Just Ahead of Center

Here are NP data you asked for: No. 347, 4-6-0, has 19 x 24 cylinders, and exerts 17,500 lbs. t. f.; No. 1362, 4-6-0, has 21 x 30 cylinders and exerts 35,700 lbs. t. f.; No. 1661, 2-8-2, has 25 x 30 cylinders and exerts 50,600 lbs. t. f.; Nos. 2177-2207, 4-6-2, have 24½ x 26 cylinders, 69-inch drivers, weigh 383,800 lbs. with tender and exert 34,600 lbs. t. f.

A. S., New York City.—The stack-like form at the end of the Lackawanna 4-8-4 type, MP 0-8-0 type, and others houses the throttle mechanism of the so-called front end throttle, which is standard on many engines today. If you look closely you will be able to see the throttle lever running along the boiler to it.

J. W., Asheville, N. C.—The NC&St.L operates a ferry transfer service between Incline and Gunters Landing, Ala., for freight service only.

Suburban trains on the New York Central between New York City, Croton and Peekskill are operated by electricity to Harmon, and thence by Pacific type steam locomotives. Electrification on the Harlem Division extends to North White



From Railroad Photographs, 5 Appian Way, Allston, Mass.
Breaking in a New York Central Hudson Type in Local Passenger Service

Plains. On the Putnam Division 4-4-0 and 4-6-0 types are used in passenger service and 2-6-0 or Mogul types in freight service.

A. G., New York City.—New York Central oil-electric No. 1555 weighs 257,300 lbs. and exerts 64,325 lbs. t. f.; No. 1525 weighs 257,500 lbs. and exerts 64,375 lbs. t. f.

C. C. M., Kansas City.—The Erie triplex Mallets were numbered in a 2600 class and 5016 class—the latter one also bore the name "Matt H. Shay."

Y. Z., Newark.—So far as we know railroads do not sell blueprints of their engines. We suggest that you write to them and give a good reason for wanting prints. Perhaps they will oblige you.

L. J. L., Richmond Hill.—When the first 4-8-4 type came out, each road buying that kind of engines gave them whatever name seemed appropriate. The DL&W called it the Pocono because it ran through the Pocono Mts., etc. It is now generally referred to as the Northern type. The 4-4-0 type is commonly called the American, although many railroad men know of it as the Standard. The Yellowstone is 2-8-8-4.

W. B., Folcroft.—The class designations of the Pennsylvania locomotives indicate the type and whether or not the engine is superheated. In the K class, for instance, there are 5 divisions, of which the K-4 is one. The "s" tells that it is superheated.

P. H. J., Owego, N. Y.—The Susquehanna & New York has 6 locomotives, 65 freight, 3 passenger and 11 miscellaneous cars. It runs two passenger trains daily—Nos. 5 and 6.

J. B., Australia.—The Times Square station of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation and of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company is the busiest subway station in New York City, and probably in the world. The BMT collects 115,000 fares and runs 428 express and 348 local trains in one direction in an average 24 hour week-day. The IRT runs 2,260 trains through it every 24 hours, and last year accommodated 56,942,375 passengers.

L. R., Summit, N. J.—The Wilkes-Barre & Eastern was chartered in 1892, opened in 1893 and has always been controlled by the New York, Susquehanna & Western, which is now a part of the Erie. At one time it ran trains over the NYS&W into Jersey City. It did have a bridge over the Susquehanna River, now used by the Lehigh Valley and DL&W. The terminal of the Wilkes-Barre & Eastern was located on Market Street on the opposite side of the city from Wilkes-Barre. It is now used for other purposes.

J. A. L., Bradford, Mass.—Boston & Maine Class H-2-a, Nos. 610-631, has 25 x 28 cylinders, 51-inch drivers, weighs 336,000 lbs. with tender, and exerts 51,000 lbs. t. f.

W. C., Stamford, Ont.—The motive power officers of the Santa Fe are at Chicago, Ill.; the Virginian at Princeton, W. Va.; the Erie at Cleveland; the CMSt.P&P at Milwaukee, Wis.

B. P., St. Petersburg, Fla.—Practically every road in this country uses speedometers which also record the number of miles per hour maintained during the entire trip. There are three leading makes: Boyer, Weston and Westinghouse. The former is mechanical, and connects with either the leading truck front right wheel or the right trailer wheel. The latter two are electric.

R. H., Elmira Heights, N. Y.—Locomotives of many years ago used the large type smokestacks because they burned wood and were equipped with large cinder screens. As they were changed from wood-burners to coal-burners they were fitted with ordinary straight-type stacks.

Of course, many coal-burners used diamond stacks, but that was before the present front end arrangement was perfected.

R. L., Hollywood, Calif.—The Erie electrified its line between Rochester and Mount Morris in 1907 for passenger service only. You will find a description of it on page 46 of the November, 1931, No. 165, report of the Railway Electrification Committee of the National Electric Light Association—see your nearest librarian.

E. N. M., Stoneham, Mass.—The New York Central still uses its Pacific type engines in main and branch line service. There are four classes: K2, K3, K5 and K6, some of which have sub-classifications.

N. A., Chicago, Ill.—The Canadian National No. 9000 oil-electric locomotive can travel from Montreal to Vancouver without a stop for fuel or water because it runs on oil. Its motors supply power for the dynamos which run the motors connected to the axles. It can carry enough fuel with it to make such a long trip.

T. H., Brooklyn.—Since the enginemen's agreement calls for two men in the cab of every train, electric engines run in pairs with the second locomotive merely acting as a part of the first. Thus only two men are needed for both engines.

A booster is an auxiliary engine for driving a locomotive's trailing truck wheels or tender wheels, thus adding to the starting tractive force of the engine. It is only used in starting or in negotiating heavy grades, and is disengaged as soon as the locomotive picks up speed. It is connected to the axle in much the same fashion as automobile pistons are connected to the crankshaft.

B. M., E. Cleveland.—The Lackawanna uses color light signals with two sets of lights, two lights in each set, arranged vertically. One red light means stop; a red light over a yellow light commands the train to proceed at slow speed prepared to stop, or (on automatic block signals) to stop and proceed; one yellow light, approach next signal prepared to stop; yellow light over green light, approach next signal at restricted speed; red light over green light, proceed at restricted speed; one green light, proceed. See the old poem by Cy Warman on page 92.

S. E. T., Lebanon, N. H.—Early in 1930 the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific bought fourteen 4-6-4 type locomotives from the Baldwin Works (class F-6, Nos. 6400-6413). Last year eight additional engines with practically the same specifications were purchased from the same company. They have 26 x 28 cylinders, 79-inch drivers, 225 lbs. pressure, weigh 668,000 lbs. with tender, and exert 45,822 lbs. t. f., and are known as class F-6a.

P. E. P.—Illinois Central Nos. 6000-6009, 2-6-6-2 type, purchased from Central of Georgia in 1926, have 24 and 38 x 32 cylinders, 57-inch drivers, weigh 620,000 lbs. with tender, 220 lbs. pressure and exert 92,700 lbs. t. f.

F. McW., Montgomery, Pa.—About 15 or 20 years ago practically all the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern passenger engines were equipped with vestibule connections on their tenders to protect the car door from splashing water.

Preparing for a Fast Run—Wipers and Crew on the Engine of the Famous "Royal Scot" Just Before It Leaves the Terminal at Camden Town, England

One of the Chicago Great Western's New High-Powered Texas Types, Built Last Year by Baldwin

We have not been able to unearth any photos of such equipment, but perhaps some of our readers can help you out.

R. F., Highland Park, Ill.—The Chicago, Harlem & Batavia became a part of the old Wisconsin Central, which was leased in 1890 to the Chicago & Northern Pacific. The tracks it ran on were laid on what is now probably the Chicago Great Western right-of-way.

M. A. L., Dilwarth, Minn.—NP 600, 601, class N, 4-4-2 type, has 19 x 26 cylinders and exerts 18,400 lbs. t. f.

E. W. H.—D&RGW 1700 class, 4-8-4 type, has 27 x 30 cylinders, 70-inch drivers, 240 lbs. pressure, weighs 678,000 lbs. with tender, and exerts 63,700 lbs. t. f. 3608 series, 2-8-8-2 type, has 26 x 32 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 240 lbs. pressure, 992,500 lbs. with tender and exerts 131,800 lbs. t. f.

MoP 1125 series, 2-8-4 type, has 28 x 30 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 240 lbs. pressure, weighs 404,000 lbs. without tender, and exerts 83,700 lbs. t. f. with booster.

H. E. J., Scotch Plains, N. J.—New York Central No. 999, when it made 112.5 m. p. h., attained the fastest official speed ever recorded. Actually, trains have been run at even higher speeds—take, for instance, the fastest Plant System record of 120 miles an hour—but were not officially clocked. We have published stories of such runs in the past issues.

When Eastern railroads began to burn anthracite coal they adopted an extra wide firebox invented by John Wootten, first used by the Philadelphia & Reading in 1880. It was so wide that there was not room for the cab over it, and it, therefore, was placed in the middle of the boiler. Many modified types are still in use today. Such engines came to be known as "Mother Hubbards," and are often called camelbacks. The latter term is incorrect, for it applies to a specific kind of locomotive made by Ross Winans for the B&O before the Civil War.

R. G., Reading.—The Rutland uses a Mikado type for heavy freight service: 26 x 30 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 477,400 lbs. with tender, and exerts 54,700 lbs. t. f.

S. B., Madison, Wis.—In the main there is little difference between a superintendent of motive power and a mechanical superintendent. Some roads use the former title, others the latter. In each case he is in complete charge of the motive power department and the men who work in it. He supervises the shopping of locomotives, their maintenance and their performance on the road, and also recommends and okays motive power purchases. The mechanical engineer, on the other hand, is the office engineer immediately below the mechanical superintendent, and is at the head of the drafting department, but generally does not supervise actively the repair of locomotives, as does the master mechanic, who is immediately above the roundhouse foreman.

Superintendent of transportation is a very general title and applies to many activities. On most roads he is a sort of assistant to the chief operating officer or vice-president in charge of operation.

W. S., Ft. William, Ont.—CP 2700-2711 have 24½ x 30 cylinders, 70-inch drivers, weigh 477,100 lbs. with tender.

E. K., Detroit.—The old Grand Trunk 1380 class, now Grand Trunk Western 660 class, was 2-6-0 type. GTW class I-8, Nos. 1589-1628, has 21 x 26 cylinders, 73-inch drivers, weighs 300,140 lbs. with tender, 175 lbs. steam pressure and exerts 23,363 lbs t. f. Class 8200-8221, 0-8-0 type, has 26 x 30 cylinders, 56-inch drivers, 180 lbs. steam pressure, weighs 410,400 lbs. with tender and exerts 55,407 lbs. t. f. Nos. 8300-8319, 0-8-0 type, has 22 x 28 cylinders, 51-inch drivers, 200 lbs. steam pressure, weighs 356,000 lbs. with tender and exerts 45,200 lbs. t. f.

P. B., Dorchester, Mass.—The Boston & Maine has 92 Pacific type engines.

K. G., Baltimore.—The 900 series, class L-1, 2-8-8-2 type of the Western Maryland has 26 and 40 x 30 cylinders, 52-inch drivers, 210 lbs. pressure, weighs 685,000 lbs. with tender and exerts 106,000 lbs. t. f.

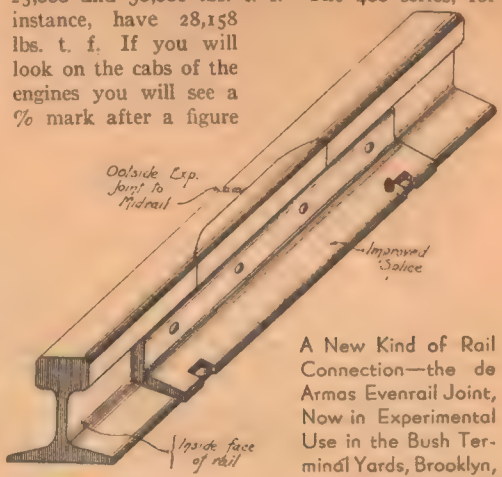
Baltimore & Ohio class D-30, Nos. 350-389, 0-6-0 type, has 21 x 28 cylinders, 52-inch drivers, 190 lbs. pressure and exerts 38,400 lbs. t. f. Class L-2, Nos. 601-645, 0-8-0 type, has 25½ x 30 cylinders, 63-inch drivers, 215 lbs. pressure, exerts 57,500 lbs. t. f. Class L-1a, Nos. 1002-1085, 0-8-0 type, has 25 x 28 cylinders, 210 lbs. pressure, 57-inch drivers, exerts 54,800 lbs. t. f. Others in future issues.

D. G., Brooklyn.—New York, New Haven & Hartford passenger trains running out of the Pennsylvania Station in N. Y. City use the Hell Gate bridge. Refer to a timetable of this road for their numbers.

The branch of the Long Island RR alongside the BMT Brighton Line was originally the New York, Brooklyn & Manhattan Beach Ry. This line, in turn, was a result of the consolidation of the N. Y., Bay Ridge & Jamaica RR, incorporated in 1875; the N. Y. & Manhattan Beach Ry., incorporated in 1876; the Long Island City & Manhattan Beach RR, incorporated in 1883. The NYB&MB was never operated independently, but as a branch of the Long Island. Between East New York and Manhattan Beach were the following stations: Rugby, Kouwenhoven, Vanderveer Park, Manhattan Beach Junction, South Greenfield, Kings Highway, Neck Road, Race Track, Sheepshead Bay and Manhattan Beach. Passenger service was discontinued on this line May 14, 1924. We have no timetable showing the running time between Manhattan Beach and Long Island City.

J. F. E., Elkins, W. Va.—The Greenbryer, Cheat & Elk was organized in 1910 and first was used by a pulp company. In 1914 it began to operate as a common carrier; and in 1927 the Western Maryland bought the greater part of its stock. It is 92 miles long and connects with the WM at Chest Junction.

J. H. D., Quebec.—Most of the old 2-6-0 type engines of the Grand Trunk exert between 25,000 and 30,000 lbs. t. f. The 400 series, for instance, have 28,158 lbs. t. f. If you will look on the cabs of the engines you will see a % mark after a figure under the engine number. This stands for the number of thousands of pounds t. f. exerted by it.



A New Kind of Rail Connection—the de Armas Evenrail Joint, Now in Experimental Use in the Bush Terminal Yards, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Inventor Claims It Eliminates Rail Clicking

G. J. F., Charleston, S. C.—"The Miamian" of the Atlantic Coast Line averages about 46.5 m. p. h. between Richmond and Miami; "The Gulf Coast Limited," about 44.4 m. p. h. between Richmond and St. Petersburg.

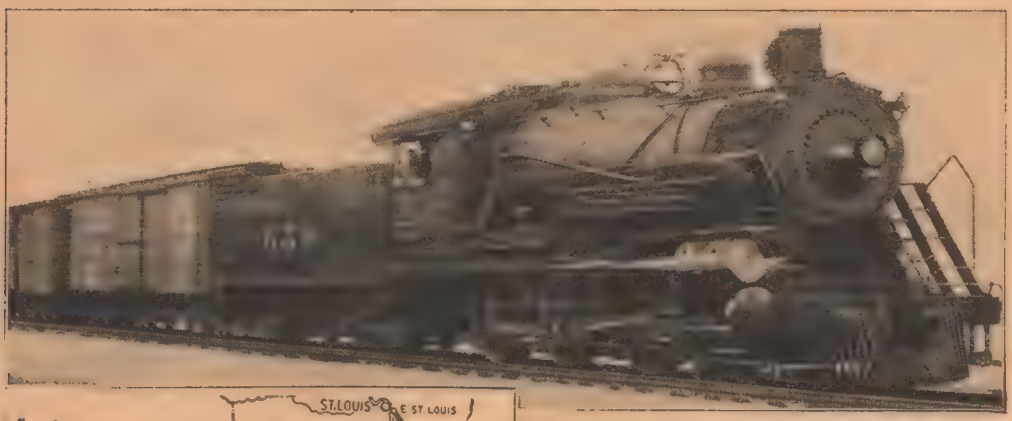
W. L., Auburn, Me.—The White River RR is 19 miles long, has 3 locomotives, 4 freight and 2 passenger cars; the Woodstock Ry. is 14 miles long, has 2 locomotives, 3 freight, 4 passenger and 2 miscellaneous cars; the Hardwick & Woodbury Ry. is 11 miles long, has 2 locomotives and 48 freight cars; the Springfield Terminal Ry. is 7 miles long, has 3 locomotives and 4 passenger cars.

NEXT month's illustrated features will include "The World's Greatest Run" (the Jarrett & Palmer special which ran from New York to 'Frisco in 1876), "Building Model Railroad Stations, etc.," and "The True Story of Jesse James, Train Robber."

Speed and Power—Norfolk & Western Mountain Type Used in Passenger Service

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses



Map of the Cotton Belt Route and Its "Blue Streak," the World's Fastest Freight Train

Cotton Belt Blues

By C. A. Roach

EXIT the Cotton Belt Route, the old St. Louis Southwestern! It was a famous boomer pike in its day, running more than 1900 miles from St. Louis through "Arkansaw" and into Texas. Latest figures give it 258 locos and about 10,000 cars—mostly freight cars, for that road never did very much passenger business.

The Cotton Belt is still carrying on. Its "Blue Streak" is the world's fastest freight train. But that old streak o' rust has lost its independent existence, control having been taken over last April 14th by the Southern Pacific System. To make things worse, more recent reports indicate that the Cotton Belt is about to go into another receivership. I don't know how many receiverships that famous pike has had already.

My mind goes back nearly fifty years to the time when I began braking on the Cotton Belt and to the various rackets pulled by boomer trainmen on that line. You see, it was this way:

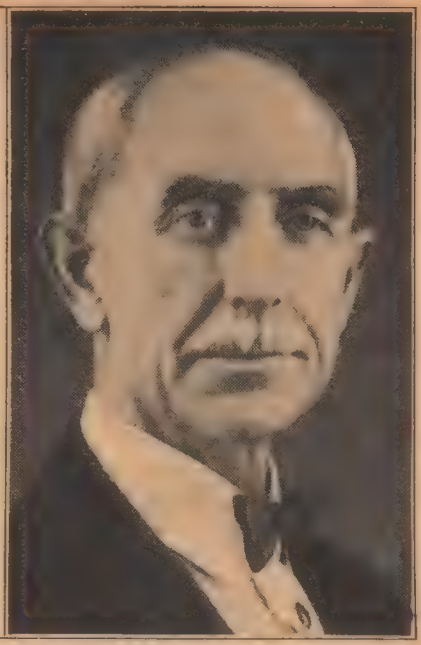
Being the son of an Iron Mountain section boss at De Soto, Mo., I started my railroad career by working for him

Iron in the Blood

A BOOMER sat on a baggage truck,
Chewing a quid and cussing his luck;
And this was the trend of the stray's lament:
"Why 'n hell can't I be content
To settle down to a steady grind
And leave this aimless life behind,
And maybe have in a year or so
A wife and a home and a radio?"

And then in the maze of ties and rails,
As the twilight thickens, a switch light pales
In the fog of a jack just coupling on,
And a highball whirls from the restless con.
Then the smoke pours out from the jack's exhaust,
And the boomer knows his dreams are lost.
For how can a man sit around in a room
While the long drags sway through the thickening gloom?

—W. B. KENNER



Charles Anthony Roach, Known as "Silent Slim," and a Poem Which Tells His Life Story

as a gandy dancer (section laborer). In 1884, shortly after my sixteenth birthday, I aspired to rise in the world, so dad persuaded Trainmaster Frey to give me a job as brakeman.

Well, I lasted just one day. We were called out on the wrecker to Mineral Point, Mo., where a few cars had crawled over the rail. Frey happened to be a seasoned old veteran, but I volunteered to tell him how to clear the track. Instead of appreciating my suggestions, he spluttered and bellowed like a madman.

"Who the hell asked your advice?" he stormed, with a burst of profanity. "I never saw such impudence in all my life. You're fired, kid! Get the hell off this railroad and stay off!"

Evidently my services were no longer desired, so I walked over to Bird's Point, Mo., and climbed into a narrow-gage boxcar on the Cotton Belt. My spirits revived. I looked forward to becoming an engineer, making big money, and returning home as a hero. After that I'd look up Trainmaster Frey and tell him where to go personally and what to do with his lousy railroad. Then I'd settle down and marry the little, brown-eyed sweetheart of my youthful fancy.

These delightful visions filled my brain while the rolling wheels clicked off about five miles. Then something happened. The train made a sudden stop, with a clashing and banging of couplers. I waited and waited. Noon came. I was quite hungry, so I got out cautiously to investigate. There had been a wreck. Boxcars were strewn over the landscape.

Meandering up to the engine, I found the fireman sleeping on the seatbox and the engineer down on the ground packing a valve stem on his side of the old squatty ten-wheeler, narrow-gage hog. For several minutes I stood there watching him work. At last he threw down his hammer and asked:

"Well, what's eatin' yuh? Where'ja come from?"

I told him a cock and bull story about being an orphan and my ambition to become an engineer and get lots of money.

"Your tale sure is refreshin'," he laughed. Then he continued to drive his packing in and around the valve stem; finally completing it, he picked up the tools and started for the cab. I followed, carrying his torch and a monkey wrench. The outcome of that meeting was a free lunch out of his bucket and what he could find in the fireman's pail.

I stayed there all night, till the wreck was cleared away and the engine was coupled onto what was left. Then we pulled out. As day approached we were rambling along at about ten miles per hour and I felt kind of frisky. Every time the engineer reached up for the whistle I'd start out over the coal gate with the head brakeman and help him set brakes.

By noon we had reached PawPaw Junction, about ninety miles from where I'd boarded the rough rattler. The crew ate dinner in the section house—for they had got a car off the track and were trying to turn it over with pry poles and a screw jack. Jim Cain, the hogger, treated me to the meal and later persuaded the conductor, Cash Laws, to hire me as brakeman, because one of the three brakemen which constituted a crew in those days had quit and gone to work with a duck hunter at PawPaw Junction.

I was tickled to death at getting the job, and was assigned to the head end to throw switches and do anything else Cain requested.

The Cotton Belt at that time ran from Bird's Point to Gatesville, Texas, and did as much business as many standard-gage lines, even though we were off the track pretty often.

Most of the cars on our train were 28 or 30 feet long, built for standard-gage tracks, much bigger and longer than our regular slim-gage cars. These big babies were put on narrow-gage trucks in Cairo, Ill., by using what was called a "hoist." The cars were raised up and the trucks were changed, narrow-gage being put under and the standard-gage taken out. It was quicker to do this than to unload the cars and reload the merchandise in smaller cars.

Besides, large shipments were all mixed up if transferred to small cars and the merchants kicked about it, so the hoist idea was used extensively for all through freight.

But nobody ever told about the trouble trainmen had in handling those huge cars on narrow-gage trucks; at least, nobody did anything about it. The cars just kept coming south with all kinds of loads, and trainmen went groggy trying to get 'em over the division.

When I was new on the job all the trainmen drank plenty of liquor, and the pay car had not run over the line for two months, so everybody I knew was "knocking down" in one way or another. Every crew had what was called a "pot." Whatever money was made on a trip was put into the pot and divided at the end of the run. The conductor got a bigger share than the others, the hogger next in pro-rating, then the brakeman and lastly tallow-pot, according to what he'd done to help collect.

"We're gonna get ours before this pike is taken up an' sold for scrap," they said.

I wonder how it ever pulled through, even after it had gone into a receivership. Somehow it did pull through and today is one of the best roads in the South.

The steel on the old Cotton Belt was

Freight for the St. Louis Southwestern. (Above) Cotton Gin Scene in the Early Days of the Author's Long and Exciting Boomer Career. (Below) Trucks Have Displaced Mules in Hauling Stuff to the Station to Be Loaded on Box Cars

small, being 35-pound rails made in Belgium by Saunders Brothers. It was about the toughest steel this country ever had. Lots of it is in use today on sidings and branch lines. But in 1884 the tracks were in pretty bad shape. There was no ballast at all. Every joint was low or out of line.

Often a big car would get off the track. Its little trucks were so far back under the frame and all of us were more or less stewed, so no one would crawl under to the set rerailing frogs and get full of mud and sandburs in his knees, besides skinning his head.

This Baldwin Consolidation Type Wheels Freight on the Old Cotton Belt

Almost invariably the car would not rerail easily on account of the side bearings being cribbed up. The side bearing of a standard-gage car did not hit those small trucks, so blocks of hard wood were inserted on the small truck to meet the wide car, to take the sway out of the car while going over our narrow-gage track.

Rather than monkey around with a derailed car—if it happened to be in a suitable spot—some guy would go to the hog, get the coal pick, and knock the blocks off all four side bearings. That would leave the car balanced on the center castings. Any train crew familiar with this feature could get alongside the car, unhook the safety chain and start it rocking. Then at a given yell "All together!" they'd turn the car over off the track, get a chain hooked on the little trucks and pull them off, thus clearing the main line.

Many a car went over that way and the company never knew the difference, so far as I recall.

A few conductors made money out of those derailed cars by getting in touch with men at or near the scene. If the car held baled cotton, several of the bales would be dragged out at night with the aid of a horse and would be slid along the rails to a gin mill whose owner was in on the deal. There the covering would be torn off, a new covering put on and the bale sold with not a sign or mark to identify it. The proceeds would be split with everyone who took part in the crookedness.

Lots of cotton was disposed of in that manner. The reason for dragging it on the rails was obvious; there were no wagon ruts or trails for a detective to follow.

In those days that section of the country was being logged with oxen, and the low boggy land often made it necessary for oxen to be moved from one mill or timber location to another. Trainmen would make a deal, stop anywhere, run the oxen into a boxcar or stock car and take them down the line to wherever desired, making a little money on the side. There was no pay car running, no telling when there would be one, so the men had to do something.

Here is another method: When a loaded car arrived at a station the agent would have it unloaded immediately and solicit business for his empty anywhere along the division. Many families were moving in or out of the new country. It wasn't much trouble to get a load for the car, even at times taking a rush car-lot of lumber.

"Anything to get some freight money," the boys said, and you could hardly blame them.

The first local would pick the car up and take it to point of delivery, set it out and watch when it was empty, then bring it back to the station where loaded.

This caused a lot of care in handling, for the conductor dared not show it on his wheel report, while the agent showed it still as on his yard list. Then when demurrage or rental began to eat on the car it would be returned to its own line and no one be the wiser.

Locating a car by the tracer method was slow; the check-up was not up-to-date; cars were often lost completely, if not stolen.

Sometimes agents sold express tags as passenger tickets to any point on the division, stamped just like regular tickets. The purpose was to let the conductor who took up such tickets know where to turn them in. He and the agent would do the split act on return delivery.

There was no such thing then as a railroad bull. The only man I remember we had to keep an eye on was the freight auditor, who traveled about on freight and local passenger trains. But with almost every station agent in on the funny business it wasn't hard for us to keep tab on an auditor. The station agents wired every conductor along the line during the day where he was, which way he was going, and if he were suspicious of anything.

While trainmen were doing their bit to put the road into the hands of the junk men, section bosses were running a land office business with "phantom" gandy dancers.

Many section bosses were allowed from five to ten men each; a boss always showed a full-time book. Every phantom was on the board bill, too. If the boss was allowed ten laborers, he would never work more than eight, the other two being fictitious. He got their board bill and split the time check with some hobo for drawing it.

Roadmasters, bridge and building superintendents, bridge foremen—almost every man who handled the time cards or pay rolls—apparently was raking a dividend off the road.

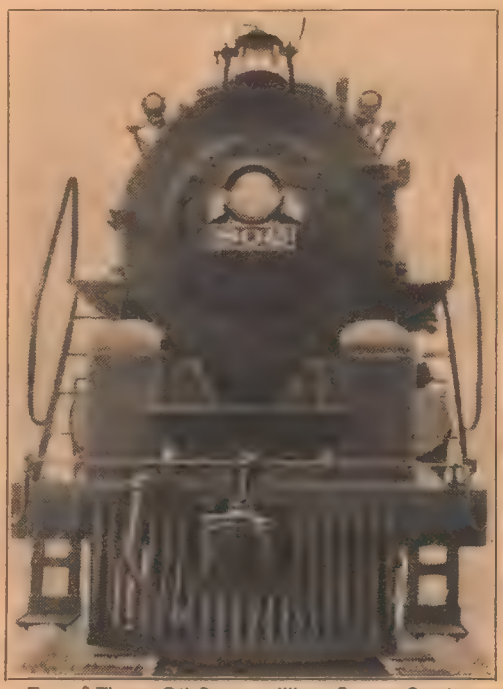
Frequent fights in saloons on pay day resulted from these crooked splits, men claiming more than they got, or crabbing over some guy not digging up his part. I witnessed many such arguments in my early boomer days.

At Division Point No. 7 a lot of roughnecks were sore at all boomers. Every time a boomer dropped in there he just dropped out again. They made life so unpleasant that many a guy would throw up the job in disgust.

No. 180, the First Locomotive Used on the Cotton Belt After That Road Was Made Standard Gage. Built in 1887 at Rhode Island Works and Still in Service. Photo Taken at Commerce, Texas. We Have No Information on the Smaller Engine

"Big Ed" Davis and I were not scrappers, but were able to take care of ourselves. We were both young and strong, and had a kind of rough barroom style of fisticuffs that impressed the average person. Ed had a fight on his first trip, so did I. He beat the stuffing out of his conductor for rawhiding him over a switching stunt, yet continued with the crew back to the starting point.

I had about the same experience, only I scrapped with a rear brakeman. There was only one blow struck—I socked him on the mouth.



Ten of These Oil-Burners Were Put in Service Two Years Ago on the St. L. S.-W. They Can Make 90 Miles an Hour

Once back in town, we were eating in the beanery when in marched five roughnecks bent on running us out of town—a simple procedure, so they thought. We tore up the tables, broke chairs and dishes, turned over the counter where several smiling onlookers waited probably to see us go hiking down the track. But we decided to stay, at least until everything was settled satisfactorily.

After the battle we were a sight—I had two black eyes, cuts too numerous to mention, a dislocated shoulder and two broken fingers. But the other guys got plenty more; three of them wound up in a hospital.

At last the Cotton Belt management was six months behind on payments to employees. When a fellow quit and wanted his money he sold his time for whatever he could get, usually seventy-five cents on the dollar. There was a Shylock in Jonesboro by the name of Eggleston who become fairly wealthy through buying time checks. I remember when the pay car finally did come out, Eggleston had orders for more than $6,000, and he got every cent.

Eventually I left the Cotton Belt for a while and got a brakeman's job on the Texas & Pacific, which was building toward El Paso. I was hired by Jud Carnahan, trainmaster and super at Big Springs, Texas. Two of the conductors I worked with were Jud's brother Steve and Mike Kelly. Big Springs was a wide open burg then, and the amount of booze we consumed went a long way toward liquidating the national debt.

Then I was canned for getting tanked up at the wrong time, and I went booming with a fellow named Bill Riley. In addition to braking and switching on the iron pike, and downright panhandling, I turned my talents to the circus and vaudeville stage, becoming a roustabout, sword swallower and blackface comedian. I was con-

nected in turn with three circuses—Neely Bros., W. W. Coles and John Robinson—each of which claimed to have "the greatest show on earth."

Wearying of this, I went to South America to build a railroad in the tropics with Mr. Beck, formerly a "brass hat" of the Kansas City, Fort Smith & Gulf at Thayer, Mo., and it was in South America that I got some of the "local color" for my fiction story, "Boomers' Paradise." Returning to the U. S. A., I found myself switching out of Thayer, on the K. C., Ft. S. & G, for a general yardmaster named Bill Whistinan.

In the spring of 1890 I went back to the Cotton Belt. The gage had been widened, but they were still using 35-pound steel rails. A new reign had possession of the pike. Those little low-wheeled hogs had been broadened, too, so as to drag trains. They were about the best pulling little battleships I ever worked behind.

At Jonesville, Ark., was a large Irishman trainmaster named McGowan. In applying for a job as brakeman I gave a fictitious name—never saw the pike before. McGowan looked me over suspiciously and said to his chief clerk:

"Yes, we need men. Billy, give this man an application blank."

So they had application blanks now, I mused, just like a regular railroad. I filled out one and went to work. My first assignment was with a conductor named John Lane.

During the three months I stuck there on this last trip I broke for John Teas, Sam Brown, Andy Crenshaw, and the two House brothers, Jake and Ed. Jake had been a brakeman on the Iron Mountain in 1884, at the time I attempted to tell Trainmaster Frey how to handle a wrecking crew. Jake recalled the incident, chuckled over it, and said:

"Yuh're such a windbag, always tellin' people what to do, that we're gonna call yuh Silent Slim," and that name has stuck till this day.

The only Cotton Belt hogger I remember was John Trainor, an old-timer and a mighty fine fellow; all the others had slipped out of the picture. She was a new pike now; one had to hit the ball or quit. I did the latter.

Drifting down to New Orleans for the sugarcane rush, I was shanghaied while on a spree and was taken to Australia aboard a tramp ship. There I learned to peel spuds as a galley slave and did a little sailing. On the return voyage we carried a cargo of hides that stunk worse than anything I ever smelled before or since.

Upon my arrival at Frisco in '92 or '93, I deserted ship and got a job washing dishes in a railroad beanery. The fellows I met there made me homesick for the iron trail again. I hired out to Trainmaster Merefield of the Santa Fe at Raton, N. M., and broke over the "hill" to Trinidad, Colo., back and forth for several months with Conductors Mike Gormly, W. S. Van Dorn, and Ed Giveny.

Then went to Forth Worth, Texas, and worked on the Rock Island for Yardmasters Fred Crimins and Bob Lockett, at the time Eugene V. Debs was worrying the brass hats.

My next pike was the Louisville & Nashville. At Paris, Tenn., I was hired by Trainmaster F. N. Fisher, but I quit in '94, when the Debs strike was called. After wandering about for months, hungry most of the time, I was taken on by Billy Yater at Nashville, Tenn. I switched there until they found that my references were no good. Then I bummed my way to Decatur, Ala., also

on the L. & N., where Bill Oakley was general yardmaster. I switched for his son, Bill, Jr., until I accidentally let slip the fact that I had participated in the strike. Then I was canned.

After that I let my mustache grow, changed my name, and was hired by George Thompson, L. & N. general agent and assistant trainmaster at Bowling Green, Ky. Thompson looked me square in the eyes.

"It seems to me we've met before," he remarked, and we had, but I gave a convincing denial and he was satisfied. Later, however, I got tanked up and said too much, for which I was sent on my way again. During the Spanish-American War, when the L. & N. was moving troops, I returned to that road as brakeman for W. E. Gault at Montgomery, Ala.

I have handled so many other jobs that I have lost track of them, but I do recall firing a steam shovel for the Globe Construction Co. out of Cincinnati on the old Ohio & Mississippi, now part of the B. & O. System, when that pike was reconstructing its grades. I was hired by Trainmaster Hagerty at Seymour, Ind., broke for Bill Wyatt and John Everhart on work trains, and then drifted out to St. Louis, where I ran a steam shovel for contractors building the Frisco Lines down through Oklahoma. I was a brakeman there, too, bossed Negro track layers and ran the commissary. At one time I was mining in Mexico, both on my own hook and for the Guggenheims.

I helped to build the Dallas, Texas, terminal for the J. W. Thompson Construction Co. by running a dirt train. Then I broke for A. J. "Fatty" Thomas, now of Fort Worth, author of several true tales in RAILROAD STORIES. We worked out of Teague, Texas, under Trainmaster Carnes, on the old Trinity & Brazos Valley.

Later I found myself washing dishes on a Union Pacific dining car out of Portland, Oregon, then became a cook on that diner. Having such experience, I served as kitchen steward for four years in Portland's largest hotel.

Since 1925 I have been a night watchman in Portland, pining for the good old iron pike, but too far beyond the age limit to get back on it again.

A Friendly Little Devil

By A. B. Clark

"No More Spiked Fusees!" Says the Brass Hat

THE old wood-burner locomotive has followed the buffalo into the sunset. The diamond-stack no longer belches forth clouds of smoke. The queenly eight-wheeler is singing her swan song. And now the fusee is losing its spike. Enough to make long-dead boomers turn over in their lonely graves!

A Little Devil Sputtering and Hissing

Remember the old days when watches varied so much that we sometimes waited fifteen minutes at meeting points for the other fellow to show up? Quite often he smoked in with several cripples chained behind his caboose, or flues leaking and the blower heaving blinding clouds of smoke from the stack and a cranky hogger profanely declaring: "Everything is running hot but the firebox."

How often we pounded an antique hog over the pike, with high hopes of arriving at the terminal in time to take some railroad beanery waitress to a dance, only to swing around a curve and find a red fusee stuck in the end of a cross-tie! The little devil would be sputtering and hissing, while dangerously close ahead, the markers of some slow crawling drag glared from the darkness.

All too often a swash of the air would follow as a nervous hogger slammed the brake valve around into the big hole. Inevitably the needle of the air-gage would drop to zero and a cursing train crew would get busy with chains on one or more cars from which the drawbars had been pulled. After chaining up, we'd be stuck for the varnished cars. We'd pull into a siding, settle back on our seat-box in gloomy misery, and in fancy see our sweetie tripping the light fantastic with our hated rival.

De-spike the fusee? Why, man, it's preposterous! What would an engineer use to drive down each corner of a seat-box on his hard-riding jack, to keep from wobbling about? How would the con attach his calendar—or the shack fasten a cover reproduction from RAILROAD STORIES—to the wall of the crummy?

Nevertheless, the Southern Pacific's brass collars recently decreed that the fusee should lose its spike—both for economical reasons and as a safety precaution, because many trainmen persisted in jabbing fusees into the timbers of tunnels, crossties and bridge timbers, instead of dropping them beside the track—a practice which caused some disastrous fires. Moreover, when, thrown from a train, the fusee's weighted end would cause its spike to sink, like a rattlesnake's fang, into a tie, penetrating the protective coating of creosote and allowing moisture to enter. Thus the tie begins to rot. The renewal of such ties costs thousands of dollars. That is why our friendly little devil has lost his spike.

Easing Him Down the Hill

By Edmund E. Pugsley

IN the days before automatic air brakes there was a hogger known as "Baldy" on the mountain division of the Canadian Pacific. We won't give his last name, for he is still sensitive about this incident. But it's too good to keep forever.

Baldy had a great respect for his little jack—much more than he had for his crew. On hills he considered it a sacrilege to use his engine to help ease the train down. That was the train crew's duty, in his estimation. His idea was to sit at ease in his window and tell the crew by a code of whistles when to set brakes and how many.

This went on for some time until a boomer from the Pennsylvania Railroad who had annexed himself to this crew, decided to teach Baldy a lesson.

"I'm gonna fix that baby!" he told the skipper, as they left the terminal.

"It's all right with me," was the reply. "But don't do anything against the rules."

They reached the top of the long hill without any unusual incident. "Now boys," advised Baldy, leaning his bulk out the little window, "let me down the hill easy tonight."

"Sure!" said the boomer. "I'll bet you'll say this was the easiest trip you ever had."

Two sharp squeaks from the engine whistle and they moved. The crew climbed aloft, each with a stout club, while Baldy settled back with a sigh of satisfaction. Nothing like a good train crew for these dangerous mountain grades.

Half a mile and the speed was picking up. Boomer, sitting atop the first car, left his light and slipped down the ladder, pulling the pin behind the engine. In another minute he was on top again signaling the captain and tail end shack to set 'em up. The train slackened pace, but the engine ran merrily on down hill into the black night.

Presently Baldy stirred himself. It was time the speed was checked. *Peep!* commanded a plaintive squeak from the jack's whistle. No apparent response.

Pee-eep! came a slightly longer and more insistent command for brakes. Still no response. The hogger got a trifle nervous. He leaned forward and pulled the cord again, longer and more insistently. *Pee-ee-eep!*

But to all intents the brakemen might have been asleep. Wind whistled through the cab. The little jack rocked and rattled its protest at reckless speed. Baldy got to his feet and took hold of the rope with both hands. This was serious. If the train got away down this long hill—

There was no mistake now. The train was running wild down the biggest hill on the division! Would they make that curve at the bottom—or go shooting over into the canyon?

Down, down, rocking and roaring, they ran pitching into the curve with eyes closed and a prayer on his lips. On and on, two miles beyond the water tank. And then they slowly eased to a stop.

With a thankful sigh, Baldy slipped back on his seat and turned to his fireman. "Stroke of luck, eh, George?"

But George was looking back along his side. "Yeh, I reckon it was, Baldy, but where's your train?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Why," returned the tallowpot, hiding the twinkle in his eye, "you've lost your train somewhere! Let's go back!"

They backed up cautiously, yard by yard, for two slow miles and found the train spotted correctly at the water tank.

The hogger picked up a huge wrench. "Where in hell is that blankety-blank boomer?"

They got away again finally and finished the trip. But history records that from that night forth Baldy was a mighty good help on a long hill. The boomer had cured him.

The Boomers' Corner

THE GRAPE RUSH

NO, it isn't the lure of the sunshine,
Nor the one twenty-four in the shade,
That brings in the care-shaken boomers
To brag of the records they've made.
Of how they have faked up a reference
Or borrowed a name for a while,
In order to sign for some pie book
And rate with the Harvey girl's smile.

In August they float into Needles,
Make the board after writing the book,
Then for days in the park they will gather
And tell of fair women they shook,
Of the times they've had lots of money
And tough breaks we don't like to hear.
On each face that you meet there's a wonder:
Will there be any grape rush this year?

—M. F. HUNXEN, Boomer Brakeman.

* * *

WELL, the melons are starting out of the Imperial Valley, but what difference does it make to us boomers? So many men are out in this country that it is a crime. Wonder where Mirt Gans, Mickey McGuire, Joe Burke, Cornelius Morgan, Timberlake Cunningham and Red Arnold are now? Saw them all last year in Alligator Park, El Paso.—BENNIE F. GORDON, Box 216, West Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

I wonder how many old-timers remember Mother Dunn's boarding-house in Peoria, Ill., during the 80's while the old S. M. A. Association was flourishing? You could get a good feed for 20 cents in those days. Wake up, some of you old heads, and drop us a line. Ever hear of the P. & P. U. Ry.?—JOHN J. MCNAMARA, 242 Griffith St., Jackson, Miss.

* * *

The Duluth & Iron Range R. R., where many a boomer battled over the hills with heavy ore trains, is still going strong, but has been leased by the Duluth, Missabe & Northern for a period of years.

Recently while running at high speed through Embarras, Minn., a D. & I. R. ore train, in charge of Engineer George Holmes and Fireman Dan O'Leary, passed completely over a small child! The youngster had crawled out of the section house yard and onto the track, directly in front of the heavy Mikado type engine, while the mother was paralyzed with horror.

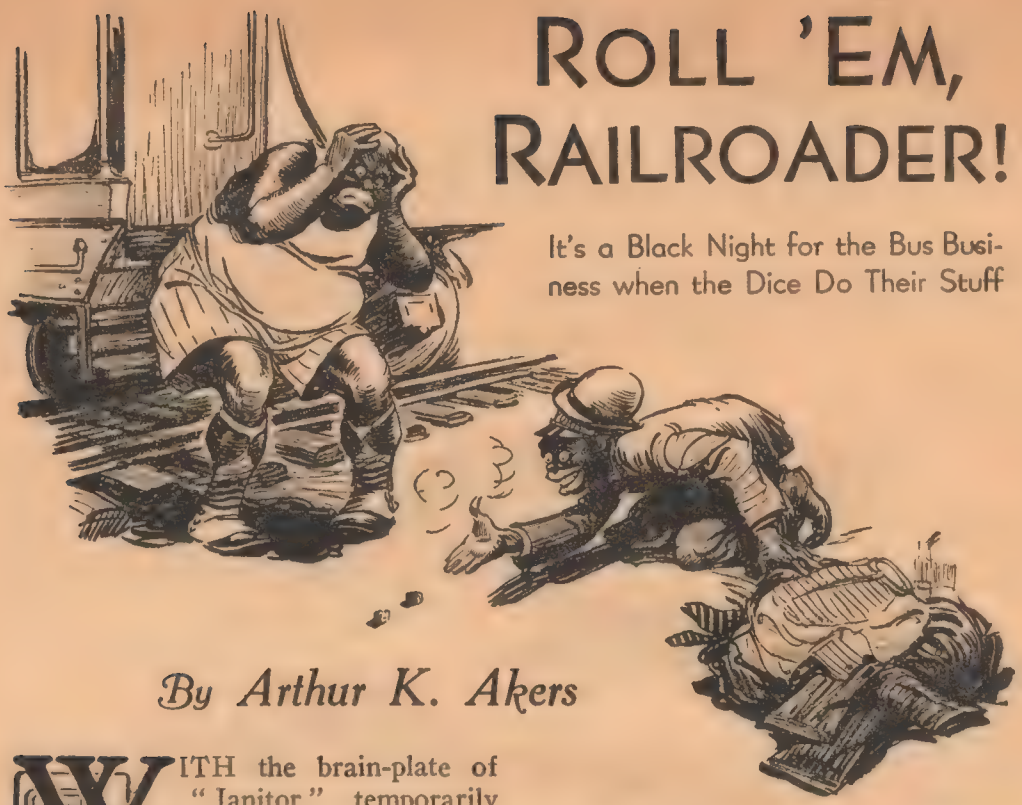
O'Leary glanced at the section house just as the woman came out screaming and pointing at the track. Stopping the train, the crew rushed back with sinking feelings after hearing the woman's story. Under the sixty-eighth car the child was found without a scratch!—GEORGE MILES, Duluth, Minn.

* * *

I still have and cherish an April, 1912, issue of RAILROAD MAN'S which I got from Engineer Hilbert, of the Mexican Central, just before I left Mexico. The present magazine is much better than the old one, and that is saying something! Regardless of changes in name and price, so long as the contents maintain their high standard, I will be happy.—GEORGE BEATER, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROLL 'EM, RAILROADER!

It's a Black Night for the Bus Business when the Dice Do Their Stuff



By Arthur K. Akers

WITH the brain-plate of "Janitor" temporarily replacing that of "Pullman Porter" on his oversized cap, the laid-off Ipecac Ingalls was wielding a mean broom and duster in the ticket office of the Terminal passenger station of the L. & N.

To the outward eye, things were going fine about the big depot. Every few minutes its vast domed concourse rang with the unintelligible bawlings of a train announcer. But the shrimp-sized Ipecac wasn't listening to them. He was over hearing something from the gray-haired, ruddy-faced Frank Bancroft.

Mr. Bancroft on his daily visit from the city passenger office, downtown, banged his fist violently on the desk behind the ticket windows as he sat conversing with Ipecac's new boss-man, "Hard-Shell" Crabbe, who stood at a ticket window.

"Gosh, I hate to see us lose that movement to the damned bus line!" exploded Bancroft.

"How many?" queried Crabbe over his shoulder, following swift battering of his time-stamp over a yard-long summer-excursion ticket.

"Two hundred darkeys. Going to their big annual Grand Lodge meeting in Memphis. Round trip. And I offered 'em special free chair cars and everything, too."

"What'd they say?"

"It's that Grand Master of theirs—Gus Walters. Gus leads 'em around by the nose; and he's just lost a damage suit he brought against us on account of driving his flivver into the side of a train at a crossing. So he's sorer than a mashed finger, and figuring on getting even with the L. & N."

Ipecac's ears stuck out like markers

on a freight train, and he got busy prolonging his job of dusting. Everybody knew big Gus Walters, Grand Master of Ipecac's lodge, the Aframerican Sons of Temperance and Tribulation. A pudgy, thick-necked, heavy-jowled darkey with two main passions—crap-shooting and wearing his official regalia in street parades. That red velvet robe trimmed in white fur made its wearer more prominent in public than a dog fight at a funeral.

Now, it seemed, he had added a third interest — revenging himself on the L. & N. Railroad, to the tune of two hundred round-trip tickets, with a bus line as the involuntary beneficiary.

Mr. Ingalls kept on dusting. To which he added talking to himself. If those lodge members wanted to pound paving all day in a bus, was the general tenor of his mutterings, that was their hard luck. They could just as well be hanging out of coach windows listening to old bullgine whistle noble, with a brass-band aboard and lots of fresh air and free ice-water. Also a platform full of loafing, gaping, country black boys and gals to greet at every way station.

Steel was softer than Gus Walters' knobby head; roundhouses were smaller than his pride. And Gus had made up his mind to punish the railroad.

Mr. Bancroft arose, cursed his inability to land the business in the face of Big Gus' grudge, and went out. Ipecac gathered up three cuspidors to clean, and followed. He had business on tonight, and couldn't mess in white folks' troubles.

II

THAT night, with two dollars and his personal "quick sevens" cached in his pants pocket, Ipecac Ingalls dropped off the long viaduct over the steam-plumed Thirty-second Street yards. His boat-sized feet were turned confidently through the twinkling maze of red and green switch lights toward the huge looming bulk of the coal chutes.

Over behind those chutes was his secret destination—a place where a high-hung arc lamp shed its rays into a protected area between chutes and a storage track full of darkened crummies, not often subject to the prying eyes of railroad bulls. And here of summer nights a black boy could frequently find a kindred spirit and get action. As now. A figure moved in the shadows, and Ipecac brought up sharply.

"Who dat?" he whispered.

"Who dat say 'Who dat?'" countered the other.

"Me—Ip'cac Ingalls. New pair dice just achin' to get busy. Name yo'se'f first."

"Here me, Gus Walters," rumbled Darktown's emerging big shot. His suit was of blue-jay blue, long of lapel and loud of pattern; plainly the last artistic gasp of some Black Belt tailor. "Cravin' action wid both wrists," he wheezed. "And fu'nishin' my own bones."

Ipecac knew how to handle that. "Rally 'round, Grand Master! Lodge fixin' to meet. Shoots two dollars. Fade me, boy."

"Money's low but Luck's listenin'. Showers down two," intoned Gus. "When cash quits, I still got clo'es. Roll 'em, Ipecac; you is met."

"Hoghead, whoop dat hot shot! Gallopin' golf-balls, graze dem greens! Wham! . . . And I six-aces on couple of faces. Furdermo', I lets it lay. Shoots four dollars. Fotch out de four, or shets de door!" exulted Ipecac. Blue suit kept beckoning.

Big Gus scowled as he fished out four dollars. Ipecac was making good too fast on the action and Gus' own gallopers. But not for long. "Roll 'em, railroader," grunted Gus.

"Eight dollars, and I lets it lay. Shoots eight dollars," was Ipecac's rebuttal.

"I hits you," muttered Big Gus, beginning to sweat afresh. "Landslide's comin' and rails a-hummin'. Says it wid eight."

A yard engine rumbled past, its smoke blown low and heaven-sent between game and light. Ipecac's chance. He switched dice and made incantations, his cupped hand held close to his ear. With the switch made, Luck was looking right at a boy now. Giving him notions!

"Steam's a-poppin'. Sixteen dollars where good fortune follers. Wham! . . . And de six-five keeps me alive. Sixteen dollars, and I lets it lay."

Big Gus was beginning to do more than justice to a warm night. He was looking reproachfully at the ivory cubes, perspiring freely and fumbling in the pockets of his bright blue pants. This couldn't go on—but he couldn't either, if the bad news his fingers were getting was true. Already Ipecac's own fingers were itching and inching in the direction of the sixteen.

"Bank's busted, but all God's chilluns got shoes," Gus proffered recklessly. "Here's mine—and my coat, pants, and hat to meet you."

Ipecac considered. At sixteen dollars Gus' bright blue wardrobe was a big bargain. Switch lights dazzled him there, and his breast swelled ecstatically as he looked ahead at what might come to pass if old dominoes kept on galloping right.

"Take 'em off and shower 'em down," he agreed.

Then Mr. Ingalls, in the grip of his shining vision, spoke directly to his dice. "Cunnin' cubes, strut yo' stuff. Pay-car comin' round de bend. Hear dem drivers roll. Wham! . . . Big boy, ain't nobody gwine home to yo' house tonight but you and your B. V. D.'s—wid you in 'em. Not unless'n you craves mo' action whut you can finance."

Gus loosed a groan. His pride was hurt. "Ain't got nothin' left on me. Lend me, and I sinks you yit. Luck ain't last like dat."

"Lend you nothin'. But you ain't busted yit," answered Ipecac. "You still got dat red lodge robe wid de white cat fur."

"Robe's at de lodge room. Belongs to de lodge. Cain't risk it. 'Sides, needs it at de Grand Lodge peerade in Memphis."

Ipecac seemed satisfied either way. "Rolls you for yo' robe—or I picks up," he ultimatum-ed.

Gus' jaw dropped below his knees. "Means I got to give you my clo'es *now?*" he tried to believe what both ears were passing in to him. "And shoots de red robe too?"

Ipecac was grimly gathering up blue coat and green currency. Gus could scarcely see him for watching a fat colored boy, meaning himself, trying to get home, four miles in his underwear. And hearing Tittisville guffaw about it.

"All right," the Grand Master wilted. "Dem dom'noes cain't fail me *all* night. My money and de bright blue suit, I done showered down. Now I adds de royal red robe—on credick."

"Knows you too well," objected Ipecac. "Gimme writin' dat de red lodge robe b'longs to me in case de dice goes my way."

Gus wrote; with beads of sweat standing out anew on his forehead.

Ipecac was brushing his face with a rabbit's foot. Thunder of coal into an engine-tender from the chute behind him drowned his incantation:

"Red robe, de ramblers rectifies you. Pants, dese pellets pulls you. Blue coat, dem bones is bound to blossom. Wham! . . . And dey's another four-three on my Christmas tree!"

Ear to ear was Ipecac's grin as he harvested with both hands. "Sees you in M e m p h i s, big boy — in yo' B. V. D.'s!" was his jovial farewell above his armload of Grand Master Gus' clothes, currency, and complacency. Wait till Tittisville heard this!

But: "Hold on, Ip'cac! Jest a minute, boy!" wailed the groveling Grand Master. "Listen here, please—"

But Ipecac was adamant. "Lends you de blue britches," he conceded at the end of fifteen minutes, "but only so you can go to de lodge room wid me now and git dat robe I wins."

Gus groaned as they moved lodgeward. Realization of what losing his robe meant swept over him.

"Us is jest *beginnin'* to do bus'ness, me and you," chattered Mr. Ingalls optimistically. "Tonight us gits de robe, but tomorrer you gits de laugh—unless you meets me 'bout ten 'clock, in front de bank—"

III

NEXT morning, Ipecac wielded a mean broom and duster in the Terminal ticket office. But with a difference now. A difference seen first in Ipecac, no longer drab and dilapidated beneath his janitor's brain-plate; but an Ipecac a-bloom and a-blaze in suit of brightest blue. A suit that hung like a tent upon his pint-sized frame, and betrayed by rolled sleeves and trailing trousers that it had been built for a far bigger boy—a Grand Master, say.

And, following a mysterious absence of an hour in mid-morning, Ipecac was plainly waiting impatiently for some one; a blue blur of industry meanwhile.

Ticket Agent Crabbe called out banteringly as Bancroft entered: "Hello, Frank! How's the colored lodge movement to Memphis look this morning?"

The latter's answer would bar any magazine from the mails, so it isn't printed here.

Then for Ipecac Ingalls came the peak moment in his career. Like a weasel he wormed his way into the recesses of his wardrobe, found a pocket, and fetched forth something that sent Mr. Bancroft's astonished eyebrows crashing upward to meet his scalp.

"Cap'n, suh, you say you craves fo' all dem lodge members ride de L. & N. Railroad to Memphis, 'stead of de bus?" he questioned.

"Sure. But I couldn't swing it. Couldn't touch 'em—on account of their Grand Master."

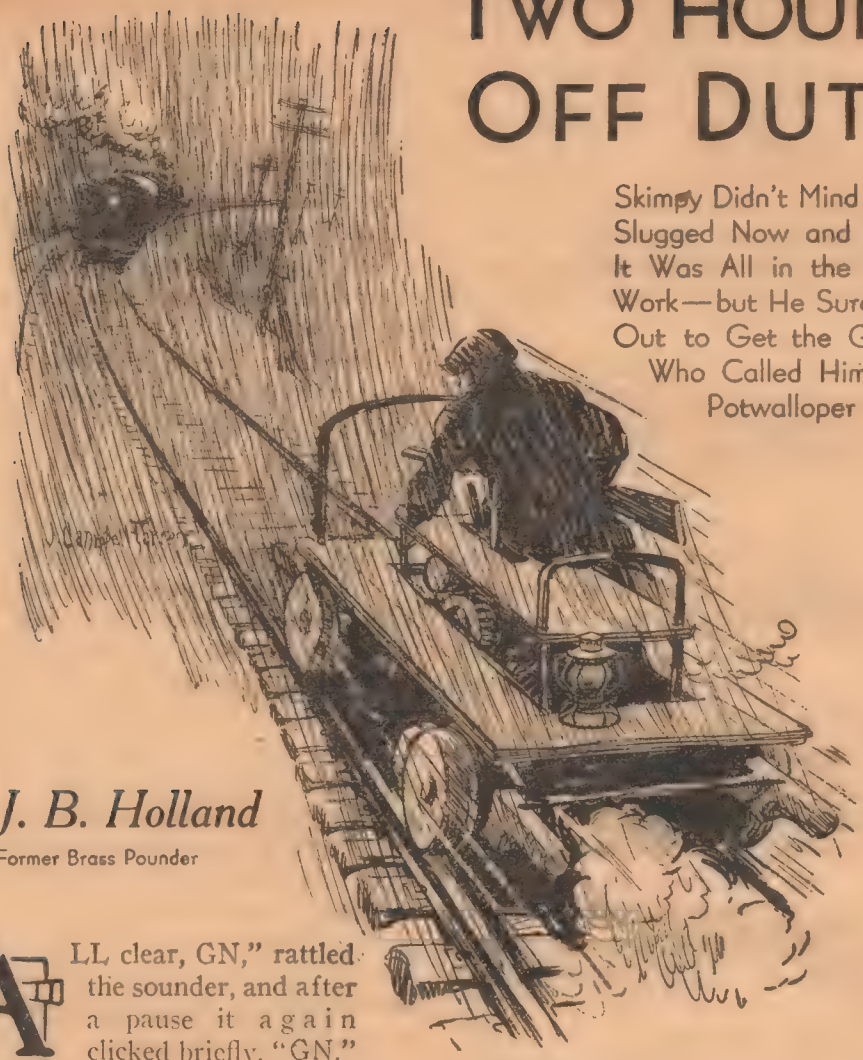
"Yassuh," Ipecac started a strut inside his pants. "Dat huccome I gits dis—" and before the astounded official Ipecac was spreading out a certified check, payable to the L. & N. Railroad —"for all dem colored folks round trip railroad tickets to de grand lodge in Memphis."

Language crowded on Frank Bancroft and choked him. "You? You? When I couldn't swing it! How the hell—?"

"Old red robe gits gummed up in de ivory cubes," Ipecac was explaining obscurely. "So I does bus'ness jest now wid de big lodge boy whut lose it: gives him back his robe so he can glorify hisself in Memphis. But *first* I makes him gimme dis here check—so de railroad hauls de lodge members—and de bus is in de hole!"

Two Hours Off Duty

Skimpy Didn't Mind Being Slugged Now and Then; It Was All in the Day's Work—but He Sure Was Out to Get the Galoot Who Called Him a Potwalloper!



By J. B. Holland

Former Brass Pounder

"ALL clear, GN," rattled the sounder, and after a pause it again clicked briefly, "GN."

Skimpy Rogers, third trick "op" at Bryant Tower, pushed the resonator away and leaned back in his armchair. "GO" Chicago had cleared to the west. No more practice tonight.

He cocked his feet on the desk and listened to the gusts of rain beating against the windows of the tower. A bad night. He glanced at his watch on the table. 12.33. No. 6 was due in twenty minutes. He settled down to wait. The rhythmic beat of the rain was soothing and he dozed.

He awoke with a start at the sound of a whistle calling for the plant. He got to his feet so quickly that his chair fell over with a crash. He glanced in both directions for a headlight.

But there was nothing—nothing but darkness and rain. Looking over the lineup hurriedly, Skimpy returned to the desk to look at his watch. 12.42. It couldn't be 6. Must have been dreaming.

As he reached down to pick up the fallen chair he heard the muffled whis-

tle again, unmistakable this time, calling for the plant. He peered hastily through the tower's many windows for a headlight, but again there was nothing.

Were his ears playing tricks on him? It was just a little spooky, and Skimpy's nerves were jumpy. Then he saw it.

Coming from the south, down the D. G. & A. tracks, a lantern was bobbing toward the tower. Skimpy breathed a sigh of relief. But he was puzzled, too.

The D. G. & A. ran only two trains on this branch line, and both of those in the middle of the day. The branch was a losing proposition, but the Interstate Commerce Commission insisted that service of a sort be maintained for the half dozen towns along the line between Thurston, where the branch joined the main line, and Hamphill, the northern terminus. So Skimpy owed his job to it, but he did not know it, and wouldn't have thanked it much if he had.

He stood watching the light approach the tower, wondering what had happened to the headlight. Probably washed out. Too bad to make the skipper walk up in this rain, but he couldn't take a chance on stabbing 6. They ought to be showing any minute now.

In a short time there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and Skimpy turned toward the door expectantly. It opened, and a short man, wearing a tight fitting blue overcoat and what had once been a soft gray hat, entered the room. The operator could not see his face, as the only light in the place was a shaded one over the desk.

"Hello, there, old-timer," greeted Skimpy cheerfully; "nasty night, eh?"

"Lousy," replied the small man. "And a fine night for a walk. Didn't yuh hear that whistle? Think we were serenadin' yuh?" His voice was hard as steel.

"Take it easy, brother. I gotta passenger train comin'. I can't stab them. What you birds doing out on the high iron tonight, anyway? They told me your jerkwater never run trains at night."

"How long will it be?" asked the small man coldly.

"Six is due any minute now. There's a reflection of their headlight now," said Skimpy, nodding toward the west window.

"Okay," said the other briefly, removing his hat and shaking the rain off. He then reached in his pocket and pulled out a package of sodden cigarettes, looked at them disgustedly, and put them back.

"Got a cigarette, Mac?" he said to Skimpy.

"Papers and makings," replied Skimpy, indicating his smoking materials on the desk.

"I can't roll one of them things," growled the small man, "and besides my hands are wet."

"All right, I'll roll you one," said Skimpy obligingly. He made the cigarette, put it in the man's mouth, and held a match to it. As the match flared the operator looked more closely at his visitor. He caught the glint of the small man's bead-like eyes that seemed to be boring him as he held the match.

"Anything exciting goin' on tonight?" asked the small man more conversationally.

"Not in this damned hole," replied Skimpy disgustedly. "I think yours is the first train that has even stopped since I been here. This will be a big night for me."

"It probably will at that," replied the small man grimly.

II

NUMBER SIX, the pride of the C. D. & P., was nearing the tower, pounding her way eastward. The rain fell like long, silvery arrows in the path of the headlight as the sleek monster roared through the night. Both men turned to watch the approaching train.

Clackety-clack, clackety-clack. The train was on the crossing. In a few seconds they were watching two red tail lights disappear in the gloom.

"Well, they're gone," observed Skimpy. "I'll O.S.* 'em, see if there's anything close, and let you over."

He sat down and picked up the phone.

The wire was busy at the moment and Skimpy waited, listening. As he sat there he had a vague feeling that unfriendly eyes were watching him. He shifted nervously in his chair. Suddenly he listened intently to something on the phone. He forgot the small man.

"Say," Skimpy burst out excitedly to his guest, "there's been a holdup at Thurston. Your operator at Pickering just told our dispatcher about it. They got away with—"

He stopped abruptly as the receiver was ripped from his head, and he turned to face a squat automatic trained at his stomach.

"I'll tell you all you need to know about that holdup," snarled the little man. "You kept me waitin' long enough. Let that engine across or I'll blow hell out of you!"

Skimpy saw the situation in a flash. D. G. & A. 14 had been held up at Thurston, the junction point of the branch line. The bandits had stolen the branch line engine that tied up at Thurston each night, and while the near-by roads were being watched they were probably heading for a rendezvous with a fast automobile somewhere along the line.

"Snap into it, you!" growled the little man, poking him with the automatic.

Skimpy walked over to his levers. He was not scared, he told himself, but he was an awful dumb-bell. He thought rapidly as he changed the line-up. Should he try to stall and plead ignorance of it? On second thought Skimpy decided against it.

In the midst of the change a footstep sounded on the tower stairs. Skimpy's heart leaped in hope and fear. Perhaps Jim Wiggins, the signal repairman, his hunting crony, was coming in for a chat.

The little man stepped up close to Skimpy and jammed his gun in his back, leaving the operator between him and the door. It swung open cautiously and the newcomer stood back in the shadows until he had taken in the situation, and then a medium-sized thickset man stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

"Got the situation well in hand, eh, Peewee?" said the new arrival with a short laugh. "Red sent me up to see what was going on here, the big louse. He sits down there in that warm engine and chases me out in the rain."

Peewee jammed his gun hard into Skimpy's back and snarled:

"Get busy, punk."

Skimpy's neck and ears burned with anger, but he continued with his work. The two men stood behind him and watched as he struggled with the heavy derails. As he pulled back the home signal he heard two short blasts

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* *O. S. means recording the arriving and departing time of trains by telegraphing this information to the dispatcher.*

of the whistle, and the engine moved toward the tower.

"Well, he's comin'," said the thickset man; "let's get outa here."

"Wait a minute, we gotta tie this bird up. He's liable to call up some of these hick constables along the line. Got anything to tie him with?"

Skimpy Listened a Few Minutes to the Footsteps on the Stairs

The thickset man hadn't, but began to search the office. In one corner he found two pieces of insulated wire.

"Here's something, but it ain't enough. How about a couple of handkerchiefs?"

"They ought to be okay," said Peewee. Turning to Skimpy, he ordered him to sit down in his chair.

This was more than Skimpy had bargained for, and he hesitated. Peewee unleashed a savage kick that caught the operator in the fleshy part of the leg and almost upset him.

"Do as you're told, you damn pot-walloper," snarled the little man as he jabbed the operator again with his gun. Skimpy hobbled on his painfully bruised leg to the chair and sat down.

As Peewee stood guard his assistant bound Skimpy's legs to the rungs with the insulated wire and tied his wrists to the arms of the big office chair.

The engine had stopped in front of the tower and Skimpy could see the reflection of the firebox as the third member of the gang tinkered with his fire. The thickset man tested Skimpy's bonds, straightened up, and buttoned his overcoat.

"Let's go, Peewee," he said. The two men walked out into the storm.

Skimpy listened a few moments to the footsteps on the stairs and then began straining at his fetters. He was boiling mad.

The engine moved off leisurely northward and the operator watched

the red light on the tank fade slowly into the gloom. As the light grew fainter Skimpy Rogers grew madder.

III

He squirmed, twisted and hunched the chair forward by degrees, and tried to catch the handkerchief over his right wrist on the hook of the train order file that hung at the side of his desk. It was just out of reach.

Once when he pulled up vigorously with his right arm he felt the arm of the chair give slightly. It was pulling out of the long-dried glue. Redoubling his efforts, he rocked the chair violently against the desk. There was a faint crack, and then with a mighty heave he tore the arm from its moorings and in a few seconds had his right arm free. A moment later he was on his feet.

Once free Skimpy did not hesitate. He had mapped out a plan of action. He seized his coat and cap from the hook and dashed out into the rain. As the cold rain struck his face it sobered him somewhat, but did not lessen his determination. He stumbled across the tracks to the tool house wherein Jim Wiggins kept his speedy little gasoline car and unlocked the door.

Inside he lighted a lantern and made his way to a battery closet in which he and Jim kept their shotguns. Dropping a handful of shells into his pocket, he backed the car out of the shed. Half pushing and half carrying the small gasoline car, he headed it northward on the D. G. & A. tracks, turned on the switch and began to push. After a few steps the motor began to turn over and he hopped aboard.

As the little car sped through the rain, Skimpy Rogers began to take stock of himself. It was all very well to want to sock that runt in the eye, but how was he going to do it? The cold rain cooled his anger from a boil to a bubble, but he was still good and sore.

So he was a potwalloper, eh? Skimpy Rogers had never heard the word before, but it did not sound like a caress to him. Well, maybe he could get close enough to that runt to fill his pants with buckshot.

The D. G. & A. roadbed was none too good, and the little car rocked dangerously. The engine had ten minutes' start, but he felt sure he could catch it before it reached Crestonville. As he bowled along through the night it occurred to him that his lantern was doing him no good, so he banged it down on the runway of the car.

Presently, far ahead, he caught a glimpse of a red light.

The heavy rain made it difficult to judge distances, and almost before the operator knew it the red light loomed up close at hand. Quickly he shut off the gas and applied the brake, but as the red light moved forward again, Skimpy realized that he was making considerably more speed than the engine. He gauged the speed of the retreating red light and then gradually began moving up.

As he approached nearer and nearer the tank he began to make preparations to change mounts. Grasping his shotgun tightly in his left hand, he moved forward on the seat, which was directly over the right rail.

The branch line engine had footboards. Skimpy had seen the mill on several occasions when it passed through Bryant, and he knew its general outlines.

The red light was almost within reach now. He stretched his right arm with a prayer that the engine

would not stop suddenly. Then his groping fingers closed over the pin. Quickly he transferred his shotgun to a secure place near the red lantern. Reaching back with his left hand, he shut off the gas.

Allowing his body to act as a towing line for a moment, he grasped the pin with both hands and jumped.

He banged his toes against the back of the footboard, but did not lose his grip.

Skimpy felt for the angle cock. After giving it a start with his left hand, he took a vise-like grip on the pin, made sure his gun was secure, and then, groping with his foot, kicked open the cock.

Hissing like a cobra, the air hose raised its head, as the brake shoes clamped down on the wheels of the tank. The engine jerked and bucked and the water in the tank surged back and forth angrily.

Just as it ground to a stop Skimpy jumped from the footboard and slid feet first into a ditch half filled with water beside the right-of-way. Half his body was submerged in the water, but he kept his gun and the upper part of his body on the ledge.

"Now the fun begins," he said grimly to himself.

Above the wind and rain the sound of voices came to his ears. Then he saw a lantern descending the gangway steps.

"What's the matter, Red," said a voice that Skimpy recognized as Peewee's.

"The air went set on me," answered the man called Red. "I'm takin' a look around to—"

He stopped suddenly and listened. Above the storm came the hissing sound of escaping air from the tail hose.

"It's back here on the tank somewhere."

From the feeble rays of the lantern, which flickered and wavered in the wind, Skimpy could make out the figures of three men: Peewee, the thickset man, and the newcomer, tall and slender.

"Well, I'll be damned," ejaculated Red as he looked at the air hose, "this angle cock is open!

"Say," he burst out suddenly, "there's something funny about—"

"Stick 'em up," Skimpy shouted, his voice shrill with excitement.

The three men started and whirled.

Peewee was first to react. Whipping out his automatic, he fired three quick shots in the direction of the voice. The bullets whistled past Skimpy's head and buried themselves with a gulping sound in the water behind him.

Skimpy's nervous index finger closed down twice on the trigger of his shotgun. There was a roar and then another close upon the first. He saw Peewee clutch his right shoulder and the thickset man grab his face as the buckshot splattered against the tank. Red ducked and dropped the lantern. It fell over on its side and began to smoke.

The circle of feeble light extended only a few feet, but Skimpy could see Peewee pitched forward on his face, the thickset man on one knee, trying to fight off unconsciousness. Red had disappeared.

For several minutes Skimpy lay listening. He heard nothing but the storm and the escaping air. Then very carefully he began to crawl up the bank, pausing every few feet to listen. The thickset man lay just outside the circle of feeble light.

He felt through his pockets. Turn-

ing to the little man, Skimpy continued the search. In the inside coat pocket two bulky packages met Skimpy's probing fingers. He suddenly became cautious.

Before he had time to act on the thought there was a warning crunch of cinders, and a figure hurtled out of the shadows. There was not even time to raise his arms. The force of the impact drove the operator backward; his foot caught on a rail, and he fell heavily.

He clutched wildly at his adversary, but the force was too great and his head landed on a tie. Red and green lights flashed, and he nearly lost consciousness. Protecting his face with his arms as best he could from the blows, Skimpy fought to clear his head. Gradually the ringing in his ears lessened, and he began to fight back.

Threshing furiously with his rapidly diminishing strength, he maneuvered his antagonist to the edge of the ditch, and then, with one tremendous effort, rolled him down the bank into the water. As they hit the water Skimpy held his breath.

Red, mouth open and gasping for breath, was caught unawares. Coughing and choking, he released his grip, and Skimpy, with his hand on Red's throat, drove his right fist against his mouth with all his remaining strength. The bandit slumped into the water.

IV

Once more the little gas car was speeding through the night. Skimpy Rogers's one and consuming thought was to get back to the tower. His head throbbed, his leg hurt, and his back was sore.

He was soaked to the skin and half frozen. Dimly he remembered loading the two wounded men on the engine with Red's enforced help and making the run into Crestonville. Vaguely he recalled handing over the three men and the two packages to the astonished constable.

But it seemed like a nightmare. Another picture blotted it out. He had visions of stalled drags whistling wildly for the plant at Bryant Tower; swearing trainmen, and a frantic dispatcher.

Fifteen minutes later Skimpy pushed Jim Wiggins's car into its shed and ran for the tower. As he mounted the steps he heard something that made his heart skip a beat.

The dispatcher's bell was ringing. Skimpy groaned and cursed himself for a fool—running off like that for two hours! He'd probably lose his job over it.

In fearing and trembling he shut off the bell and said:

"Bryant?"

"Yes?" said the dispatcher.

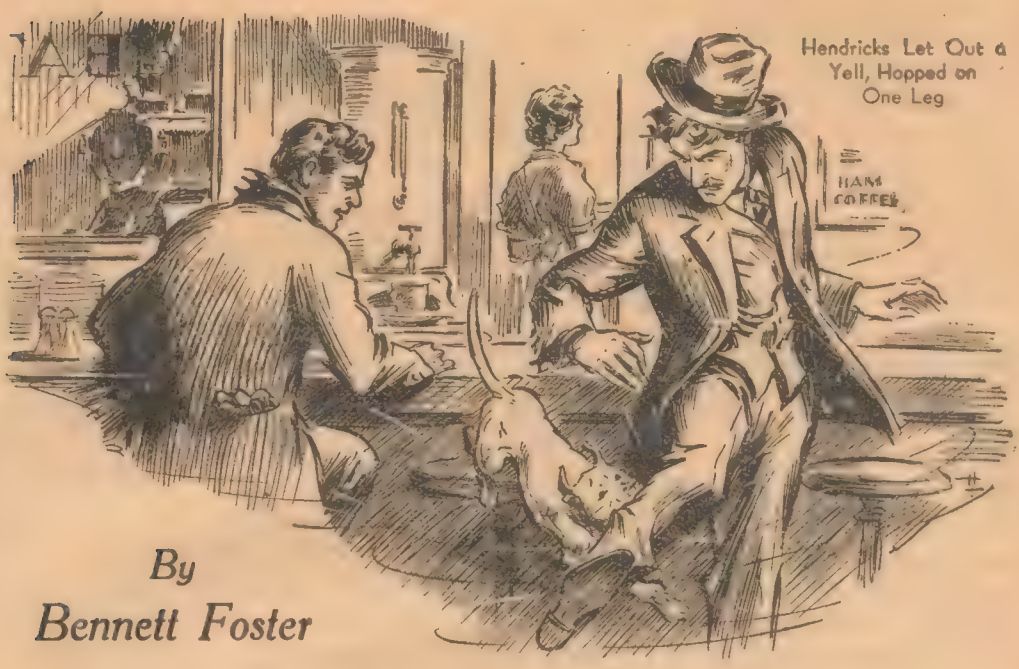
"The bell," said Skimpy timidly.

"Oh, yes. Say, where in hell have you been? I've been trying to get an O.S. on six from you for two hours. I don't know where you go down in that God-forsaken place, but I wish you'd try to justify your existence by reporting a few trains by. Now let's have a little coöperation from you down there."

"Yes, sir," said Skimpy Rogers meekly as he drew a long sigh of relief and settled back to work.

The Truth about JESSE JAMES, Train Robber!
Illustrated Feature—Coming Next Month

A RAILROADIN' FOOL



By
Bennett Foster

Brakeman Bill Kelly Didn't Give a Whoop for Officials High or Low. But, by Blazes, He Sure Was on the Job!

NIGHT yardmaster at Pocatello, swing brakeman out of Needles, head shack on the Katy out of K. C.—Bill Kelly had been all these and more. When he got tired of twisting down brakes and cooling hot boxes where he was, he buttoned his coat and shoved along. All Bill needed to do to get a job was to show his freckled face to a trainmaster.

It's fifteen hundred miles from K. C. to Dexter Junction, and Bill made it in four days. He slid off the blinds of the P. & C. W.'s No. 7 just as Kitty Halloran stepped down from the day coach with her grip swinging. Bill walked around the train, grinned at a railroad bull on duty at the station, and made for the yard office. Kitty smiled at the same flatfoot a minute later and went to the eating house at the depot. In fifteen minutes they both had jobs.

The P. & C. W. was building. They were running a spur down across the marsh that stretches out to the Pacific Ocean from Dexter Junction, banking up rocks and ballast and putting two tracks on it There was a reason. The road had recently acquired a steamship line. The ships were to dock at Port Dexter, 22 miles from Dexter Junction.

Bill borrowed four bits from the yardmaster, thereby bringing his capi-

tal to a grand total of fifty-five cents, and wandered down to the restaurant. He had never missed a meal in his life, but he had postponed several, and he wanted to make up for the deficiency. He walked in, put his cap on a window ledge and looked straight into Kitty Halloran's eyes.

Bill grinned. "I got four bits, sister," he announced. "Bring me all the law allows."

She smiled back at him. "How about a Jiggs Special?" she queried.

"O. K.," he replied.

He flopped down on a stool and waited while the girl went to the kitchen. In five minutes Bill was eating corned beef and cabbage and guzzling coffee as though he'd never eaten before. The girl watched him from the corner of her eye. When he finished she brought him a piece of pie, planked it down on the counter, picked up the fifty-cent piece that he had laid there, and went to the cash register.

"Boomer?" she asked.

"Uhhuh," Bill grunted around a mouthful of pie. "Got a job here."

"We sell meal tickets," she said. "Want one?"

"How's my credit?"

"Punk with the guy that owns this joint. Good with me."

"I won't stand you up," he promised. "Give me one."

The girl took a ticket from a rack, brought it to him, and he signed his name. "Pay you the fifteenth," he said. "Thanks."

At three that afternoon Bill took his first run down the new construction. He went out on the head end of a ballast train with "Highpockets" Perkins as conductor and "Shorty" Olson as engineer. Bill got the switch at the end of the yard, climbed on the engine and stuck his head out the gangway. The ballast cars creaked through the switch and a highball waved from the rear.

They clanked along over twelve miles, picked up a construction crew and stopped. The laborers dumped big, jagged pieces of ballast from the cars; Shorty oiled around; and Bill walked along the train.

Then he stopped. There was a dog fight in progress. A small, white, and very weary pit bull terrier was taking on three much larger mutts. The three allies were marked, but the bull was in worse shape. A gaping wound showed on one shoulder, one ear was badly torn, and a leg was lacerated. Still the white pup made no sound but waited grimly for the charges of his antagonists.

Bill took a hand. He forced the dogs apart and picked up the winded pup.

"That'll do, pooch," announced Bill. "You're good. Let it go at that." The white bull pup grinned up at him.

"Take all you want one at a time," directed Bill, "but lay off these here gang fights. They'll ruin you." Then he took him back to the caboose.

"Where'd yuh git th' dog?" queried Highpockets, plumping himself down on the seat beside Bill.

"Picked him up," replied Bill. "The damn pooch was tryin' to lick three, an' everyone of 'em bigger'n he is."

"That so?" commented the conductor. "What yuh goin' to do with him?"

"Take him with me," answered Bill. "I been lookin' for a dog like this for a long time."

"Can't do it," announced Highpockets. "It's against the rules for yuh to take a dog on th' caboose."

"Is that so?" asked Little Bill, bristling. "Well, rules or no rules, this pup is goin' to ride with me."

Highpockets didn't like it, but he didn't say so.

II

THAT was the beginning of a new life for the terrier. Like Bill, he had been a boomer, but now he had a home and a master. Even boomers get those things occasionally. The white pup rode with Bill when the stocky little brakeman was out on the road. He would sit on the left hand side of an engine, close up against the boiler head, and peer out of the front window, watching the track with all the nonchalance of a real railroader.

On his first payday Bill paid the yardmaster the four bits he owed him, squared himself with Highpockets, who had unwillingly kept him in tobacco money, and then went down to the restaurant to pay Kitty for the meal tickets she had given him. The white pooch trailed along. Bill left the dog outside and went in. Kitty was alone behind the counter.

"Here," he said, offering a handful of bills with a careless gesture. "Here's what I owe you."

Kitty took the money, smoothed it out in a business-like manner, counted it, and returned a five spot to him. "And here's your change, mister," she said.

Bill waved the money back. "That's commission," he said.

Kitty shook her head. "Not me," she replied, still holding out the money. "You've got a wrong order on that one. I've been up against it and I don't profiteer."

"O. K." He took the five spot and thrust it carelessly into his pocket. "Now that we got that settled, how about a picture show tonight?"

For some unknown reason Kitty blushed. Something of that blush must have transferred to Bill, for his cheeks too, grew red.

"Well," he insisted, "how about it?"

The frank blue eyes of the girl behind the counter sought and found those of the brakeman.

"I go off at seven tonight," she said. "I'll wait for you."

"An' you won't wait long," announced Bill jubilantly. "Me, I'm goin' to be on time, an' don't you think different!"

That was Bill's first date with Kitty Halloran, but it wasn't the last one. When he was in, waiting for a call, the waitress saw a lot of him. She must have liked what she saw for she seldom turned him down.

In the meantime work went on. The fill crept on out over the marsh. It crossed a slough six miles out of the Junction, turned a little west, and snaked along between the salt ponds. Two months after Bill came to work at the Junction, the fill was completed. There yet remained the breakwater to be built.

This was to be a massive structure of rock and concrete, stretching out into the Pacific. Ordinarily breakwaters are built of stone, hauled to their site on barges, but the P. & C. W. was a railroad. Her engineers knew wheels and not much of anything else, so out over the fill went trainload after trainload of great rocks.

The job was under way. From the shore the breakwater crept out, and as it grew, men dressed the top a little, laid temporary steel, and engines pushed flat cars laden with stone out over the new track.

The man who was responsible for the breakwater was Dan Gibson, and directly under him was Mister Robert Hendricks, nephew to a vice-president

of the P. & C. W., and nuisance at large.

III

One night late in September Bill Kelly came in off the spur, riding the head end of a drag, tired, dirty, and hungry. He had been twisting brakes, cutting out cars, and flagging all day long. With the inseparable dog he went to the washroom, cleaned up and repaired to the Greasy Spoon. They pushed in, Bill in the lead, went to the counter and took their accustomed places.

"Give us the usual," he requested. "Me an' the pooch are tired. I been switchin' all day, an' this fool dog thinks he can catch a sea gull. Some day he's goin' to sprout a pair of wings an' fly after the blame things."

"How is it going, Bill?" she asked.

He shrugged. "So so," he said. "They're buildin' a breakwater if that's what you mean. You know, Kitty, this country is goin' to be mighty cold and rainy after while." His eyes took on a faraway look. She, too, stared off.

"Yes," she said.

"I got a mind to write a feller I know down in Needles," he continued after an instant's pause. "There's tourist business comin' on now, an' they'll be hirin' men. I think I'll write Wilson."

She nodded. "New Mexico is swell too," she concurred. "They'll be putting second sections on the limiteds on the Santa Fe, and Fred Harvey will be pretty busy. I know the manager at Albuquerque. Gee, that's a swell town in the winter!"

"Write him," he advised. "Think of all the fog an' rain an' cold weather that's comin'. Me, I'm goin' to—"

What Bill was going to do he didn't say. The cook stuck his head out of his window and called the girl. She left and pushed through the swinging doors into the kitchen.

Now, while he had the seniority, he wasn't the only man in Dexter Junction who liked to have Kitty Halloran wait on him.

All the unmarried men running out of the yard had fallen for her. Not only the road men, but others as well. Even the vainglorious Robert Hendricks had acquired the habit of dropping into the station restaurant for a bite. Mr. Hendricks was a little different from the others; he had expected Kitty to fall for him.

While she was in the kitchen, Hendricks drifted in. He walked over to the counter, tipped his nobby felt hat on the back of his head, and sat down. The dog drifted over and smelled of Hendricks' feet, with all the assurance acquired with the knowledge that all men were his friends. Hendricks did not like dogs. He kicked at this one.

The dog received the kick and grunted. Then he took hold of a mouthful of pants, leg included. His jaws were five inches long, level, and studded with teeth. He clamped down.

Hendricks emitted a whoop, hopped on one leg, and kicked again with his free foot.

"Don't kick that dog!" snapped Bill. "Leggo, Pooch!" Obediently the white pup released his hold.

"Take that damn cur out of here!" snarled Hendricks. "I'll have him killed! Biting a man without provocation!"

"A kick in the slats ain't provocation, ain't it?" growled Bill. "You'll have my dog killed in a pig's eye, you big four-flush! You even look like you wanted that dog killed an' I'll take you apart an' oil your clock."

Bill was five feet six inches tall and Hendricks was six feet one; Bill weighed one hundred and fifty; Hendricks, one ninety. The big man felt safe.

"Shut your mouth, you little—"

Bill's fist stopped the rest of the utterance. It was a good fight for about three minutes. He walked around Hendricks like a cooper around a barrel.

Kitty Halloran came back from the kitchen just in time to see the brakeman kick Hendricks' feet from under him, step inside a roundhouse swing, and plant a hard left fist on the big man's nose.

"Stop it!" she commanded. "Bill Kelly, I'm ashamed of you! What do you mean, coming in here fighting? Haven't you any respect? You get out of here!"

Bill looked sheepish. Kitty had admonished him many times on his combativeness, and here was a concrete example for her to work on. Nevertheless, he felt he had a good alibi, and he started to offer it.

"I don't want to hear a word out of you!" she stormed, her eyes flashing. "You're always fighting! You get out and don't come back!"

He went. The dog followed him from the restaurant, head hanging and stub tail trying desperately to hide between his legs. Plainly his master was in disgrace.

IV

That was the end of Bill Kelly in the railroad restaurant. He didn't go back.

"She told us to get out an' stay out," he reminded the eager dog the next day when the white dog pranced up to the eating house door. "Don't you know when you're not invited?"

With him among the missing Hendricks made progress. Kitty dressed his wounds the night of the combat, and after that he formed the habit of dropping into the eating house whenever he was in Dexter Junction.

He was there a lot, for Dan Gibson didn't need his assistant on the job. If the fact were known, Dan was glad to have Hendricks out of the way.

Kitty Halloran knew men. She had begun her life in a boarding house and spent the majority of it filling up men with grub in railroad hash houses. Just as truly as Bill Kelly was a boomer, so, too, was Kitty. At first she was tolerantly amused at Hendricks' advances; then, when he became serious, she listened with less amusement.

"He's jest a bum," Bill told the dog. "He's kiddin' her along. Any man that'll kick a dog will kick a woman when she's down. I ought to stop it."

He didn't, though. He had a lot of pride, and it kept him from interfering between Hendricks and Kitty Halloran.

October came and went with but little rain. Hendricks spent as much time in Dexter Junction as ever. Bill Kelly, feeling the bite of cold nights, began to think of warmer places that he knew, and awaited a letter from the south. The breakwater swept on out into the Pacific. Then rain began to fall every day.

Wind swept in from the Pacific. It piled great waves against the breakwater. It backed up water in the slough until little, greasy waves lapped at the fill. Train crews and construction men stood by in readiness, but Robert Hendricks took Kitty Halloran to a show.

At nine o'clock the second night of the storm, word came singing over the wire that a portion of the breakwater

close to the shore was weakening. The night telegraph man at the Junction sent out a messenger to find Hendricks, and the dispatcher, of his own volition, called a crew. The night yardmaster and his switchmen made up a train of ballast; car whackers, wind whisking their slickers and making their lanterns flicker, worked around the heavily loaded cars.

Bill Kelly, called to go, came down to the yard, saw that the dog was safely in the engine under Shorty Olson's watchful care, told him to stay there, and then went back along the train. At the caboose he met Highpockets.

"When we goin'?" asked Bill.

"Jest as soon as Hendricks shows up," replied the conductor. "You got to watch it tonight, Bill. Some of 'em may run hot."

"I'll watch it. Ballast always does, damn it!"

A group of men in slickers loomed up out of the night: the dispatcher, the yardmaster, a construction foreman, and Robert Hendricks.

"What are we waiting for?" snarled Hendricks.

"We're ready to go, Mister Hendricks," replied the dispatcher. "Where are you going to ride?"

"The engine," said Hendricks shortly. "I'll see if I can get some speed out of this engineer."

Bill grinned. It was easy to get speed out of Shorty Olson. Too darned easy.

Hendricks walked toward the engine. Kelly climbed up on a ballast car and the dispatcher turned back toward the station. The crew had their orders and they were all set to go. Highpockets swung a highball with his lantern. Shorty answered it with two short whistle blasts, and the extra creaked ahead.

Bill rode the end of the head car, crouching by the brake wheel. Between him and the engine there were seven cars loaded with giant rocks. Behind it was a box car, a flat, and then the caboose. He wished he were in that crummy or close against the left side of the boiler.

In the engine cab Shorty watched ahead as best he could, the fireman bailed coal into the firebox, and the dog on the fireman's seat crouched against the left side of the cab. Hendricks, large and important, stepped over behind the engineer and Shorty slid forward on the seat to make room for him.

The headlight bored through the night, the rain and the wind, casting a white glare on the ballast cars ahead. Shorty, a good engineer, was running slowly, feeling his way along the new track. For a time nothing was said, and then Hendricks tapped him on the shoulder.

"They need that ballast at the breakwater," he commented. "This is a ballast train you're running, not a funeral special."

Shorty flushed. "I know it's a ballast train," he replied, "an' I know they need the ballast. That's why I'm goin' just as fast as it's safe to go. This is a new fill, it ain't set yet; it's soft. There's all kinds of chances that we'd be on the ground if I opened her up."

Hendricks sneered. "That's a good alibi," he pronounced. "If I couldn't think of something better, I'd quit. You've got a straight track and there's nothing to stop you. As for its being soft, I saw this fill built—built it myself, in fact — and I'll tell you that there's nothing the matter with it."

Shorty made no verbal reply. The back of his neck and his ears were red

as he turned from Hendricks, jerked open his throttle.

Up on the flat car Bill felt the sudden surge forward. The car lurched and the wind tore at him.

With Hendricks Ahead of Him, Bill Began to Climb to the Lanterns

"Damn' fool!" he gasped, clinging to a brake wheel. "What in the hell does he want to run like this for?" The train crashed on through the night.

V

THINGS were happening where the fill crossed the slough three miles from the Junction. It was full—high tide and high winds had filled it. It was more than a slow-flowing creek that rose and fell with the tide. It had become a river checked of its rightful freedom. Resentfully the seething torrent tore at the man-made shackles that were holding it.

The engineers of the P. & C. W. had been wiser if they had bridged the slough. The waves and the current raged at the fill, softened it, ate into its side, cut under the cross ties and the rails.

At thirty miles an hour the ballast train tore down toward the port. Shorty was peering out into the night; the fireman, his labors done for the instant, sat on his seat and scratched the dog's ears.

Hendricks, complacent now that he had shown the engineer who was boss, puffed idly on a cigar. The big assistant's eye caught a glimpse of something white crouched before the fireman. He craned his neck to see.

"What's that damned dog doing

here?" he demanded. "I'll throw him off." He rose and took a step toward the left side of the cab.

At the same time Shorty's hand shoved the throttle against the boiler head and his other went to the brake lever.

On the end car a lantern was waving a stop sign. Bill Kelly, fighting wind, and with the rain almost choking him, was trying desperately to stop that ballast train.

Then, without warning, a car in front of the engine dropped suddenly from sight as though some magician had pulled it down. Another went after it, and then another. As the air set the train creaked and swayed.

"Jump, you fellers," Shorty said levelly. "We're goin' over."

Taking his own advice, he hit the gangway, and without a backward look, leaped into the night. The fireman followed.

Hendricks, his face white with fright, took a staggering step toward the gangway, hesitated, groaned, and dropped cowering to the engine deck, all his vaunted nerve gone.

The car ahead of the engine dropped away into the slough, and the locomotive, still struggling valiantly, pointed its nose down a mud embankment and slid into the mud. Well down the slope it struck against an unyielding obstruction, turned on its side and stopped.

The slough was almost full of ballast and flat cars. The nose of the engine was resting against the last car to go into the washout. The water, diverted by the flats and the rock ballast, was tearing at the soft fill below and behind the locomotive, working ceaselessly, undermining the labor of months and the careless work of engineers.

Meanwhile Bill, riding the head end and peering into the night, had seen a gaping hole where there should have been roughly ballasted track. There was no time for thought, no time for anything. The lantern that he held in his right hand swung back and forth in the stop sign that the engineer had seen.

Just before the car he was riding took a fall he let go all holds and jumped. His feet hit mud; he skidded and went on down. When he stopped he was sitting with his feet in lapping water, and from behind him and to his right came the mighty splashes as the laden cars took the leap. His lantern was gone, where he didn't know. He didn't stop to be thankful. Weak and shaken, he turned carefully and began to crawl up the bank. He had almost reached the top when the engine went over.

As it took its slide the headlight went out. Bill, slipping back down the bank, could hear steam hissing above the voice of the slough. Undaunted, he let himself go and slid back down the bank. There might be somebody on that engine, somebody hurt and in need of help. With the thought came another: The dog was in the cab. Up at the top of the bank a cluster of lanterns flickered dimly. Highpockets, Jinks, and the construction man had reached the scene.

Crawling over the slimy mud in the pitch blackness of the night, Bill Kelly made for the engine. Every second was one of effort.

The engine was canted at a drunken angle, the tender lying almost at right angles to it. Bill came to the tender, found a hand hold, and crawled toward its top. As he reached the tank the white bulldog whined eagerly in the darkness.

"Pooch?" he called. The dog whined again, and from below Bill a muffled voice spoke.

"Thank God you've come," moaned Robert Hendricks. "I thought you'd never get here."

"Hell," said Bill. "You here?"

"I'm hurt," wailed Hendricks.

Bill made his way down the tender top. A hand clutched his leg and he stopped and bent over the man. "What's the matter?" he questioned.

"My back is broken. I can't get up."

He felt over the super's body. Not a sign of broken bones did he find. He grunted and spat mud into the darkness.

"Your back ain't broke," said Kelly patiently. "You just lost your nerve. Come on, let's get out of here."

"I can't," wailed Hendricks.

"You get up!" snapped the brakeman. "Get up an' get goin'."

There was something in his voice, a definite certainty of accent that made Hendricks believe him. Struggling, groaning, almost shrieking in his fright, Robert Hendricks got to his feet.

Again the dog whined.

That second whine told Bill things. He was hurt. Leaving Hendricks, he crawled forward. There in the dark his hand fell upon a lighter splotch.

"Come on, Pooch. Come on, feller."

The dog tried. He moved, and with the movement a sharp yelp of pain was wrung from him.

"Easy, pup!" said Bill. "Where you hurt, feller?"

His exploring hands searched the dog's body gently. One back leg hung limp. Bill gathered him in an arm and crawled back to Hendricks.

"Dog's busted his leg," announced the brakeman. "I got to carry him."

"Oh, Lord," Hendricks wailed. "I can't move. I tell you, I'm hurt!"

Bill laid the white pup gently on the side of the tank. He felt as though he were sacrificing the only friend he had. He bent down over his dog.

"I'll be back, Pooch," he promised. "I'll be back." He straightened and spoke to Hendricks.

"Come on, you!" he snapped. "Come on! I'll help you!" With Hendricks ahead of him he began the climb to where the lanterns showed.

VI

When the air went on Highpockets and Jenks O'Brien made for the platform of the caboose with the construction foreman a step behind them. When the car stopped they hit the ground and started forward. Reaching the edge of the washout, they stopped again and looked down.

"Forty feet down, if she's a inch," Highpockets said reverently, overestimating by perhaps ten feet. "Lord, but Shorty's tore his shirt this time. Runnin' like a damn fool in this storm. Well, he's gone to Glory, an' so has Bill Kelly an' a fireman. I wisht—"

What Highpockets wished was never to be known. Two muddy apparitions limped up from the rear and Highpockets stopped, open-mouthed. It was Shorty and his fireman.

Shorty wasted no time.

"There's a man down there," he said. "Me an' the tallowpot jumped, but I reckon Hendricks stayed with her."

"Where's Kelly?" snapped Highpockets.

"Dead, I guess," said Shorty slowly. "He swung a washout sign an' I done the best I could. I hadn't no air ahead, an' those damn ballast cars kept pullin'. I was runnin' too fast. Hen-

dricks said I was yellah, an' I reckon I lost my head. I— Hey, fellers! This fill is goin' out from under us!"

A box car close to the little group lurched and canted a little as the track settled, undermined by the water below. Without thought other than to save their own lives, the group at the edge of the washout turned and ran back toward safety. Halfway up the slope Bill Kelly groaned a curse. The lanterns were gone!

For an instant, and for the first time in his life, he knew fear. Then he jabbed a fist into the small of Hendricks' back and ordered the man on.

Somehow the two reached the top. Highpockets pulled Hendricks up over the edge and reached a hand for Bill. He stopped.

"I gotta go back," he said, ignoring the outstretched hand. "My dog's back there an' I said I'd come for him."

"You damn fool!" shrilled Highpockets, snatching at Bill. "This thing's goin' out any minute. You'll never come back! Gimme your hand!"

Instead the brakeman slid back down the slope. In the light of Highpockets' lantern his face was visible. There was a grin on his mud-spattered countenance.

"So long," he said. "I'll see you later."

Highpockets groaned and turned to Hendricks. "Come on, you!" he snapped. "Git back off of here before the whole thing goes out!"

Three hours later they stumbled into the railroad restaurant. The trainmaster, the dispatcher, the night yardmaster; Shorty Olson, Jinks O'Brien, and Highpockets; Robert Hendricks, white and shaken, but present, and cursing Shorty Olson, explaining to all who would listen, that the wreck of the ballast train was Olson's fault. None of the others had much to say.

Kitty Halloran, her face white, listened to the story of the wreck.

"But where is Bill?" she asked when Hendricks' tale was done.

"I don't know where that fool is," replied Hendricks. "The last I saw of him—"

"Fool, is he?" growled Highpockets, rising. "Fool? Yeah! He's the kind of fool that crawls down into a washout and saves your life. He's the kind of fool that won't leave even a dog, but goes back after him. I wish he had brought the pup the first time instead of you. If he had he'd been here now."

"But where is he?" gasped Kitty.

"He went back," said Highpockets, slowly. "He went back after bringin' out this thing here." All the contempt of a man for one who was not, was in Highpockets' voice as he jerked his thumb toward Hendricks.

"Nonsense!" Hendricks' voice was brusque. "I came without his aid. In fact, I helped him. I—"

"You lie!" Highpockets shouted. "Bill brought you out of that washout an' then went back for his dog. We never seen him again. We did what we could."

Then the men turned. There in the door was Brakeman Bill Kelly. His body was a mass of mud, his clothes were torn to tatters, there were cuts on his forehead. From beneath the tatters of his master's slicker the white dog thrust his head.

VII

Along in December, with the tourist season at its height, Wilson, the trainmaster at Needles, had time to spare a thought for a letter he'd received and answered. He wondered

why that blamed boomer, Bill Kelly, hadn't shown up to take the job that he'd been offered.

In Albuquerque a frantic Harvey house manager, swamped with tourists in the lunch room and dining room, prayed fervently for more waitresses.

In Dexter Junction the rain beat steadily upon a kitchen roof. The door of that kitchen swung open and, with water streaming from his slicker, Bill Kelly stepped in, turned and closed the door. Peeling off his slicker, he sniffed the aroma that rose from a pot on the stove.

"Jiggs Special tonight, huh?" he said, embracing Kitty Kelly and winking down at a white bulldog that fawned about his legs. Just the three of them there by the kitchen fire, and corned beef and cabbage for supper.

Boomers? Maybe—once.

A RAILROAD GHOST TOWN

IN 1880, just after the Canyon War with the D. & R. G., the Santa Fe created its first Western stop-over resort—at Hot Springs, N. M.—and built there the Montezuma Hotel, most beautiful thing of its kind west of the Mississippi, containing the first electric lights used in New Mexico. Building and operating this spa required 4,000 men, and cost the railroad more than $1,250,000.

The Montezuma Hotel register listed such notables as President Grant, General Nelson A. Miles, John B. Stetson (the "ten-gallon" hat maker), "Old Sideburns" Burnsides, Kit Carson, Billy the Kid, and Bob Ford, alleged killer of Jesse James. But, alas! this resort was forced to close in 1903, tourist business having been diverted elsewhere. Hot Springs became a railroad ghost town, peopled only with memories of a glorious past. Recently it has shown some signs of returning to life, but is still only a shadow of its former self.

"FOUR OF A KIND"—BANDITS' EPITAPH

ALMOST lost in the rugged underbrush of a tiny canyon near Winslow, Ariz., is a weatherbeaten sandstone slab bearing the roughly hewn inscription, "Four of a Kind." It marks the grave of four unnamed train robbers who dropped before the fire of a sheriff's posse in the stirring days of early western railroading.

Today the canyon walls echo the roar of tri-motored transport planes, part of a great new system of train and plane transportation. But in 1889 the place was wild and desolate, far from civilization. One night a brass pounder at the Winslow station awoke with a start as his instrument beat out its messages of dots and dashes: "Stop No. 2 at Canyon Diabolo—robbers have me tied to chair—can just reach sender with elbow—" The message ended abruptly.

The startled op at Winslow ticked a message to Flagstaff. Train No. 2 was almost due to leave that station. If it weren't warned there, it would be too late. Finally the operator at Flagstaff answered and thus relayed the "elbow message" from Canyon Diabolo (Devil's Canyon). A sheriff's posse of twenty-five men was hastily assembled and boarded the train. The engineer highballed through the night and stopped at the lonely canyon station. The posse jumped out, released the brass pounder, and cornered four lurking figures who ran into a small shed behind the station.

"Come out or we'll shoot!" demanded the sheriff. No answer. After a few moments of dead silence, the sheriff's men raised their guns and fired in unison. Lead slugs tore through the flimsy walls of the shed. The shots reverberated against the canyon walls. Then there was silence again.

Finally Jack Moffat, a member of the posse, walked into the shed. "Four of a kind—all dead," he called back to the rest. It was the robbers' epitaph. Working by moonlight, the men dug a shallow grave, buried the bodies and carved a crude inscription on the stone. Then they boarded the train. No. 2 rolled on through the night—another chapter in Western railroad history had ended.

—WILL BAILEY

Railroad Rimes

WHAT is your favorite railroad poem? When we asked the same question in 1914, these titles headed the list: "Casey Jones," "The Red and the Green," "The Dying Hobo," "Will the Lights Be White?" and "Twenty Years Ago."

One week after we appeared on the news-stands with "Will the Lights Be White?" its author, Cy Warman, D. & R. G. hogger, died in Chicago on April 7, 1914. In those days white light meant "clear board," but this signal has since been changed because sometimes the red or green glass of a signal light would fall out accidentally and the throttle-jerker was misled by seeing a white light instead of red or green. In announcing Warman's death, we commented in 1914: "Let us trust that the lamps are white for old Cy." Here is the poem:

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

OFT when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown, at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

A blue light marks the crippled car;
The green light signals "slow,"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go!"
Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair,
I gaze up in the starry dome
And wonder what is there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift toward life's terminal I trend;
The run seems short tonight.
God only knows what's at the end;
I hope the lamps are white.

In a future issue we will print the "Casey Jones" poem, story and pictures. We gave you "The Red and the Green" in May, 1931, and "The Dying Hobo" in Dec., 1931.

* * *

My favorite poem is "Reflections of a Freight Car," by R. D. Lukens. I am working on an electric model railroad double track system.—CLYDE THOMAS, 411 East Washington St., Slatington, Pa.

* * *

Who will send me the words of "Engine 143"?—J. S. DUNN, Engineer, A. C. L. R. R., Creosoting plant, Gainesville, Fla.

* * *

"A Retired Engineer" was written by my friend, the late Charles B. Graham, C. & E. I. and Frisco refrigerator inspector at Trenton, Mo.—MORRIS C. FRASER, 6543 Onarga Ave., Chicago.

A RETIRED ENGINEER

SO another old-timer is going, boys!
Believe me I have no regret.
I don't owe a cent to a single soul
And our dear little home's out of debt.
For me the future holds no fear;
The company's sure treated me square;
They give me a pension and an annual pass,
So I'll visit around here and there.

I've made the grade and I'm through, boys,
But I've had my share of the knocks.
It was a man's job in the pioneer days,
When they had no electric blocks.
I left the old farm in my youth, boys;
In my blood was the call of the rail,
I worked and I stuck and I kept climbing up,
And I finished with pulling the Mail.

Yes, I am leaving the service, men;
I've turned the old oilcan in.
I started to work in the year '81,
In the days of the old link-pin.
My place'll be filled by a younger man,
I've got to give up the old mill,
So I'm taking my overalls home with me, boys,
To that dear little home on the hill.

* * *

We don't know who wrote the following, but it tugs at the heartstrings of many an old-time op.:

TWENTY YEARS AGO

I'VE wandered to the office, Tom, I've sat down at the key,
Upon the same old railroad that fired both you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know
Who pounded brass upon the pike some twenty years ago.

The jobs were just as few, Tom, the students many more
Were plugging the same old key, where we plugged years before;
The agent old sleeps in the earth, which, when the wires were low,
Afforded us a circuit there, some twenty years ago.

The dear old place is altered now, they have a brand-new table,
Its predecessor "hayed" us up whenever we were able;
But the same old sounders on that desk with voices growing low,
Was music to our ears, dear Tom, some twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, you bet it wasn't free;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me
On the same spot; 'twas played with dice, by throwing so and so;
The loser never paid his board there, twenty years ago.

The cedar poles are larger now, the wires they carry more,
Much better than they used to be when we took down their "roar,"
The station park is ruined now, where once we played the beau
And flirted there with pretty girls, just twenty years ago.

Within that park upon a tree you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, how well I did the same;
But a heartless wretch, he stole her love, for Tom, you were quite slow,
He married her for cash, they say, some twenty years ago.

My eyes are growing dim, dear Tom, my steps are not so free,
It's few old-timers now I know, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay me where we "hammed" some twenty years ago.

The following poem by W. H. Hillyer was clipped from the *B. of L. E. Journal* by Fireman A. H. Clark, Boston, Ga.:

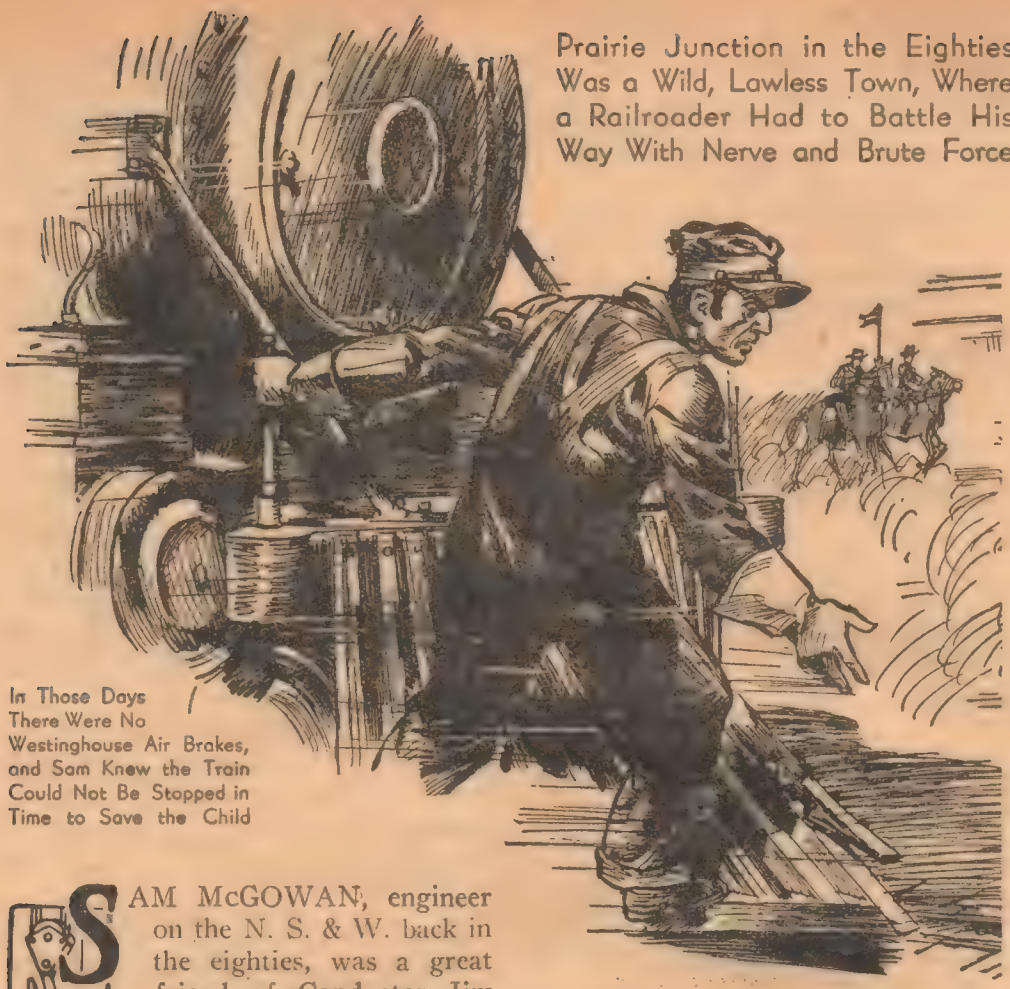
THE NIGHT EXPRESS

THERE'S a light at last in the sable mist
And it hangs like a rising star
On the border line 'twixt earth and sky
Where the rails run straight and far,
And deeply sounds from hill to hill,
In mighty monotone;
A distant voice—a hoarse wild note
With savage warning blown.

'Tis the night express, and well 'tis named,
For behold! from out of the night
It comes and darkly adown the rails
It looms to the startled sight—
Larger, nearer, nearer yet—
Till at last there's a clang and a roar,
A wave of heat, a gleam of red,
From a closing furnace door;

Then the crash and shriek of the rushing train—
And our hearts beat fast and high
When sudden and swift through the shadowy mist,
The night express goes by!

Prairie Junction in the Eighties Was a Wild, Lawless Town, Where a Railroader Had to Battle His Way With Nerve and Brute Force



In Those Days There Were No Westinghouse Air Brakes, and Sam Knew the Train Could Not Be Stopped in Time to Save the Child

SAM McGOWAN, engineer on the N. S. & W. back in the eighties, was a great friend of Conductor Jim Daly. But both loved the same girl, Muriel Chalmers. She agreed to decide between them within the year.

"Don't like the idea," each one said, "but I'll have no hard feelings if the other guy wins out."

Jim had the advantage, for he was approved by everyone, and was accorded the hospitality of the Chalmers home, while Sam, who had used his fists too frequently in the past, was in Mr. Chalmers' disfavor. Then, too, he was something of an outcast because his father, Ike McGowan, had left him and disappeared after Mrs. McGowan had died. Sam was a small boy at that time.

The fact was that the elder McGowan had contracted the fever and lost his memory while in Mexico; now he was none other than the famous Frederick Maddock, the railroad builder. Vainly he tried to recall his past; all he knew was that he had succeeded in attaining wealth and fame.

Meanwhile Sam and Jim had another rival in the person of Jess Mortimer, the assistant superintendent. He had Sam discharged for plowing into the rear end of a train. What actually happened was that the towerman had

DANGER SIGNALS

By John Johns

New York Central Conductor; Author of "Wolves of the Rail," "Road to Glory," etc.

fallen asleep and neglected to throw the signal to red when the first train went by. Mortimer, who happened to be near the tower, saw to it that the signal was thrown to red *after the trains had crashed* and thus protected the towerman at Sam's expense.

Sam decided to leave Middleburg for the West. He went to Muriel's house to say goodby, but as he stepped on the porch he heard Jim and Muriel talking to Jim Daly.

"He doesn't deserve this," Muriel was saying.

Sam listened; then he left without knocking. Jim was the lucky fellow, and Muriel didn't have the heart to tell him!

Sam took the next train for Buffalo, transferred there to the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern for Chicago. On the train he met an engineer on this road who was quitting railroading for a ranch. When Sam told his story, the engineer suggested that the young fellow could use his name, Percy Hornby, in getting a job.

"The N. S. & W. will have you blackballed all over," Hornby told him. "Forget you're Sam McGowan and take my credentials."

Sam did. He went to Gattle, Arkansas, where he had no trouble in hiring out as an engineer on the A. & O., whose line extended through Oklahoma to Texas.

He took one student trip between Gattle and the wild Prairie Junction to learn the road.

The next day he reported to the master mechanic, Sparks, who was waiting for him.

"What did you think of Prairie Junction?" he asked.

"I didn't see much of it. Guess I was in that town not more than twenty minutes."

"Maybe I'll have to send you down there for a while. It's the other end of the division, and I have to have two or three extra runners handy to protect the runs originating there, and the other extra work. You'll be busy every day."

"It's the same to me."

"But it would if you were married. That's no place for a woman. Every time that I've had to send an engineer or fireman who was married down there, they left the missus here in Gattle."

Sam thought of Muriel.

The next morning he was called for an extra west at 5.30. He dressed, had breakfast, and started for the roundhouse. In one hand he carried a dinner pail, in the other a bag containing all his worldly possessions. He was moving to Prairie Junction.

Sam found his fireman a likable, unassuming young chap.

"This is my first trip, and I'll have to depend on you a great deal," Sam told him.

"Sure. I understand," the fireman responded. "I'll point everything out to you."

Ten minutes later Sam backed his engine against the string of cars that was to be his train. From the yard office directly opposite the cab came the sound of loud voices. Then he caught fragments of speech.

"—the soldiers ought to be there all the while—" and then the words became blurred. A second later the yard office-door flew open and a tall, heavy-set man came hurrying out.

"Here comes Tinder. He's our conductor," announced the fireman.

"We're leaving here with sixteen loads and nine empties," Tinder told Sam when he came up. "The first stop is Turkey Creek. The head man has the list of stops, and will steer you around. You can depend on him. And I'll be on the head end most of the time myself. I guess we'll get along all right."

"Thanks." Sam immediately liked the conductor.

"I was having quite an argument with the Y. M.," said Tinder, filling his pipe, "about that hell-hole called Prairie Junction. There was another shooting match down there last night. The troops have been called out from Fort Smith to go over and set things to rights. And as I was telling the yard brains, the soldiers should be stationed there all the while. The whole damned territory is overrun with horse thieves, the worst kind of gamblers, holdup men and everything else. Almost anything is likely to happen."

The conductor paused.

"I understand a man named Cornelius, Tex Cornelius, is about the worst no-good skunk in the town," put in Sam.

"Oh, that killer!" Tinder exclaimed.

"He's going to get his some day. And he's going to get it good. His kind doesn't live very long!"

AN ENEMY

BY two o'clock that afternoon Sam had run the ninety miles of the way to Prairie Junction. Under the guidance of Roy, Tinder, and the head end brakeman, he rolled over the road like a veteran A. & O. engineer.

Pulling out of Mud Creek, the road dipped down a slight grade. The fireman crossed the cab to Sam.

"Now when you get a good roll on her going down the hill, shut off and let her drift. This is where we always shoot the tallow into her."

He then reached on top of the boiler for a can of warm tallow. The train started down the hill. When Sam had it going along at a good clip, the fireman had him close the throttle.

Then, taking the can of tallow with him, he stepped through the cab window on the left side out onto the running board. Reaching the front of the engine, he stepped down, leaned over, and poured the tallow through the little cups on top of the steam chest.

Climbing around the smoke box, he did the same to the right hand cylinder. The work finished, he retraced his steps and reëntered the cab.

"All right, open her up!" he shouted, replacing the can. Sam opened the throttle.

At four o'clock they rounded the curve approaching Prairie Junction.

"Don't shut off until you get to the station," the fireman warned him. "The freight yard is a mile beyond it, and the trick is to roll that distance."

The train thundered onto the piece of straight track that ran through the town. A half mile distant was the depot. The street on the right of the railroad was filled with people. On the left of the tracks, the road came at right angles from the east, turned at the tracks, and ran parallel with them. Both streets were nothing more than a wide avenue with the railroad running down its center.

No sooner had the extra reached the spot where the street on the left joined the railroad, than the fireman, leaning out the window on his side of the cab, cried:

"Sam! Look! The troops from Fort Smith!"

The engineer stood up and looked across the deck through the fireman's window. A company of U. S. cavalry, with flags flying, were galloping into town, directly opposite the engine. The train, traveling twenty miles an hour, drew past them.

He was half the distance to the depot when Sam, peering ahead, saw something that caused every muscle to contract.

No more than a thousand feet away a child started across the tracks. Apparently attracted to the soldiers, it wanted to be on that side of the street when they galloped by. But instead of going right across the tracks, the child halted between the rails, directly in the path of the onrushing train. Someone, seeing the child starting over, had shouted. The tot had become frightened and stopped. And there it stood, petrified with fear.

Sam blew for brakes.

By this time the whole town, attracted by the shrieking whistle, saw what was happening.

Leaping to his feet, Sam slammed on the steam brake and threw the

Johnson bar over into reverse. In a flash he was through the door that led to the running board and to the front end. Swiftly he descended to the pilot.

Meanwhile the soldier who had seen the child on the track was madly galloping up alongside the train. His spurs flashed as he dug them into the flanks of his big black mare, urging it on. The horse flew over the rutted street like a race horse.

Sam found a foothold between the bars of the big cowcatcher. With his left hand holding tight to the flagstaff on the pilot beam, and his right free, he waited. The speed had dwindled to eighteen miles, but the train would roll on until it passed the depot. That would be too late!

Three feet!

The cavalryman, white-faced and tense, was hanging over the side of his mount. But he was still too far away.

Sam bent low, gaged the distance, then with one swoop he snatched the baby from the track.

A cry went up from the watchers. Men tossed their hats into the air. Everybody cheered.

The train stopped, and Sam, holding the baby to him, its small arms clasping him around the neck, stepped off the cowcatcher. A wild stampede followed. In less than a minute the entire population of Prairie Junction had come up, eager to acclaim him.

Sam passed over the child to an attractive girl of eighteen or so, who pressed it to her, while excitedly talking in a high-pitched voice. But her eyes, as she raised them to look at the engineer, mutely told of her gratitude and admiration.

Pressing against him in an effort to show its appreciation, the crowd caused Sam to step back against the pilot of his engine. Wrapping his arm around the flagstaff for support, he mopped his face. At that instant the horseman who had raced Sam to the rescue, elbowed his way through the crowd to the side of the hero.

"My name is Captain Keller of Troop D, United States Cavalry," he said. "I wish to thank you. It was splendid of you, sir."

Sam looked at him and smiled wanly. The captain and Sam shook hands. Both men then glanced over at the girl holding the child.

"Miss Holt is my sweetheart, and little Tommy, the boy you saved, is her brother," explained Keller. "You can understand my gratitude, sir."

A very pretty girl at that moment pushed her way through the crowd, shoved the captain out of the way, and flung herself at Sam. Before the engineer realized what had happened, the girl had her arms around his neck and was kissing him.

Sam, disconcerted, tried to gently remove the arms from around his neck, but the girl would not release them. She drew back her head, stared into Sam's face, said something about his being a hero.

A tall, heavy-set man, wearing a long black coat and colored vest, with two revolvers carried in leather holsters that dangled from two cartridge belts, knocked people aside in his haste to reach Sam and the girl. With narrowed eyes that burned with hatred, and a cruel face that now wore a sinister expression, the man approached.

He placed his hand on the girl's shoulder and pulled her away from the engineer.

"What the hell's the idea?" he demanded of her. The girl looked at him with frightened eyes. Several unknown townspeople scattered in the crowd murmured a protest. He did

not see Captain Keller, who was off to one side comforting Nan Holt, nor was he aware that the soldiers from Fort Smith had been summoned and had arrived.

The man glared at the trembling girl. Sam looked at her. Tears were coursing down her cheeks.

But the calloused feelings of the man were not touched. He shook her arm and snarled:

"Answer me. What the hell's the idea?"

The girl put one hand to her face in a rather hopeless gesture. "I didn't mean anything, Tex. Hones' I didn't."

"Oh, you didn't, eh?" the man interrupted her with a growl. "So you think it's all right to come out here and throw your arms around this fellow. What the hell is this man to you?"

Not a sound came from the crowd.

"Nothing. I never seen him before," the girl sobbed. "Hones' I didn't. He just saved a kid off the tracks by climbing out on the cowcatcher. It was such a grand thing I just got dizzy with feelings for his nerve. I wanted him to know how much I admired him—"

"That's it, eh?" hissed the man, enraged upon hearing that the girl could admire someone else.

"Tex, you don't understand," protested the girl.

"What do you think I am, anyway? A fool?" roared the man, glaring at her menacingly. "You think I can have the wool pulled over my eyes like this? Why you—"

"You've said enough," Sam stopped him, removing his arm from the flagstaff and standing erect.

The man faced him.

"Who the hell are you to tell me what to do?" he bellowed angrily.

"I'm not telling you what to do," corrected Sam in a calm voice. "I'm only telling you that you've said enough. What the girl told you is the truth. She don't know me from Adam. Anyway, what right have you to come out here and abuse her like this? Why aren't you man enough to leave her out of it, and have your words with me?"

Someone in the crowd laughed at that. Another one booed at Tex. It caused him to go mad with rage. He wheeled about to see who had laughed and booed at him. But only sober, blank faces met his scrutiny. When he again faced Sam he shouted:

"I'll show you!"

"Take one step toward me and I'll punch your head off," Sam warned him.

Tex did not move toward Sam. Instead he reached for his two revolvers.

"Throw them up, Cornelius! And be quick about it!" commanded a voice off to his left. The man raised his empty hands toward the sky. With drawn revolver Captain Keller confronted him.

When he saw the army officer the expression left his face. He was cowed like a whipped dog. It was obvious that he had not expected the soldiers.

"I was here in the nick of time, wasn't I, Cornelius?" Keller asked with sarcasm.

Cornelius remained silent with hands above his head.

"You're a little too free with those pistols. I think it would be rather wise on my part to remove them," went on the captain. He reached over and took the revolver first from one holster, then the other.

Keller passed the guns to Sam.

"Now," went on the captain, addressing his man, "I believe you and

I should have a little understanding. My boys and I have come over here to bring law and order. There will be no more shooting. If there is, the town goes under martial law. That's all. Be on your way!"

The man sulked off, the closely packed crowd parting to give him a channel. When he was lost to view, Keller turned to Sam and said, "That was Texas Cornelius. He's the town bad man."

"So he's Tex Cornelius!" repeated Sam with interest. "I've heard a great deal about him."

"You want to be careful. He's treacherous," added the captain.

"I'm awful sorry to have got you in all this trouble," broke in the girl that Cornelius had rebuked.

Sam smiled. "I'm the one that got you in a jam," he countered.

"But I'm not sorry for what I did. You were grand, mister," she told him. "Guess I better be going."

"Will you be safe?" Sam wanted to know.

The girl smiled bitterly. "I'll be all right. Tex just had one of his bad spells. He's awful jealous. Well, goodby."

Sam watched her disappear in the crowd. Captain Keller noticed him.

"That girl—" began the captain. But one of the townspeople interrupted him to propose that Sam be given a party. Sam gently but firmly declined the honor.

When no one remained but Sam and the train crew, Keller again began to talk about the dance hall girl. "I think it only right that you should know the true reason for Tex Cornelius' rage," he said. "The girl's name is Blossom Horace. It so happens that she is the favorite in his place. There is no doubt in my mind that he would kill the man that took her away from him. My friend, I am afraid you have made an enemy of the illustrious Mr. Cornelius."

Sam looked into the twinkling eyes of Captain Keller.

"I am afraid I have," he smiled.

MADDOCK, THE EMPIRE BUILDER

WHEN Sam had rolled the engine over the ash pit track and marked up on the extra board at Prairie Junction, he made his way to the Star Hotel, the proprietor of which was a former Iron Mountain conductor.

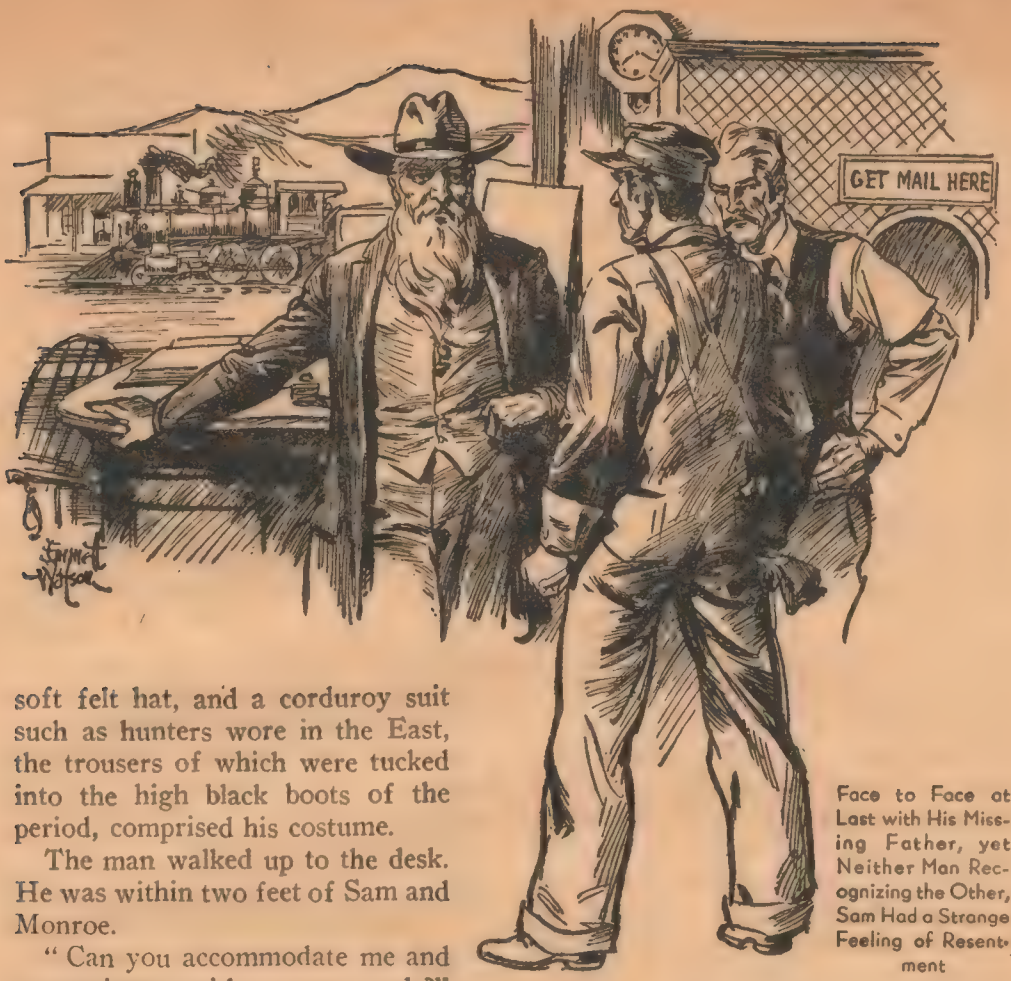
"My name's Percy Hornby, and I'm an engineer on the road," Sam told the clerk at the hotel desk. "I understand this place is run by a former railroad man."

The clerk replied that it was, and that if Sam would like it, he would call Mr. Monroe, who was in his office. "The boss always likes to meet new guests, especially if they happen to be railroad men."

Disappearing through a door back of the desk, the clerk in a moment or two came back with a tall, thin man with merry blue eyes and a long, drooping mustache.

He introduced himself and shook hands.

At that instant a buggy drew up before the entrance to the hotel and stopped. There were two men in it. One remained seated, holding the reins, while the other climbed out and came into the hotel. He was a middle-aged man, with steel gray hair and a flowing beard. A black, wide-brimmed



Face to Face at Last with His Missing Father, yet Neither Man Recognizing the Other, Sam Had a Strange Feeling of Resentment

soft felt hat, and a corduroy suit such as hunters wore in the East, the trousers of which were tucked into the high black boots of the period, comprised his costume.

The man walked up to the desk. He was within two feet of Sam and Monroe.

"Can you accommodate me and my assistant with a room each?" he asked the clerk.

"Yes. Will it be just for the night?"

"No. We'll probably be here for several weeks," he said.

While the clerk was fetching Sam's key, Monroe interviewed the newcomer.

"Glad to know you, Monroe," he said, putting his hand out to meet that of the hotel proprietor's. "My name's Maddock, Frederick Maddock."

At mention of the name Sam became interested.

"You're not Maddock, the railroad builder?" Monroe repeated incredulously.

"That's me." Maddock smiled a little. "I'm getting ready to shoot another line of steel through the Territory. But I don't know whether I'll do it now or wait until I finish the road in Canada."

There could be no mistake. The man was Maddock! Maddock, the slave driver. Sam remembered the glowing newspaper accounts each time Maddock finished a railroad. The man always completed the work months ahead of schedule.

For no other reason than that he thought the man a heartless person who sacrificed others to accomplish his

goal, Sam developed an intense hatred for Maddock. Even though he had never seen him, Sam felt a repugnance for him that made his blood boil each time he heard or read the name.

But Sam did not know that Maddock was his own father, Ike McGowan!

When Sam was a boy, McGowan had resigned his position as passenger conductor on the N. S. & W. and left Middleburg. The affair was cloaked in mystery. No one ever heard of him again.

What had actually happened was that Ike had set out to avenge a wrong committed against him by his former partner in business when they had lived in Kentucky. For two years McGowan had trailed him.

When he finally found him, the partner died of heart failure right before his eyes. Taking ten thousand dollars that was on the body, which was only a fraction of what the man really owed him, McGowan started back for civilization. But he fell victim to the fever. When he regained consciousness he was in a hospital in Mexico. McGowan did not know who he was; he had lost his memory. Returning to the States, he landed in New Orleans, and took the name of Frederick Maddock.

For years he tried to learn who he was. His attempts were unsuccessful, so he gave up in despair, and contented himself with his going through life as Maddock.

And there was Maddock, the man that Sam despised, face to face with him. Father and son within two feet of one another, and neither knowing it!

The clerk gave Sam his room key. He cast one last glance at Maddock, picked up his lunch pail and bag and went up to his room.

When he came down a short time later to eat, Maddock and his assistant, whose name, Sam later learned, was Dick Carroll, were seated in the dining room conversing with Monroe.

Sam hurried through his meal to finish and get out of the room. On his way out Monroe hailed him.

"Mr. Hornby, I want you to meet a few of the guests," he said, nodding toward Maddock and Carroll seated at a table close by. The engineer hesitated. However, to save Monroe embarrassment, he went over to the table and exchanged greetings.

"Mr. Hornby is an engineer on the road through here," Monroe explained to Maddock, who was staring at Sam. Then turning to him, Monroe added, "Mr. Maddock and Mr. Carroll are railroaders, too. But they do not operate trains. They build railroads."

Monroe was highly excited that he should have in his hotel such a celebrity as Maddock, the railroad builder.

"Always live in this part of the country, Mr. Hornby?" Maddock questioned him, not with curiosity, but with friendly interest.

"No." Sam was brief and to the point. From his tone, Maddock understood that Hornby did not wish to be questioned, and that he was deliberately being vague.

"I see. Well, I am pleased to have met you, Mr. Hornby. I trust that we will meet again." There was a tone of dismissal in his voice.

"We probably will," returned the engineer. Then he left the room. On his way upstairs he half regretted that he had so plainly displayed his dislike for him. But he couldn't help it. The opinions that he had formed years ago had mastered him.

Sam closed the door of his room and

flung himself wearily into a chair. For several minutes he sat thinking. Blossom had made an impression on him. Sam stared across the room at the wall and in fancy saw her face.

In the corner of the room by the window was a desk, on top of which was pen, ink and paper. Since his departure from Middleburg he had sent no word to Jim or Muriel. He had not even told them that he was going away.

He felt the urge to write Muriel a letter. Tonight he was thinking of her, had been thinking of her all day. After all, perhaps she was wondering what had become of him.

The letter Sam wrote was nothing more than a note. It read:

DEAR MURIEL:

I left town because I had to find work. You were right in telling me to go West. Jim is a fine fellow and I am glad you are going to marry him. He loved you as much as I did. It was nice of you to feel so badly about breaking the news to me.

I must confess something to you. I was about to call on you one night, my hand was on the bell, when I heard you and Jim talking. You were telling Jim that you lacked the courage to tell me. And Jim wanted you to do so. I understood.

I hope you are both happy and wish you all the luck in the world. Some day I'll pay Middleburg a visit.

Goodby,
SAM.

The next day on his way to work he walked over to the station. Train No. 12 rolled in. From the conductor he learned which of the two sleepers went to St. Louis. He then asked the porter of that car to mail the letter upon arrival there. Who in St. Louis knew Samuel McGowan?

While the soldiers remained, Prairie Junction enjoyed the peace that comes from law and order. Captain Keller, who was in command of the troop of cavalrymen, was ruler of the town, and not Tex Cornelius. He kept under cover. Business went on as usual in his dance hall, saloon and gambling resort, but there was no shooting.

One night when Sam came in there was a letter waiting for him at the desk in the hotel. In his room he tore the envelope open and read it.

DEAR SAM:

I guess Tex was right. I guess I do like you. Ever since that night when you saved the kid I been thinking about you. It ain't right of me, but I can't help it. I try to get you out of my head, but I can't do it. Will you see me sometime? You'll have to be awful careful because of Tex. If you will see me, leave a note with the agent in the depot. He's a friend of mine. You can trust him.

Your friend,
BLOSSOM.

Sam stared at the letter a long time. Blossom wrote just as she talked. A vision of the girl came to him. And with it compassion for her. He was lonely, too. Why not see her sometime? And so Sam made a date for the following Sunday night.

Arriving at Gattle on his next trip, Sam met Sparks, his master mechanic.

"Say, Sam, I just mailed a letter to a fellow that's working on your old road."

"The Lake Shore?" Sam grinned.

"No, no," Sparks corrected him. "The N. S. & W. As a matter of fact, he was your old boss. Otto Rumberg, the division master mechanic. I met him at a convention the year before last. We went on a grand bust together, and ever since, him and I are great friends. Never a month goes by that I don't hear from him. The letter I got the other day, I just answered."

"Listen. You didn't mention that I was working out here, did you?"

"Of course not," Sparks reassured him.

"Thanks. I just thought you might

have let it slip," Sam sighed with relief.

"Pal, your secret is safe with me," promised the master mechanic, giving Sam a friendly pat on the back.

The next morning at ten o'clock Sam pulled out of Gattle on No. 3. Hours later he ground to a stop before the depot at Prairie Junction. While the engine was being uncoupled from the train he looked across the street at Cornelius' place in the hope of catching a glimpse of Blossom. But she was not around. However, he would see her Sunday—tomorrow. They had arranged it.

He ran the engine onto the ash pit track, then reported at the office.

"Let's see, you're off tomorrow, aren't you?" remarked the crew caller.

"I am. I asked to be off in plenty of time."

"Sure. I know that," acknowledged the caller, scanning the row of names on the extra list. "But would it be all right if you were off from tomorrow afternoon on? That would give you the night in town."

"What are you driving at?" Sam asked.

"I'd like to have you work."

"I don't know whether I can. You gave me tomorrow off and I want it. I got to be in town in the evening."

"Hornby, it's pay day, and it's Saturday night," the caller pleaded in his best manner. "And—"

"It's Saturday afternoon," the engineer corrected him impatiently.

"But it's going to be Saturday night. When pay day falls on a Saturday in this town the night is a red letter one. Some of them laid off legitimately, but the rest have reported sick and so on. A couple of them haven't even said a word, but just didn't show out for their jobs. The result is that I am stuck for men. Unless I can get some of the steady ones to help me, trains are going to be tied up for want of engine crews."

"I got to be in tomorrow night," was the reply.

"If you'll double out for me on Six, you'll be back tomorrow on Three. And you will be helping me out of a helluva hole."

Sam thought it over. His arriving back in Prairie Junction in the afternoon would allow ample time for him to wash and dress and meet Blossom.

"All right, I'll take Number Six," he said. "Will I have the regular fireman?"

"Yes, he's working."

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

SAM registered for No. 6, pulled on his overalls, and went out to the 377, Harry Middletown's regular engine. The fireman had not reported yet, so he broke up the banked fire and threw on some coal. Leaving the blower half on, he descended from the cab to make the rounds with the long-necked oiler.

At six-thirty the fireman had not shown up. It was almost time to run the engine over to the station and couple onto No. 6 when it rolled in off the Prairie division.

He could wait no longer, but he couldn't leave without a fireman. As a last resort he returned to the roundhouse.

"I know," said the clerk when he asked about a fireman. "He's off celebrating. The call boy is looking in all the saloons, dance halls and gambling joints for him."

"Can't you get another fireman?"

"No. Where the hell can I get another fireman? It's six-forty now. You should already be on your way up to the station."

"Well, we're going to lay Number Six out. She's due in at seven-ten," Sam warned him.

"Yes, and she's on time, too," agreed the clerk, cursing all the firemen in the state of Arkansas. "The call boy ought to be back any minute."

"What the devil good will that do me? Is he going to fire the engine?"

"No, but he can tell us where the fireman is hanging out. And once we know where he is we can go after him."

"But—"

"Hornby, this is a regular business on pay day nights," the clerk explained the situation. "But it's always worse when it falls on a Saturday. One such night the 'Texas Mail' was in the depot and not one member of the relieving crew was there to take it. It took us twenty minutes to round them up."

"Well," began Sam, but he did not finish. At that instant the call boy came panting into the office, and said that he had found the missing fireman.

"He's over at Cornelius' place, gambling," answered the call boy when Sam asked where the tallowpot was.

"Is he sober?" the clerk wanted to know.

"Frankie's got a couple under his belt; otherwise he's all right."

The clerk then asked if the fireman intended covering his run.

"Sure, I told him about it, but he had his mind on the wheel and paid no attention to me," went on the call boy, a freckle-faced lad of fourteen who was never without a chew of tobacco. "I hung around him and coaxed him and everything else, but there was nothing doing. When I saw what time it was gettin' to be, I highballed over here."

"Of all the places he has to go, why was it Cornelius'?" asked the clerk. "Every time we had to drag one of our men out of that place there was trouble."

Sam was drumming the wooden counter with his fingers.

"I'll tell you what you do," he said finally. "Loan me a roundhouse firebuilder to act as fireman, and I'll run up to the station with the engine. After I back in on the spur to wait for Six, I'll go over to Cornelius' place and pull that lout of a tallowpot out to his job."

The clerk jumped at the idea, but was somewhat apprehensive of trouble coming to Sam.

"I can take care of myself, all right," declared the engineer. "Give me a man and I'll be on my way."

With the substitute fireman he ran up to the depot and backed in on the spur. Telling his helper to wait until he returned, he started across the street to Cornelius' combination dance hall, saloon and gambling house. It was just seven o'clock and No. 6 was on time. That would allow him but ten minutes to get the fireman on the engine.

"You point him out to me and I'll do the rest," he told the call boy who accompanied him.

"Don't act rough, Mr. Hornby. They'll be a fight if you do," the boy warned him in a low voice as they entered the gambling hall. "You fight with your fists, but these kinks use forty-fours. Mr. Hornby, you wouldn't have the ghost of a chance."

The gambling room was crowded. Large, shaded oil lamps bathed the room in a yellow glow. Several card games were in session. But the center

of attraction was the spinning roulette wheel.

"There's Frankie, your fireman!" the call boy pointed to a young man standing before the gambling wheel.

Sam went over to him.

"What do you want?" he snarled when the engineer tapped him on the shoulder.

"I'm the runner on Six tonight, and you're my fireman." He paused. "Well, I'm sorry to take you away from the game, but we leave town inside of fifteen minutes."

"That's no trouble of mine. I ain't working tonight."

"Yes, you are. You're going to fire Six for me," declared Sam with a grim smile.

"Like hell I am!"

Gently but firmly he placed his hand on the tallowpot's shoulder and wheeled him about. "Come with me, Frankie."

The calm, firm tone of the engineer's voice impressed the erring fireman. "I can't," he said. "I'm winning and I can't leave."

"You can return tomorrow and play."

"Cornelius don't like it when you bust away so soon," protested Frankie. "See what I mean?"

Sam's eyes stared into those of the fireman's. "Frankie, you're going to delay Six!"

At that instant a whistle sounded. It was that train blowing for town.

"All right, I'll come with you," consented the fireman. He turned to cash in. Sam waited for him. Glancing about the room, he saw Cornelius coming his way with a scowl on his ugly face.

"What's the big idea of coming into my place and dragging away patrons?" demanded the town's bad man in a loud voice. A hush settled over the room. Men ceased whatever they happened to be doing to stare at Cornelius and Sam.

"I'm not dragging away patrons," replied the engineer. "This young fellow is my fireman, and he's due out on the run with me inside of ten minutes."

At that moment Cornelius recognized him as the engineer who had saved the child from the path of his train. And he was the man whom Blossom Horace had kissed and admired so much.

"That cuts no ice with me," he growled. "He's over twenty-one and can take care of himself. What the hell right you got to be his keeper?"

"I need him tonight to fire my engine," returned Sam with a grim smile, staring into Cornelius' blazing eyes. "If it wasn't for that he could remain here for the rest of his life. Railroading comes first with me."

"How about the money he's taking out of the pot?"

"The money he won tonight? That's his good luck. What about the times he left here flat broke, with his whole month's pay shot on that table?"

"All right, hoghead, I'm ready," broke in the fireman, having cashed in his chips for money.

Again No. 6 whistled. Sam calculated that the train was passing the roundhouse and in less than a minute would be in the depot. Not another second could be wasted.

"That's our rattler blowing," he said, edging away. "We got to be on our way."

"Just a minute," Cornelius stopped them. "You don't think I'm going to let you get away with this, do you?"

Sam looked at him with contempt. "Get out of our way."

At that instant No. 6 rolled into the depot. The hostler burst into the gambling room, saw Sam and the fireman and shouted:

"She's in, Hornby." He waved a hand in the general direction of the Prairie Junction station. "Just got in. They're waiting for you!"

Cornelius glanced around at the hostler, snickered, then returned his gaze to the engineer.

"There's an old score to be settled up between you and me," he roared. "Luck played into your lap that the soldiers come at the right minute. I kind of forgot it, until now. Comin' into my place and taking money out of it sort of made me remember that you and I wasn't such good friends. On top of all that I find you're a double-crosser. See? You ain't fooling me a bit. I got your game."

"What the hell do you mean?"

"It was a put up job between you and your so-called fireman. He come in here to play, and when he got in on the winnings, it was part of the game for you to come in and drag him off."

"That's a lie!" countered Frank drowsily.

Sam turned on his fireman. "Frankie, shut up!" Again facing Cornelius, he said, "You don't know what you're talking about, Cornelius."

"Don't I? Let me tell you, we kill cheats in this town," sneered the gambler.

"You're not scaring me a bit! But if you think this is a put up game I'll prove that it isn't," Sam flared up. "I haven't the time now, but I'll tell you what I'll do. Monday night I'll come in here and play you any game of chance you want. Do you understand? I got a couple of thousand dollars and I'll play it anyway you want. How's that?"

Cornelius laughed. "You'll play me?"

"Yes, you!" Sam thundered. "You and no one else. The room is full of witnesses." He turned and faced the crowd. "You men hear what I said? I'll play Cornelius poker, anything he wants. But I'll play no one else but him."

"Are you on?" he asked the gambler.

"All right," growled Cornelius. "And if you don't come back! In this town we go after card cheats, cattle rustlers—"

Sam stuck his face close to the gambler's. "I'll be here at nine o'clock. And I'll be here because I want to come, and because I'm not afraid of you!"

Taking the fireman's arm, he ordered, "Come on, kid, we've knocked the flyer out five minutes already." Engineer and fireman passed through the crowd of silent men.

The crew dashed across the street and up into the cab of their engine, which the Prairie division crew had thoughtfully coupled onto the waiting train.

Halfway to Gattle the fireman crossed the engine deck and stood beside Sam.

"Hornby, I'm sorry for being such a fool. I was half lickered up and didn't know what I was doing."

"That's all right," replied Sam with a smile.

"But I've got you into a mess," protested the fireman. "Cornelius has you a marked man. He'll get you the first chance he finds if you don't go back like you said you would."

"I'll be there on Monday night."

The other man was insistent.

"He will cheat you out of every nickel you have."

"Maybe. It will be an interesting game." The engineer spoke with an air of grim determination.

NUMBER THIRTEEN

SAM returned on No. 3 the next day, which was Sunday. The date with Blossom was for eight o'clock. At 7.30 he set off from the hotel. On the road he met Malloy, the passenger conductor, who had moved into the Star Hotel that afternoon.

"Hello, Malloy. What the dickens are you doing out here?" Sam greeted the conductor.

"I always take a walk after supper and smoke a cigar," replied Malloy. "An old habit with me. Bachelors are like that. Join me?"

Sam hesitated to tell the conductor where he was going. But then remembering that Malloy was a man to be trusted, he told him.

"You're lonely, and she's lonely, so what the heck," said the conductor after hearing the story. "I don't see why you shouldn't see her. That scoundrel, Cornelius, doesn't deserve to have a woman."

"Do you know Blossom Horace?"

"No. But I've heard she's very pretty," replied the conductor.

"Well, as long as you're out for a walk, come with me and I'll introduce you. She should have a few friends that are different than the crowd that frequents Cornelius' place, and I don't know of any better than you, Malloy."

The conductor thanked Sam, but declined the offer. Finally, after considerable persuasion and assurance that he wasn't intruding, Malloy consented to go with him.

"I'm awful glad to know you, Mister Malloy," the girl said upon being introduced to the conductor. "And I hope I'll see you again."

The conductor was quite impressed with her. After a few minutes conversation he bade them goodnight, and started back for the hotel.

Sam and Blossom walked down the road. It was a clear, starlit night. The girl told Sam her story. He listened attentively.

"There wasn't much I could do after pop died. I was only ten years old. A woman in Kansas City gave me a job waiting on table. I kept that for four years. Then I met a girl who talked me into goin' to St. Louie with her. We got a job in a tobacco factory. It was awful work. But I kept at it for two years. My girl friend got married, and I took up with another one. She had worked in dance halls out in Omaha and those places. And she said there was a lot of money in it. The hours in the factory was awful long, and the pay was hardly anything. And what was more, it wasn't agreein' with me. I was sick all the time." Blossom stopped as though undecided what to say next. Sam remained silent.

"Anyway," Blossom resumed her story, "me and this girl Jenny got a job over in Fort Smith. That was a coupla years ago. From there I come over here because I had heard there was more money here. And I been in Cornelius' place ever since."

Sam said her story was very interesting, and made it clear that he sympathized with her.

"I got to hate men, Mister Hornby," she said. Blossom always addressed him, not as Percy, but as Mister Hornby.

And so the evening passed. Sam

"There's Goin' to Be a Killin'," Blossom Went on Hysterically, "and the One That's Goin' to Be Killed Is Mr. Hornby"

and Blossom felt they would be more than friends.

At six o'clock the next morning the call boy burst into his room and roused him.

"Hornby! Wake up. I got a call for you."

Sam blinked open his eyes. "What do you want, kid?" he asked.

"Hey, listen. I want you for Four," said the call boy. "Bill Kemp was all ready to leave the house with the 364 when he fell off the engine. Do you hear me? The train'll be in in a few minutes and there's no one but you to run her."

"I can't do it," Sam bolted to a sitting posture. "I got to be in town tonight at nine o'clock."

"The clerk knows all about your date at Cornelius'," Frankie stated. "So he told me to tell you that if you run Four for him you can deadhead right back from Gattle."

"All right, I'll do it," said Sam, jumping out of bed.

He hurriedly dressed, dashed over to the roundhouse, and climbed into the cab of 364. On the way up to the spur at the depot where they would wait for the arrival of No. 4, the fireman explained to Sam about the accident that had befallen Kemp.

"Remember the day you was riding with us to learn the road, and Bill was telling you about 364 being added together and making the number 13?" asked the fireman.

"Sure."

"And remember how Bill was telling you that he wasn't superstitious, but that he didn't like the idea of 13, but that nothing had happened in four years? Well, it happened this morning. He was crossing the deck to go

down with the oiler when he fell over my shovel and tumbled head first out the gangway. It's a wonder to me he didn't break his neck."

"Was he hurt much?" Sam asked.

"No. He knocked something out of place in his shoulder, that's all," replied the fireman.

Sam departed with No. 4 on time. Rolling over the miles toward Gattle, his mind was on the engagement he had that night with Cornelius.

Twenty miles from Gattle he made his last station stop. While the express and baggage were being unloaded the conductor strolled up to the engine.

"You've done a good job with this train, young fellow," he told him. "Old Bill never done better."

"He's got a good engine here," the engineer explained.

He had covered half the distance to Gattle, and was rolling along at about thirty-five miles an hour, when for no reason at all the 364 jumped the track. It wasn't even on a curve. The road bed was in good condition, and there was nothing on the rails. She just decided to start for the nearest cornfield.

When Sam came to he was in bed in the Hotel Gattle, with a doctor at his side. And it was seven o'clock that night.

He tried to think, but everything was hazy. He tried to move, but couldn't. What was the use, he decided.

The doctor turned to the nurse. "He's fallen asleep. Now there's some hope."

Back in Prairie Junction, at that same hour, train No. 6 drew into the depot. Conductor Malloy, who was to be in charge of the train on its run over the Arkansas division to Gattle, started to walk up along the cars to the engine, when Blossom came running toward him. "Mister Malloy!" she cried.

The conductor, with his lantern in the crook of his arm, stopped.

"Mister Malloy, where is Mister Hornby?" she asked. Malloy guessed that she had heard the news of the wreck.

"Now, Blossom."

"Please tell me where he is."

The conductor hesitated. Sam had been pretty badly smashed up. It wouldn't do for her to know just yet. When the crisis was passed it would be all right to let her visit him.

"Percy is all right," Malloy lied beautifully.

"He ain't all right," the girl almost shrieked. "He ain't all right, I tell you. I just heard Cornelius tell his pals to be around at nine o'clock, that Sam was comin' over to play cards. If Sam won they was to hold up and kill him, and if he lost they was jus' to kill him."

The conductor stared at her.

"Where is he? I got to tell him not to go over and play," Blossom went on hysterically. "Sure as God there's goin' to be a killin', and the one that's goin' to be killed will be Mister Hornby. A man can't protect his back and them men all shoot at a man's back. I want to tell him to leave town."

"Blossom, Cornelius can't touch Percy Hornby. He's way out of their reach," said the conductor.

"He ain't in town?" she asked hopefully.

"No. He was in an accident today."

"What happened to him? Tell me, what happened to him?" she demanded.

"The engine jumped the track this morning just after leaving Turkey

Creek. Percy stuck with it, trying to stop."

The girl's lips quivered. "I know. He's dead! And you're too kind like to tell me right off. That's why you said Cornelius and his men can't touch him."

"No, Blossom, he isn't dead," Malloy interposed gently. "But he's been hurt a little. I haven't heard the latest reports, but they said the fireman was out of danger and they expect to pull Hornby through, too."

"Where is he?"

"They have him in a room in the Gattle Hotel. That's over in Gattle, you know."

"I'm going to him. I'm going up with you tonight. Right now I'm goin'."

"I wouldn't, Blossom," the conductor endeavored to dissuade her. Malloy believed that Sam would never survive.

"I'm goin'," she said. "Will you trust me for the fare? I ain't got no money with me, but I'll pay you back when I return. Honest I will."

The conductor realized that it was useless to try and stop her. He smiled. "That's all right, Blossom. As long as your mind is made up to go, why, come along."

She mumbled something that he couldn't comprehend and turned away. He looked back to see her board one of the coaches in his train.

On the road to Gattle, as soon as he collected the tickets after each station stop, Malloy returned to her seat and talked.

When Malloy turned his train over to the relieving conductor and checked in, he took Blossom over to Sam's hotel. But the girl had to wait until morning before the doctor would permit her to talk with the engineer.

The next day Sam was happy to see the girl.

"It was Bill Kemp's jinx letting itself out on me," he smiled wanly. "You see, Blossom, the engine was a thirteener."

For two weeks she made the trip to Gattle each time Malloy went up with No. 6. The following day she would ride back with him on No. 3.

Cornelius was in a rage. One night he followed Blossom over to the depot. No. 6 was in the station, and in less than a minute would depart. The girl was already seated in one of the coaches.

Walking up to Malloy, the conductor, who was standing before the smoking car steps writing in his train book, Cornelius demanded to know whether or not Blossom had boarded the train.

"I don't know," lied Malloy. "Where would she be going?"

Cornelius glared at him. "You know damn well where she would be goin'."

Malloy looked at his watch. Fifteen seconds more and then highball!

"She goes up to see that engineer what was in the wreck" growled Cornelius. "That's where she goes. I know all about it. And what's more, you been carryin' her."

"Your friend always had a ticket!" Malloy corrected him. "Listen, Cornelius, you go over and run that joint of yours and I'll run my train. I don't go nosing into your business and don't you come butting into mine." And with that the conductor shouted all aboard and twirled a signal to the engineer.

Malloy swung onto the smoker steps.

"Stop her until I see—" Cornelius shouted.

"We run on time, Cornelius," flung back the conductor. "If I see Blossom I'll tell her you were looking for her."

After picking up the tickets, Malloy slipped into the seat beside the girl. He told her about Cornelius.

"Mister Hornby will be able to leave the hotel in a few days," she said. "He won't be able to work for a couple more weeks."

"If that's the case I wouldn't go up to Gattle again," Malloy interrupted her. "Hornby can come down to Prairie Junction and rest until he's well enough to work. See what I mean? Cornelius can make things nasty for you if you try to go up next trip. There's no telling what he's liable to do. And with Percy laid up sick, and me on the road, you'd be at his mercy."

Blossom saw the logic in what Malloy advised, and agreed to make no more visits.

MADDOCK AGAIN

IN a week Sam was strong enough to leave the hotel. He returned to Prairie Junction on Malloy's train.

On the way down the two sat together in the smoker. Sam asked how everything was in the frontier town.

"It's been the same as ever," replied the conductor. "The soldiers are coming over today, and that will quiet it down. But they're not riding over for that reason. The Territory opens next month and the troops are going into it to clear out everyone that has settled."

"How's that?"

"The government wants the land free," explained Malloy, "of all advance settlers. Anyone in there now is a squatter, and not entitled to the ground. At noon on April twenty-second all those desirous of going into the Territory and staking a claim will line up on the border. Then at a given signal they'll start off. It will be nothing but a gigantic race for the choicest land. The one staking it first will claim it."

When No. 6 rolled into Prairie Junction the troops from Fort Smith were already there.

Maddock was at the desk when they entered the Star Hotel. He turned and stared at Sam, but the engineer stopped at the desk, asked for his key, and did not give the man a glance. Maddock was cut to the quick. A wave of anger seized him.

"Look here, young man," he flared up, glaring at Sam. "Just what is your reason for being so antagonistic toward me? What have I ever done to you?"

Sam grimaced. "I know enough about you. A man that's a slave driver, uses others to further his own ends, is a man I despise."

"I am a slave driver? I use others to further my own ends?"

"You heard what I said," snapped Sam.

He turned away, and with Malloy assisting him, climbed the stairs to his room. Maddock watched his departing enemy more puzzled than ever. When Sam was out of sight, he stuck a cigar in his mouth and went into the smoking room. Throwing himself into a chair beside his assistant, he began talking about the engineer.

"I know nothing about my life up until the time I woke up in the hospital in Mexico," went on Maddock, savage-

ly chewing the cigar. "It's entirely possible that man knows me from before that period. Perhaps I done something that was disreputable, although God knows I don't remember, and he holds it against me. But he will tell me nothing."

"It is strange," agreed Carroll. "That engineer took an instant dislike to you."

"Nothing of the sort," countered Maddock. "It wasn't instant. A feeling like that is not acquired in five minutes. It's something that has to grow for years. Say as you please, that man knows something about my past, and I'm going to find out."

"How?"

"My first step will be to learn all I can about him," replied Maddock.

That night he wrote a letter to Sparks, the master mechanic at Gattle, demanding to know where Percy Hornby came from.

Back in Middleburg, Jim was writing letters to all the railroads around St. Louis and the far West, asking if a man by the name of Sam McGowan was working for them. And added to that he was making inquiries among the boomers who lingered for a week or two on N. S. & W. But neither the railroads nor the boomers had seen or heard of Sam McGowan.

"Don't despair, Muriel," Jim cheered her. "There's a lot more railroads that I have still to write to, and just as many boomers that I haven't yet asked."

Three days after writing the letter to Sparks Maddock received a reply. The note said that Percy Hornby had been an engineer on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, and had resigned from that road. He had lived in Cleveland, and had run out of that terminal.

Maddock then wrote a letter to the master mechanic of the L. S. & M. S. Railroad, asking for full particulars concerning Hornby, why he had resigned, how long he had lived in Cleveland, what his home life had been, and so on.

"That's the next step," mused Maddock, sealing the envelope.

The next day was April first, and the great hour for the opening of the Oklahoma Territory was drawing near. Prairie Junction was swarming with people who were going to settle in the new land.

No. 3 rolled into Prairie Junction each day with a hundred passengers for the town. There were men with all their earthly possessions on their backs. There were families. And there were also a swarm of adventurers, gamblers and riff-raff.

"Certainly have a load of passengers for this burg every day," chuckled the Prairie Division conductor who relieved Malloy.

"It will soon be over," returned Malloy.

He watched No. 3 pull out for the southwest, then started for the Star Hotel. But just as he stepped off the station platform he met Cornelius.

"I hear you're a friend of that engineer, that Hornby fellow," he began.

"I am. What about it?"

Cornelius glared at him. "I want you tell that cheat I ain't forgot the date me and him had to play cards, and what I promised to do if he didn't come back an' do it."

"Don't you know he was in a wreck and smashed up?" interposed the conductor. "He almost kicked the bucket."

"That's all right," broke in the gambler, waving the reason aside. "He's had plenty time to get better.

You ain't pullin' the wool over my eyes. Them's all nothing but excuses you're givin'. He's yellow. He's too scairt of his hide to come over and play me, that's what he is."

"Like hell it is! Hornby wanted to play you the day he came back to town but I advised him to wait to get back some strength. Don't you worry about him not playing you."

"I don't worry," roared Cornelius. "But he ain't goin' to get the chance to play me. There's enough I got agin' that yellow-bellied cheat to go up to his room and settle scores right now."

"What's holding you back?" sneered Malloy. "The soldiers? Because they're in town?"

"No, it ain't the soldiers. They ain't in town, and they won't be for a long time. And anyway they—"

"The minute the troops leave town you pull out your guns, eh?" growled Malloy.

"Never mind about Captain Keller. I can take care of myself," snarled Cornelius. "Just you tell that Hornby fellow that he better keep off the street in this here town, because it ain't big enough for both of us. Savvy?"

Cornelius stopped. He was staring at something across the street. Malloy looked to see what he was gazing at. It was Blossom, hurrying toward the dance hall. Cornelius let out an oath and dashed over to the girl. Malloy followed.

"Hold on there!" cried the gambler, running in front of the girl and blocking her path. Blossom halted and stared at him with frightened eyes.

"Where you been?" he asked, raging mad. The girl whitened. Malloy guessed the answer. She had been to visit Sam.

"Answer me. Where you comin' from?" went on Cornelius.

"I—I—" Blossom faltered.

"What difference does it make where she's been?" said Malloy, going to the assistance of the girl. "She can go out if she wants to."

"I know where she's been!" was the answer. "She's been over to see Hornby. She's been goin' over there every day."

A crowd collected, but kept at a respectable distance.

"What if she has?" countered the conductor.

"I'll show her," roared Cornelius. He drew back his fist to strike Blossom when Malloy stopped him with a hard right to the jaw. The gambler staggered back against a store front. The conductor followed with another right to the side of the head.

Cornelius tottered. Malloy's fast movements caused his uniform hat to fall off. The gambler tried to reach his pistols but the conductor landed one on his right eye. When Cornelius again blindly dug for the guns, the crowd cried:

"Look out! Run for your lives! He's going to shoot!"

The men clinched and rolled out into the middle of the street. Cornelius staggered to his feet. He was bleeding.

He was not a man that used his bare hands to settle a grudge. His pistols did the fighting for him. And now as Malloy came at him again, he tried to get them out of their holsters. In his dazed condition he had entangled them and was not fast enough to defeat his opponent before another rain of blows was dealt him. He went sprawling to the street. He lay there in a heap, motionless. The conductor brushed himself off and waited. Cornelius did not stir. Townspeople looked on from a distance. The street was clear.

Satisfied that Cornelius had been beaten, Malloy picked up his hat and started to walk away. He had gone about fifty feet with his back to the gambler, when Cornelius raised himself on his elbow, drew his revolver, then slowly rose to his feet.

"He's going to shoot!" cried the onlookers, warning the conductor.

Cornelius was just leveling off to fire when a shot rang out. The gambler's hand holding the revolver opened, and it dropped to the ground. He fell forward and landed face downward in the mud, with a bullet in his back.

"It's the soldiers!" the townspeople shouted.

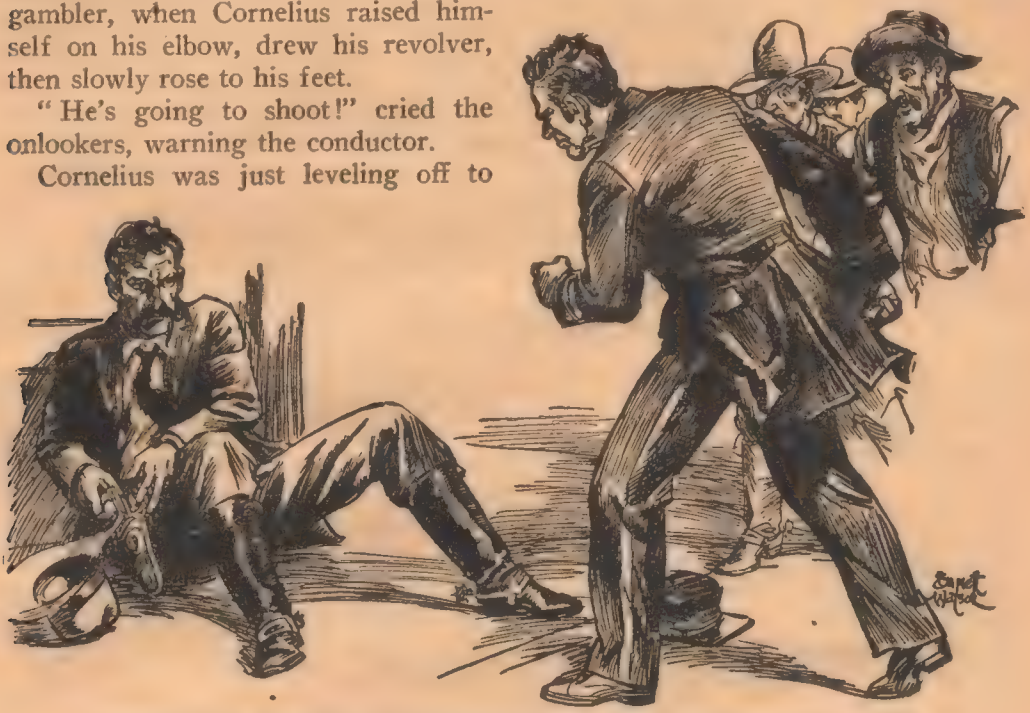
Malloy was bending over Cornelius when Captain Keller rode up and dismounted.

"A second more and he would have had you, friend," said Keller. He looked down at the prostrate figure of Cornelius. "I knew I would have to do this some day."

Malloy stood up. He shook the captain's hand. "I'm grateful to you, captain. I owe my life to you."

Then the conductor broke through the crowd that had closed in on them and went directly to Sam's room.

"What was all the excitement about?" asked the engineer. "I saw some people running up toward town. You can't see anything from this window."



Battered to the Ground by a Well Directed Blow, the Gambler Reached for His Gun

"There was a fight," said Malloy. The conductor sank into a chair and lighted a cigar. Sam saw that he was excited about something.

"Captain Keller just shot Cornelius dead!" went on Malloy.

Sam stared at him.

"Was Blossom up to see you?" asked the conductor.

"She left here less than a half hour ago. She left with old Bill Kemp."

Malloy then told the whole story.

"We're both marked men," concluded the conductor. "Cornelius has a dozen henchmen here in town.

They'll do their best to get us. And you better persuade Blossom to leave town. That gang of gorillas will make her pay for their chief's death, too. If you say the word I'll get MacPearson to take her up with him on Six tonight. She can stay at the Gattle Hotel until we see how things stand."

Sam approved of the plan. "Where is she now?" he asked.

"In the dance hall, or in her room up over it, most likely," replied Malloy. "I'll find her." The conductor arose to go.

"Wait. I'm going with you," said the engineer grimly.

BIG TIMES

EXCITEMENT ran high in Prairie Junction. At noon the bugle would blow announcing the opening of the Oklahoma Indian Territory to white men.

Southwest of the town thousands of future settlers waited on the boundary line for the signal. Then they would race each other to be the first to get the choicest land. It would be first come, first prize. Stakes would be driven into the ground and the area would be the property of the successful contender. Later a claim would be filed in the land office.

They were lined up in carriages, wagons and buggies. Soldiers rode up and down to prevent any of the settlers from stealing a foot on his neighbor when the hour struck. A group of officers at the end of the line interrupted their talk to consult their watches.

"Eight more minutes!"

Sam, who bartered with Monroe for the loan of the station-hotel hack, had driven out, with Blossom and Malloy, to see the excitement. The conveyance was parked to the right of the officers, and some distance removed from the path of the settlers in their mad race.

"Only a couple minutes now," he announced.

"Look! The bugler is getting ready," exclaimed Blossom.

Malloy took out his watch. "It's eleven fifty-nine. A minute more!"

A hush fell over the line, broken only by the neigh of a horse, or a driver making a last minute change in his position on the seat of his wagon.

TO BE CONCLUDED

HOGGER BILL

A FEW of us thought Hogger Bill was not a credit to our clan.
He was too slow and quiet like to be a snappy railroad man.
They never called him for the silks, or brass hat specials winning fame;
He specialized on way-freight runs or work-train shifts where life was tame.

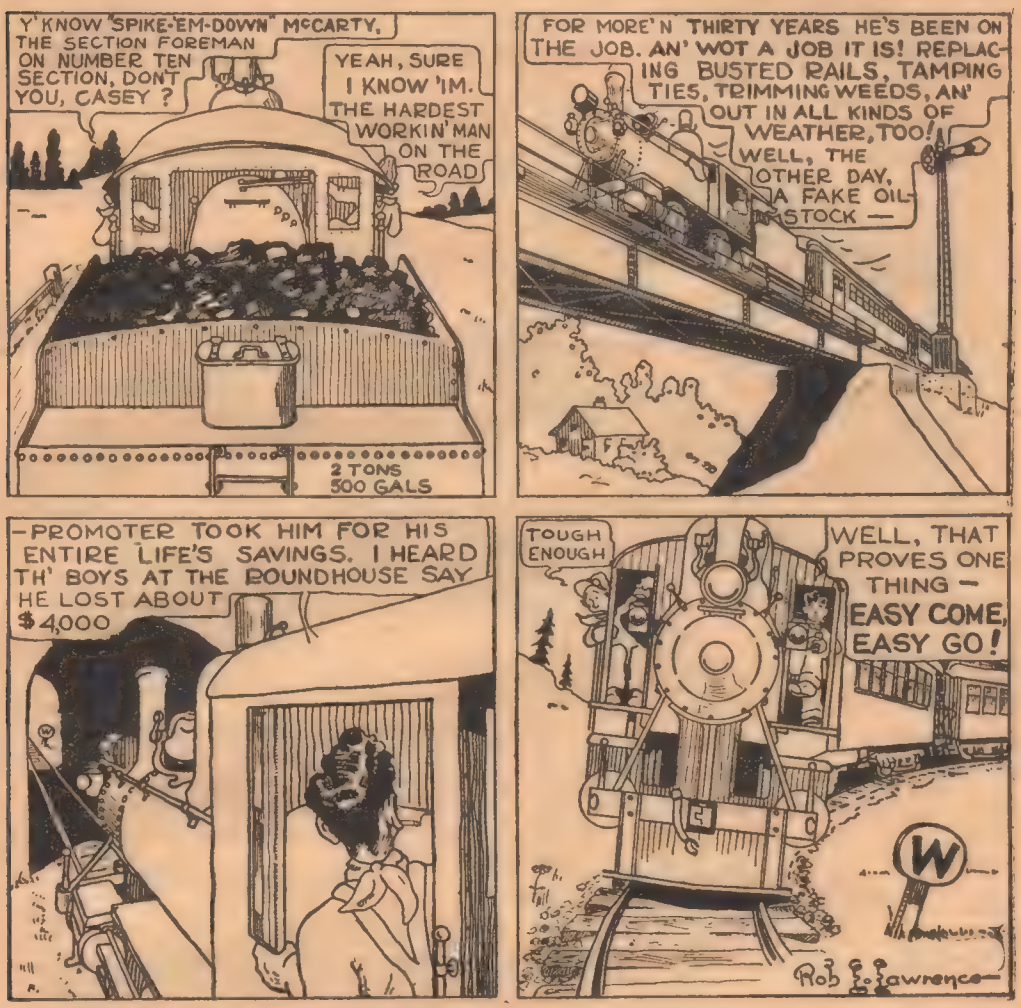
They say he knew the book of rules, yes, each and every paragraph;
And when the air car quiz man came no wise guys got a chance to laugh.
Slow orders meant just what they said; if ten was set then ten he'd go.
Conductors needn't cuss and rave; Bill wasn't scared of them, you know.

But years rolled on and Hogger Bill got mighty gray, without the shame
Of people killed or careless wrecks, or brownies chalked behind his name.
Away back yonder some of us thought Bill don't scale quite up to plan;
But now we're proud because we worked with such a damn good railroad man!

—FLOYD T. WOOD

CASEY IN THE CAB

By Rob L. Lawrence
Ex-Fireman, Staten Island Ry.


Y' KNOW "SPIKE-'EM-DOWN" McCARTY, THE SECTION FOREMAN ON NUMBER TEN SECTION, DON'T YOU, CASEY ?
YEAH, SURE I KNOW 'IM. THE HARDEST WORKIN' MAN ON THE ROAD
2 TONS 300 GALS
FOR MORE'N THIRTY YEARS HE'S BEEN ON THE JOB. AN' WOT A JOB IT IS! REPLACING BUSTED RAILS, TAMPING TIES, TRIMMING WEEDS, AN' OUT IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER, TOO!
WELL, THE OTHER DAY, A FAKE OIL STOCK —
—PROMOTER TOOK HIM FOR HIS ENTIRE LIFE'S SAVINGS. I HEARD TH' BOYS AT THE ROUNDHOUSE SAY HE LOST ABOUT $4,000
TOUGH ENOUGH
WELL, THAT PROVES ONE THING — EASY COME, EASY GO!
W
Rob L. Lawrence

© 1932 by Robert L. Lawrence, East Orange, N. J.

Sunny Side of the Track

He Guessed Wrong

WATCHMAN (*after train has passed, leaving demolished auto in its wake*): "Heavens, man, didn't you see my stop sign?"

Motorist: "Sure, but I thought it was meant for the engineer."

* * *

Now You Tell One

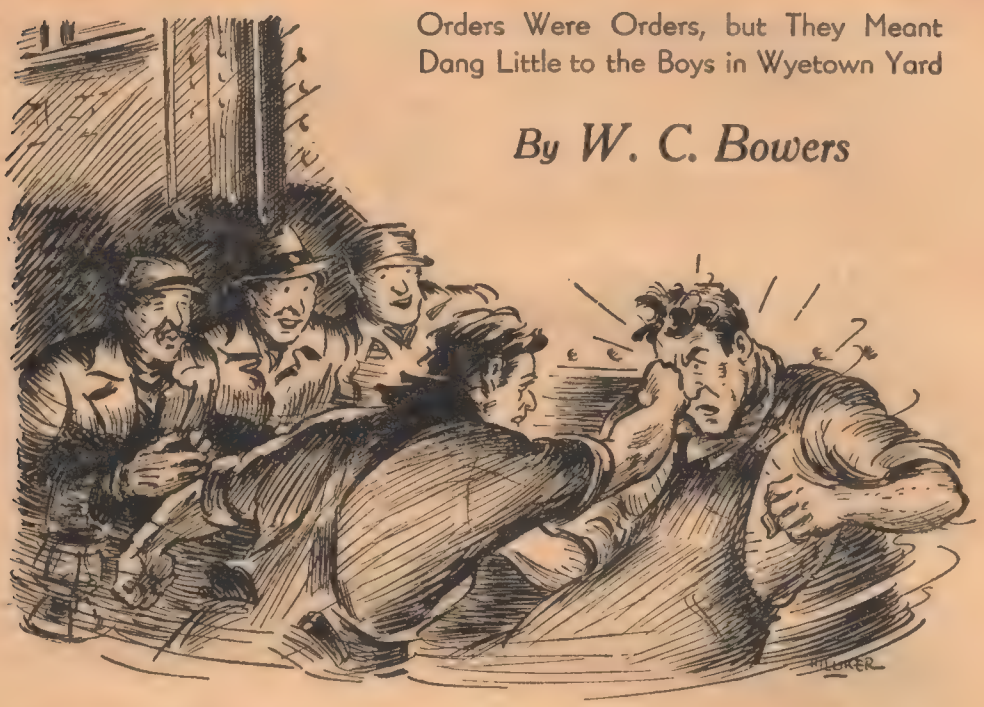
EASTERN Hobo: "One night I hopped the Buffalo Express on a railroad where the telegraph poles are painted white, three hundred feet apart. We got rollin' an' I peeped out. Boy, was we travelin'? Talk about a wide-open throttle! Why, them telegraph poles looked just like a fine-tooth comb—an' that's goin' some!"

Western Hobo: "That ain't nothin' at all. Once when I rode the blind on the Southern Pacific 'Sunset Limited,' she rolled into El Paso thirty minutes ahead of her shadow."—C. W. DEATON, 1214 High St., Des Moines, Iowa.

NO SCRAPPING ALLOWED

Orders Were Orders, but They Meant Dang Little to the Boys in Wyetown Yard

By W. C. Bowers



SHAMBLING up to the bulletin board of the Wyetown yard switch shanty, "Suitcase" Jackson, switch foreman on the 7 P.M. tramp job, slowly and deliberately signed his name to the outgoing crew register. Then he turned to the other men, who were sprawled out on long wooden benches.

"What's new tonight? Any advice from the master mind?"

"Yeah," replied one of his helpers, nodding toward a bulletin board and barely glancing up from the task of polishing a lantern globe. Jackson shoved a huge chew of tobacco under his lower lip and read these words in a mumbled undertone:

TO ALL SWITCHMEN AND YARD ENGINEMEN:

It has been brought to my notice that fighting among employees is still prevalent. I have taken up this matter too often in the past to necessitate more comment. Hereafter the necessary discipline will be administered for all infractions of this rule.

GRANT STENSON, Supt.,
St. Clair Division.

Jackson looked around the room. In the corner nearest him two men were refueling their lanterns. On another bench "Sleeping Tom" Bingham, the tallowpot, was making up for the slumber he hadn't gotten at home that day. In the far corner sat "Elbowgrease" Brady, the hoghead, smoking a pipe in sullen silence.

"That anti-fightin' rule sure is lucky for one guy I know of," Suitcase commented, looking squarely at Brady. "Elbowgrease here has plenty to be thankful for."

For eight years these two had been at it. The feud had started even before that, when Jackson was a switchman and Brady a student fireman. One day they had a fracas in connection with some detail of their work and had continued it, off and on, till the present date—for no particular reason.

Things weren't so rosy right now, either. Ever since Suitcase had picked himself the 7 P.M. job, not knowing that Jackson bumped another man off it, and that he would have to work with Brady, there had been hell to pay. Brady was a perpetual source of irritation to the switch foreman, while Jackson did his damnedest to balk the hoghead. In short, the engineer and yard conductor were not on good terms.

"Listen, Jackson," growled Brady. "I'm gettin' tired of your balkin' around. Take that night over in the wheatfield—"

"Say, you fool," interposed Suitcase, "who did the stallin' that night, anyhow? How about down there on the West End? One of them L-2 class switchers can pull that drag of stuff without any trouble, an' you know damn well they can."

Elbowgrease laid down his pipe.

"You're crazy, man! How the hell was I gonna take a run for that grade when we had to stop for that switch?"

"You're a cock-eyed liar, an' you—"

"Who's a liar? Call me that again!"

"You are!" shot back Jackson, mad as a wet hen. "An' everybody—"

"You damn yellow dog!"

Crack! Jackson's iron fist shot out like a piston on a Pacific type locomotive and caught the surprised engineer squarely in the mouth.

With a roar, Brady fell back and got ready to charge. The switchmen crowded around the combatants, surprised by the suddenness of what had happened. Even Sleeping Tom rubbed his eyes and got up to see the fight.

The engineer lunged forward, while Jackson stood his ground, waiting for the attack. It came with a fierce flurry of punch-packed blows that might have floored an ox if all of them had struck home.

Deftly stepping out of the way, Suitcase let go with a neat right which slipped by Brady's chin but caught him with a resounding smack on the left shoulder. To the engineer it felt like an ore train coming down a two per cent grade, and he fell backward, arms waving wildly.

Instead of coming back to meet his adversary, however, Elbowgrease let himself slump down in a heap—against the window. That was it, and everybody wondered why he did it. But the pane and the sash crashed under the weight of his broad back, and he fell to the floor.

For a second Jackson was puzzled. Hell, he had scarcely hit the bum! Then he walked over to where Brady lay.

"Hey," he called, while the snakes and stingers gathered around, "what the—"

Suddenly the door opened.

"What the devil's going on here?" came a voice behind the group.

They all turned around, eyes toward the door. His stocky body framed in the doorway, Jack Beeson, the night yardmaster, stood looking at the scene.

Nobody answered. The switchmen backed up to the bench and busied themselves with polishing their lanterns. Sleeping Tom grinned in a sickly fashion.

Then Brady sat up. "That runt,"

he began, lisping through a swollen jaw, "tried to—"

"To hell with explanations now," cut in the angry yardmaster. "You dang fools are fighting already, before the paste on this order is even dry. Well, you can tell Selkirk about it tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock. Rest of you be there, too. And you two beat it home."

Then he looked at his watch, thought a moment, and contradicted: "No, it's too late to call anybody else, and I'll be damned if I'm going to have delays on top of fighting on my trick. Brady, you go over to the doc's office and fix up your mouth, and both of you get to work."

Beeson strode out of the shanty, and added before he slammed the door, "Remember—three P.M."

II

NEXT afternoon Suitcase and Elbowgrease sat across from each other in the green-carpeted waiting room outside the office of George Selkirk, the district trainmaster. Jackson seemed worried, but he stared straight ahead. He couldn't get over the idea that Brady's yellowness had betrayed them.

Finally the office boy told them to file into the chief's sanctum. The two switchmen and the fireman of their crew led the way.

"Sit down, all of you," Trainmaster Selkirk thundered, as he pointed to a circle of chairs in front of his desk. As they seated themselves he looked over a typewritten report.

"Fighting, eh?" he commented tersely. "Well, Brady, your name's first in the alphabet; let's hear your story."

The engineer stood up, towering like a colossus over the assembly.

"Well, Mithter Thelkirk," he began, still lisping from the effects of the blow. "I wath thittin' in the thanty latht night, when Jackthon inthulted me. I told him to thut up an' I didn't want no argumenth—"

Everybody snickered. Even Selkirk cracked a slight smile.

"Then he walked over to me," the engineer continued, "an' before I could defend mythelf or even get up, he hit me in the jaw an' knocked me down."

Selkirk looked at the hoghead quizzically, as though it were not quite clear how such a big fellow could take a beating from a man Jackson's size.

"That's a lie," put in Suitcase. "I didn't—"

"Silence!" interrupted the trainmaster. "Your turn comes later."

Jackson sat back and his face grew red.

"Well," resumed Selkirk, after Brady had finished, "I don't give a hang who started your petty bickering. What I want to know is, who struck the first blow?"

"Mr. Selkirk," Jackson admitted, "I hit Brady first an' I ain't sorry, because he made some insultin' remarks, but I'm sorry I fought on company property."

Selkirk scrutinized the switch foreman through narrowed eyes, then turned to the witnesses.

"Is that true?" he asked Sleeping Tom. "Let's hear your version."

Bingham verified Jackson's account of the quarrel, and the other men told substantially the same story.

The trainmaster thought for a moment or two. "You fellows can go now," he told the rest of the men. "Brady and Jackson will stay for a few minutes."

After the men had filed out, he looked at the two combatants.

"You guys certainly are the world's prize jackasses," he announced. "I ought to can you both. Why, you haven't got sense enough to come in out of the rain. When I was a brakeman I had plenty of fights—I know how it is—but I had enough judgment to do my scrapping outside of working hours and off company property."

Then he paused.

"Well, Jackson, seeing that you hit him first, you get the concrete medal. You're too damn ready to hit and not ready enough to stop and think. But in view of your good record I'm going to be lenient. Take twenty days and ten demerits to cool off your temper."

Suitcase gulped — half out of joy, however, for he had expected worse.

"And you, Brady," continued the trainmaster, "it's fifteen days off for you and ten brownies. Remember, you can't call everybody a damn fool and get away with it. Goodby!"

III

THE first night back on the job, Suitcase said nothing to Brady, but went about his work as though nothing had happened. He laughed and joked with the men in the same old happy fashion.

"The enforced vacation ain't seem to have done him no harm," Sleeping Tom remarked to one of the snakes.

The first task of the evening was to take a drag of thirty cars up the hill. There they would be cut off and rolled two or three at a time into the various classification tracks. No hump was needed at Wyetown; the long hill at the West End of the yard provided all momentum the cars needed—and then some.

Slowly the goat puffed up the long grade. When the cars were far enough up to clear the lead tracks, she stopped, and the pin-puller and field men prepared for work.

But again Brady was balking the switch foreman. All it took was a little shove to take up the slack and allow the pin-puller to uncouple the cut. But no matter what the snakes signalled for, the hogger would kick the cars with enough force to send them coasting about a mile even on level ground. Almost every time one of the boys had to ride the cars and set the hand brakes in order to keep them crashing into the others in the yard with destructive force.

But Suitcase Jackson held his temper that night.

It was the same next evening, too, when they had to take thirty-one cars up the hill. By the time they had half the train put away Jackson was getting madder and madder.

The next move was to get four heavily-loaded cars out of the way for a while, for they were to go at the rear end of the morning way freight. They were using all the classification tracks, so Jackson decided to set them on the south house track for the time being.

On this track there happened to be a couple of private cars, which weren't due out until morning, and were well back into the siding. Jackson figured there was plenty of room for the box cars for a while.

While the other men were at work on another track, he went down to the south house switch and lined it up. Then he walked back toward the pin-puller and signalled the hogger for a light kick. Just enough to set the four cars in motion after they were cut off.

But Elbowgrease Brady started them off at a ten mile an hour clip. The switch foreman cursed and ran for them, for he realized the situation. The engineer didn't know those cars were

there. By the time they got well into the house track, the box cars would be going so fast that hell and high water couldn't keep them from crashing into the private buggies!

He couldn't make the house track switch ahead of them, and nobody else was there. Already the cars were coming headlong. Hooking his lantern in his arm, he ran along the track while the cars came toward him. As they rushed alongside, Jackson increased his speed and reached out for a grab iron.

He closed his fingers over one and felt a jerk that almost tore his arms out of their sockets. Grimly the switch foreman held on. Then he drew himself up on the ladder as his legs dangled dangerously down toward the screeching flanges.

For an instant he hung there. The cars were going faster. He scrambled up the ladder, whirled the brake wheel and tightened it down with his stick. The wheels screeched as the brake shoes caught, but, although the momentum of the heavy cars was checked a trifle, the single set was not enough to stop the four cars with their 60,000 or so pounds apiece.

Quickly Jackson jumped across the gap between the cars and hurried along the roof to the end of the next one. Again he applied the pressure of the stick as he locked the wheel a notch tighter. The cars rasped as they slowed down and rumbled to a halt.

Then, for the first time since he had boarded the cars, Suitcase looked up. Sweat was streaming down his face; he wiped it off with the back of his hand. Then he saw that he wasn't more than a hundred feet away from the private cars.

Slowly the switch foreman climbed down the ladder and trudged up the hill toward the engine, which was still working.

"The big bum!" he muttered. "I'll settle it with that fat-bellied hoghead. I'll knock him for a row of Spanish gondolas!"

He walked up to the goat, which had now stopped, and climbed up the gangway.

"Brady," he called out, "you step down on the ground with me."

"What d'yuh want?" the engineer asked, a sickly grin on his face.

"You know dang well," was the reply. "You saw me on top of those cars. I saved your job, an' now, by crackity, I'm gonna give you the lickin' of your life."

"The hell you say!"

"Brady, I'm allowin' you fifteen seconds to come down off that perch."

Slowly the hogger moved off the seatbox, down into the gangway, and out on the ground.

"All right," said Jackson. "Peel off the clothes and get ready."

The tallowpot stood in the gangway, breathlessly watching. Several switchmen came running up the line to see the show. They asked no questions, however; they had been expecting it right along.

Down on the ground, Elbowgrease Brady took off his mackinaw and bent over as if to tie a shoelace. Jackson, off guard and with his hands on his hips, was waiting for the big fellow to straighten up.

Without a second's warning, Elbowgrease dived forward and swung a couple of husky blows to Jackson's stomach. Completely surprised, the switch foreman went down like a log, but soon scrambled to his feet. Steadying himself a minute, Suitcase danced in and planted his fist in the other man's right eye.

Now the engineer was mad as a wet hen. He grabbed Jackson by the waist and went into a clinch. With a mighty grunt he threw the switch foreman to the ground. Kicking and squirming, the two rolled over and over as each fought to get on top.

Finally Suitcase got his adversary under him, and administered plenty of punishment.

"Say, Jackson," put in one of the switchmen, "guess he's had enough. Let him alone."

"All right — all right," panted the exhausted foreman. "Drag him—up in the cab and let's get to work. You take the throttle, Tom, an' when he feels better hand him the shovel."

IV

At the lunch hour that night Elbowgrease Brady took Suitcase Jackson aside and said: "I bin thinkin' it over, feller; if you hadn'ta stopped them box cars from crashin' into the private buggies, I wouldn't be drawin' no more pay checks around this joint."

"Aw, forget it," said Jackson awkwardly. "You'd 'a' done as much for me or any of the gang. Besides, it was nothin' at all."

"Nothin' hell!" ejaculated the hogger. "It's savin' a man's job, that's what it is. I wanta give you credit for what you done for me. Shake!"

Suitcase gripped the outstretched hand. "We bin pals for years, Elbowgrease, an' I'll knock the livin' daylights outa anybody what says different. But not on company property," he added hastily.

The following evening Suitcase found a brief letter from Superintendent Stenson asking him to be present in the trainmaster's office the next morning.

So he went there, at ten sharp. He fingered his hat and gazed at the pictures of locomotives on the wall. There was the 546—probably he'd ridden her footboards for the last time. And the 729, one of the new 10-wheel switchers. They had real power, them babies—oh, well—

"Mr. Stenson says you can come in now," the office boy invited with a grin.

Jackson's heart sank. Dazedly he followed the boy into the throne room. Both Stenson and Trainmaster Selkirk were there.

"Sit down!" the superintendent commanded as he turned to the other brass hat a minute.

"Well," he resumed, "we've heard all about last night. We didn't expect this, after what happened recently."

"Yah," replied Jackson glumly.

"First of all," Stenson said, "here's your check."

The switch foreman took the piece of paper and looked at it with misty eyes. This was his judgment day. Dimly he noticed that the check wasn't for the right amount.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Stenson," he ventured. "This ain't for what I got comin'. This is for twenty days—"

The super cleared his throat.

"Ahem, in view of your excellent work last night, when you prevented a smashup with those two business cars, we've decided to pay you for those twenty days' suspension. In addition, we are canceling all demerits that may have accrued on your record. That's right, isn't it, Mr. Selkirk?"

The trainmaster nodded.

"The matter is closed so far as I am concerned," he said, "except that I want to express my personal appreciation to Mr. Jackson for his quick thinking and loyal coöperation and—er—I guess that's all."

International Engine Picture Club

EADERS who missed out on our International Engine Picture Club buttons will be glad to know that we have received a new supply. Simply fill out the reader's choice coupon on page 142; send it and a self-addressed, stamped envelope (or a three cent stamp if you live in Canada or any foreign country) and the pin will be mailed to you at once.

This emblem will identify you as a recognized engine picture collector or railroad photographer anywhere in the world.

Does anyone know the address of R. Mackenrot? H. E. Holmes of Zillah, Wash., reports that his last letters to Mackenrot at Vancouver, B. C., have been returned for better address.

The famous Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes R. R., of Maine, described in "Sandy River Blues" in our issue of last November, makes its final run July 8, 1932, closing a glorious career of 53 years! We are mighty sorry to see this picturesque midget line lose its brave fight against the motortruck. It was the longest two-foot-gage road in America. Motive power photos may be obtained from Joseph Lavelle.

Another interesting narrow-gage pike was recently abandoned—the 155-mile Trans-Andean R. R., South America, crossing Chile and Argentina from Atlantic to Pacific, says a clipping from Lawrence Woolston, Jr., Devon, Pa.

Almost every week some railroad applies for permission to abandon a short branch line. Engine picture collectors should get busy and take photos of equipment on these while they are still in use. In every issue we expect to publish a list of such proposed abandonments. Here is this month's:

Louisville & Nashville will abandon its line from Iron City to Pinkney, Tenn., 12 miles. The Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific is abandoning that portion of the Ontonagon RR. between Green and White Pine Junction, Mich., 11 miles. The Denver & Rio Grande Western is abandoning its line from Lake Junction to Lake City, Colo., 36 miles, and its 14-mile line between Cuchara and Lascar, Colo.

Readers who collect, buy, sell, exchange or make pictures of locomotives, trains, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees and no dues. Address Engine Picture Editor, RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

LOCOMOTIVE PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY, Box 6354, West Market St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa., announces special prices on following sets of Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic photos: 4-6-2, 2-8-0, 0-6-0, size 5 x 13⅓ inches, all three for $1.00. Also seven different photos, size 2½ x 7½ inches, of 2-6-0, 4-6-2, 2-8-0, 0-6-0, types, for $1.00.

D. L. JOSLYN, 2164 Castro Way, Sacramento, Calif., formerly official Southern Pacific photographer, has many old-time Central Pacific and Southern Pacific photos, 3¼ x 5½ at 15c. each; 4 x 9½ at 20c.; 6½ x 8½ at 25c. Also modern power. Write for lists.

OTTO KUHLER, 921 Graybar Bldg., New York City, has made up special reproductions of one of his locomotive etchings, "Ladies in Waiting" (reproduced in our August, 1931, issue), mounted in an 8½ x 11½ folder, at 50c. each.

M. F. DICKSON, 410 Southern Ave., Hattiesburg, Miss., has very clear, small, photos at 5c. or 6 for 25c.; has only view in existence of Pearl & Leaf River RR No. 12; also Natchez & Hamburg No. 1, etc.

H. A. JENKINS, 18 King St., Windsor, Nova Scotia, will pay 25c. for clear negatives of CPR 500 and 379-380-382. Has Dominion Atlantic photos for sale.

A. L. RICE, 4217 Osage Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., will trade or buy photos of Japanese passenger cars, express locos, de luxe trains; also China.

R. GROGAN, 30-35 49th St., Astoria, L. I., N. Y., will buy broadside view of Erie Mallet camelback, Reading 10-wheeler used on Germantown-Chestnut Hill division, also negatives.

R. ROEDEMA, 58 N. 14th St., Hawthorne, N. J., offers 20 assorted post cards for 80c. Will buy clear photos; will pay cash for negatives. What have you?

C. S. PATTERSON, 112 N. Phillips Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D., has clear prints of Milwaukee, IC, RI, GN; prefers to exchange but will sell 2 for 15c.

F. H. BELL, M. D., Suite 640, Jergins Trust Bldg., Long Beach, Calif., wants engines and scenes of old Colorado Midland.

H. H. SCHODDE, 155 S. Market St., E. Pales-

tine, Ohio, will buy or exchange for other photos, clear views of Virginian Mallets—only those in service; will buy negatives; write.

F. AD. RICHTER, Rudolstad-Thuringia, Germany, interested in pictures of stone station buildings.

BING-WERKE, Nuremberg, Germany, wants new engine pictures.

MARKLIN-WORKS, Nuremberg, Germany, interested in railroad pictures.

HANS F. KUTSCHBACH, 5 Scharzhofbergerstr., Berlin-Lankwitz, Germany, editor of "Die Modelleisenbahn" (the only German model railway journal), interested in acquiring or exchanging engine and railway pictures.

E. HAWKS, Binns Road, Old Swan, Liverpool, England, interested in new pictures.

CHARLES E. WRIGHT, Box 137, Powell River, B. C., Canada, interested in acquiring or exchanging pictures.

MISS LILLIAN COWIE, Nanaimo, B. C., Canada, has pictures of model engines.

JOACHIM RITTER, Leipzig-Raschwitz, Raschwitzer Str. 4, Germany, buys and sells model pictures.

HAROLD L. KAUFFMAN, 1445 Elm St., Denver, Colo., chemical engineer, interested in acquiring or exchanging engine and railway photographs.

BLOCK HOUSE, INC., 239 Fourth Ave., New York City, interested in bridge pictures of railway models.

W. C. STEARNS, Box 146, Helen, W. Va., interested only in postcard size in exchanges; will buy few 5 x 7. Has Virginian, N&W, C&O, B&O, etc., at 10c. each; especially interested in New England, far west and southern roads.

R. C. HANNUM, 512 Hannibal St., Fulton, N. Y., wants to borrow clear photos of old-time power for copying; in turn will send owner six 4 x 5 prints of the copy, or negative. Write him what you have.

M. TOMME, 260 West Kimball Av., Raymondville, Tex., will give small clear print of St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico switcher to first 20 collectors writing him. Has other snaps of MP and SP power used in Rio Grande valley at 7c. each or 16 for $1; will exchange. Will buy negatives of A&S No. 14, Frisco 4210, CPR 2803, Timken 1111, LV 5200, 5000, Milwaukee 6400, WP 335, GN 2044, NP 5000, SP 5000, UP 8000, 9000, TP 2-10-4.

J. A. LINEHAN, 12 S. Warren St., Bradford, Mass., has growing list of photos covering many roads, 12 for $1.00; write; wants copy of Southern 2-10-2, 2-6-2.

C. C. MADISON, 1510 S. 17th St., Kansas City, Kan., wants photos of Santa Fe tandem compound engines: 437-438, 644-648, 564-565 (numbers when built).

F. P. PROESSEL, 7848 Montgomery Ave., Elkins Park, Pa., will buy photos of modern steam and electric locomotives and passenger cars, side views.

A. E. MILLER, 3448 33rd Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn., will pay 10c. each for old and new postcards of depot, train, yard, engine scenes on C&NW and CSt.PM&O.

L. SINCLAIR, 2423 15th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., wants pictures of old Ocean Shore Ry.

W. F. KAUTZ, Industry, Texas, has for sale 2¼ x 3½ snaps of SP engines and old Baldwin which ran over the Rio Grande RR, 10c. each. Write.

F. H. LEDGARD, 21 Cherry St., Sharon Hill, Pa., has small photos of B&O, Reading, Jersey Central to trade for DL&W, LV and Erie.

A. F. HANCHETT, 117 S. 11th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has good photos of eastern engines and trains, New Haven a specialty, all 116 gloss.

W. S. KENNEY, JR., 232 Hyde Park Ave., Roslindale, Mass., specially interested in New Haven.

P. E. PARRISH, 527 E. 9th St., Charlotte, N. C., will buy on approval 2½ x 4¼ negatives of steam power, specially CPR and CNR; has same size photos of many roads to trade or sell at 7c. each.

W. R. RAU, JR., 1430 Elm St., Wilkinsburg Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa., interested in engines and trains of BR&P, will pay for old copies of Railway Life of 1923, '24, '25 and '26.

R. M. SAWYER, 139 Hubbard Ave., Pittsfield, Mass., is interested in old-timers, will buy, will not sell or exchange at present; wants 5 x 7 photo of triple railroad crossing in Richmond, Va.

A. KLOVA, 6641 15th Ave., Kenosha, Wisc., specializes in station and roundhouse views.

E. DE KEUKELAERE, 385 E. 24th St., Paterson, N. J., buys locomotive classification books.

O. P. MAUS, 164 Murray St., Brantford, Ont., Canada, has photos of southern Ontario roads to sell or trade.

J. F. HIGGINS, Marblehead, Mass., will buy or exchange B&M photos.

L. K. ALLEN, 209 E. Oglesby St., Salem, Ill., wants employees' timecards only; will send photos in exchange.

W. BEESE, Folcroft Court Apts., Folcroft, Del. Co., Pa., wants copies of Baldwin Locomotives.

I. T. COOL, Merna, Neb., has old Currier & Ives lithograph of an old-time express train for sale.

J. SOSNOWSKI, 169 Pearson Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada, wants photo of CNR 5700 class.

F. J. BANDI, 1204 N. Madison St., Bloomington, Ill., wants C&A and B&O photos, has C&A with new B&O numbers.

J. WELLMAN, 2305 E. 70th St., Chicago, Ill., wants lists of Burlington & NP photos.

E. MILLER, Petersburg, Ind., has B&O and others for sale or trade; wants good B&O negatives and old prints of New Haven; will send set of 5 B&O engines for 30c. post paid.

A. SEIBEL, 2068 Bathgate Ave., New York City, N. Y., is interested in New York City elevated engines, cars; also New York and New England roads.

J. RICHARDS, 501 Elm Ave., Swarthmore, Pa., has 2¾ x 4¾ of Reading and Pennsy, 3 for 25c.; many timetables also for sale. Wants N&B, PT, NYS&W, KCS, BH&W, B&N, and small roads in Colorado and Nevada.

J. E. GRUPP, 417 Lomita Ave., Glendale, Calif., has 2½ x 4¼ SP snaps at 10c. each.

G. M. LEILICH, 2611 Chelsea Terrace, Baltimore, Md., interested in all kinds, foreign and wreck included.

T. C. RHINES, 18 N. Mast St., Goffstown, N. H., has photo of Great Western coach to exchange for New Haven electric engine.

A. O. BARRETTE, Box 228, Owens, W. Va., has many hundred photos of foreign and U. S. engines.

J. MACY, 33 Seaview Ave., E. Norwalk, Conn., wants photos of New Haven.

G. R. WHITE, 108 Paris Ave., Audubon, N. J., collects modern, domestic and foreign photos.

H. ALLISON, R. F. D. No. 2, Burnt Prairie, Ill., has clippings and snaps of Southern and Mid-western roads, wants modern IC and L&N power.

E. E. HOWE, 327 West 56th St., New York City, N. Y., will exchange or sell 5 x 7 or larger photos; wants nothing smaller, although has some for sale. Send lists.

I. N. DRAKE, 7 Roy Road, Jamaica Plain, Mass., collects station photos and tickets; will exchange.

J. C. LOEFFLER, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, N. Y., will buy pictures of Long Island RR trains and yards.

H. F. VAN HORN CSt.PM&O fireman, Palisade, Minn., wants Railroad Man's Magazine of 16 or 17 years ago.

J. F. BYRNE, Greensburg Ave., E. McKeesport, Pa., has large colored lithographs, suitable for framing, four different types of English express locomotives at 35c. each or $1.35 for the set. 8 x 6 photogravure plate of CPR Toronto to Vancouver Express at 12c.

L. G. ADEN, Box 445, Granville, Ill., has hundreds of old-timers postcard size, 10c. each or 12 for $1.00; wants old Cincinnati & Northwestern, Cincinnati & Westwood, Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinaw, Cincinnati Portsmouth & Virginia, Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley, etc.

J. J. COWLEY, 25 Aspinwall Rd., Dorchester Center, Boston, Mass.

LA MAR M. KELLEY, 1513 Moyer Ave., Elkhart, Ind., has original drawings for sale. Write.

M. J. BUCK, 38 Shelton Ave., New Haven, Conn., has collection of New Haven clippings.

BUILDING A MODEL BOX CAR

By E. P. Alexander

MANY readers have asked how to build miniature rolling stock, so we will begin with a box car, ¼" scale. This is fairly simple, although there is more detail than is evident at a glance. We will take for our basis a rebuilt, 30-ton, wooden-sheathed New Haven car but, of course, your model may be lettered with the name of whatever road you prefer. Parts in ¼" scale may be obtained for standard American Railway Association steel type box cars, as well as for this model.

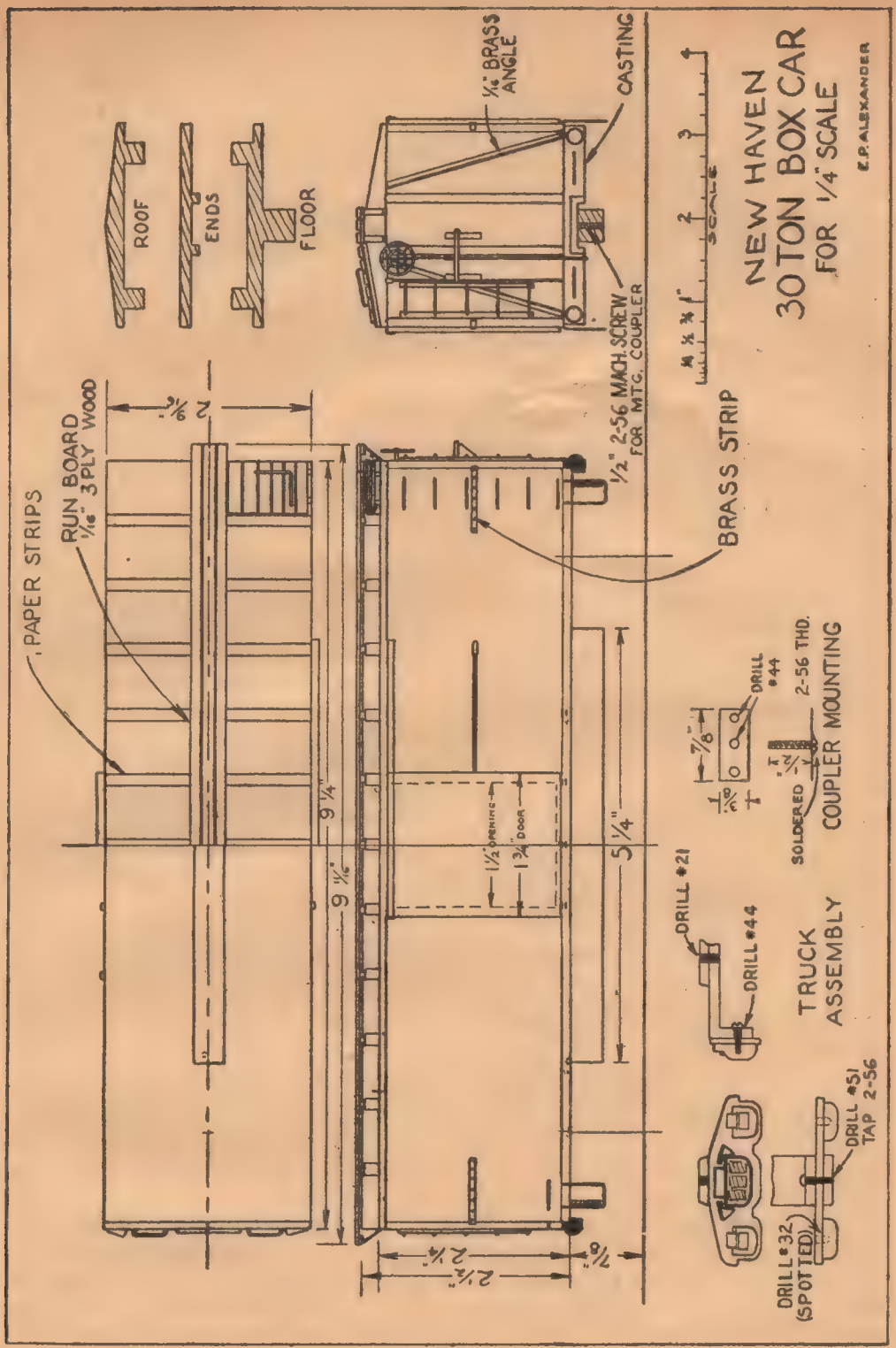
Besides these special wood sections, a solid one of the entire car also is available. This may be hollowed out for lightness and is a work saver, as no building up is necessary. Here is a list of materials you will need to do the whole job yourself, also average prices:

1 roof, 1 floor and 2 ends, all for 50¢; 4 side pieces, 25¢; 2 doors, 5¢; 2 end castings, 40¢; 1 pair couplers, 85¢; No. 57 brass wire for grab irons, etc., 15¢; 1/16" x ⅛" plywood for runboard (4 12" pcs.), 10¢; 1/16" sq. brass angle 10", 15¢; 1 pr. truck parts, $2.75; 1 brake wheel, 15¢; 10" 1/16" sq. brass rod for ladders, 10¢; cardboard, paper strips, brass for coupler plates, etc., 2-56 ½" machine screws and ⅜" No. 22 escutcheon pins.

The roof should be the entire assembly length of car. The floor is shorter, less the thickness of both end pieces. Assemble these four pieces, first using fine brads for nailing together, supplemented by glue. The sides are four pieces ¼" x 2 1/16" x 3¾" which should fit in snugly between the roof and floor. If a wooden-sheathed appearance is desired, these pieces should be scribed (carved) with a knife at 1/16" or 3/32" intervals vertically to represent sheathing. Doors may be of plywood or mounting cardboard 1/16" thick, with door guides of brass, or tin angles at the top. These may be used at the bottom, too, if you want the doors to open. Otherwise, small pieces of wood or brass will do for lower guides.

In mounting the runboards, 1/16" mounting board is used to space these off the roof. On account of the peak of the roof, narrow file notches should be made in this where the supports go, so the runboards will be level. Wood is not practical for these supports, as such narrow strips will split unless drilled. No. 22 ⅜" escutcheon pins are used for tacking on the runboards.

Ladders are made of the brass wire, U-shaped pieces being driven into tight holes in the sides and built up on 1/16" square brass rods on the ends. Steps are formed of the same wire as is used for the brake rod, while 1/16" angle brass is used for the diagonal braces on the ends. The brake platform and runboard supports are built up of brass pieces—scrap found in most shops.


NEW HAVEN
30 TON BOX CAR
FOR 1/4" SCALE
E.P. ALEXANDER
SCALE
ROOF
ENDS
FLOOR
1/4" BRASS ANGLE
CASTING
1/2" 2-56 MACH. SCREW FOR MTG. COUPLER
BRASS STRIP
PAPER STRIPS
RUN BOARD 1/16" 3 PLY WOOD
2 7/8"
9 1/4"
9 1/4"
1 1/2" OPENING
1 3/4" DOOR
5 1/4"
2 1/4"
2 1/4"
7/8"
DRILL #44
2-56 THD.
SOLDERED
COUPLER MOUNTING
DRILL #21
DRILL #44
TRUCK ASSEMBLY
DRILL #51 TAP 2-56
DRILL #32 (SPOTTED)

The end pieces with push-pole sockets are aluminum castings and may be nailed on with brads. The plates used for mounting couplers (usable for other cars as well) may be purchased or built up as shown in the drawing. Couplers should be drilled with No. 44 drill for mounting on these; nuts, of course, holding them on.

The center sill may be made shorter if the trucks, on account of the wheel-base, will not clear the steps, and thus must be moved in slightly toward the center of the car.

The truck assembly is shown in the drawing. Stretchers should be filed so they will be 1 19/32" between side frames. The latter (any type) should pivot on the machine screw to allow of equalizing. To prevent the screw from coming out, its head may be soldered to a stretcher. In assembling, fill the journals with graphite grease. Plates, similar to those used for mounting couplers, may be made up for mounting trucks, proportionately larger and with a ¾" 6-32 machine screw. Wood screws, however, will in many cases prove satisfactory for fastening trucks to car.

Now for painting. Use flat or enamel colors. A semi-gloss is best. Tuscan red or a slightly lighter shade is recommended. Trucks should, in most cases, be the same color as the rest of the car.

"How is lettering done?" you ask. The best way is with rubber stamps. A large variety of these, including heralds or trademarks, may be obtained from model railroad supply firms. The special ink used for this purpose (not a stamp pad) does not rub off and so will not require varnish on top.

Paste ink, rather than liquid ink, is recommended in lettering models with rubber stamps. The smallest possible amount should be used to get the best results. Squeeze out of the tube a small quantity on a piece of glass or similar smooth surface. Then roll the soft rubber roller over this, back and forth, spreading until it is a very thin layer or film.

Now pass the roller over the stamp two or three times and try it on a flat surface. Usually it is necessary to try this inking the stamp several times until one gets the knack of getting on a thin even coat.

This is the main point in successfully getting clean-cut marking on the model. Too much ink will spread over the edges of the letters and too little or an uneven application will leave some letters nearly blank.

This ink is quite durable when dry and need not be varnished unless desired. Gold dries quickest, black takes a little longer and white is the slowest. White also requires the most patience in applying. Even thinly inked stamps have a tendency to make the ink spread.

If the stamp slips or the lettering is off horizontal, wipe the lettering off the model, using a little turpentine. If some of the letters do not reproduce clearly, mix a very little turpentine with some ink and touch up with a fine brush or pen.

Always clean the stamp when you are through, as dried ink on it will impair its printing. Clean by stamping several times and wiping with a cloth on which turpentine or cleaning fluid may be used. Clean the roller as well. The ink has a tendency to harden quickly, so be sure the tube is well capped.

* * *

Comments from Readers

AT its recent annual meeting, the Boston Association of Model Engineers elected: President, W. H. Nichols; vice president, V. V. Hub-

One of the New Haven's Rebuilt, 30-Ton, Wooden-Sheathed Box Cars

bard; and secretary-treasurer, Charles A. Purinton, 251 Pleasant St., Marblehead, Mass., who writes: "I will be glad to answer any questions about the association."

* * *

I have a small railway under construction, practically all my own manufacture. I make all my own dies for truck parts, etc., and build up parts where castings are generally used. Would like to get in touch with other model-makers working under the same system, and maybe pool ideas with them.—HARRY J. HART, P. O. Box E., Port Conquitlam, B. C., Canada.

* * *

Steam-driven locomotive models are my main passion. I have just about finished my first—a ¼" scale, O gage, coal-fired, P. R. R. K5 (No. 5698). It was designed accurately to scale. Several experts were called in (in book form) as consulting engineers, including L. Lawrence, H. J. Coventry, Henry Greenly, F. W. Icken and P. H. Egolf. Everything except the wheels was designed and made at home.—GEORGE R. WHITE, 108 Paris Ave., Audubon, N. J.

* * *

I am starting a model railway. I wish model-builders would send me information on an electric locomotive for O gage track—plans and specifications for building a working model.

What kind of track are you model-builders using? Anything other than the regular manufactured track? Would like to hear from some of you on these subjects. In return I may be able to help you with block signal systems, of which I have a working knowledge. —FRED A. FARMER, 30 Coronation Court, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

* * *

In a back lot I am constructing a model railroad. The lot is fenced in and has been filled in with dirt, but has never been leveled off. This makes almost perfect mountains and canyons. Just the thing for a model railroad! The lot is about a hundred feet square, so I have plenty of room. I will have Southern Pacific mountain type locomotives of electric drive if I can afford them.—JASPER J. WALK, JR., 2032 E. 30th St., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

I am at work on a model of the "Meteor," probably the second locomotive to operate in New England, B. & W. R. R., 1834. It may look foolish for an ex-hogger 66 years old, but just as long as a man can play he remains young.—WARREN W. SAUNDERS, 497 Washington Ave., Woodfords, Me.

* * *

I belong to a Chicago club composed of fellows interested in model-making. Of the 54 members in good standing, more than 40 are actually constructing model railroads or equipment. At our latest meeting at least 20 copies of the June RAILROAD STORIES were in evidence.—H. M. SCHLADER, 208 N. Central Ave., Chicago.

HUNTERS ISLAND
Vermilion Lake
Tower
Ely
Grand Marais
St. Louis River
Cloquet River
Two Harbors
DULUTH
SUPERIOR
APOSTLE ISLANDS
DUL.
SOUTH SHORE
Gordon
Hurley
Bessemer
Ironwood
Mellen
Manawisa
Minocqua
Star L.
Scott
Iron Mtn.
Hayward
Reserve
Glidden
Ontonagon
Houghton
Hancock
Calumet
Chassell
Hubbell
Lake Linden
Baraga
Champion
Negaunee
Ishpeming
Gladstone
Escanaba
Manistique
Gulliver
Hendrie
Rudyard
Trout Lake
Kakabeka
Dunlinfint
Rossport
Rossport
Nipigon
Rossport
Rossport
Rossport

Three Photos from American Locomotive Co.

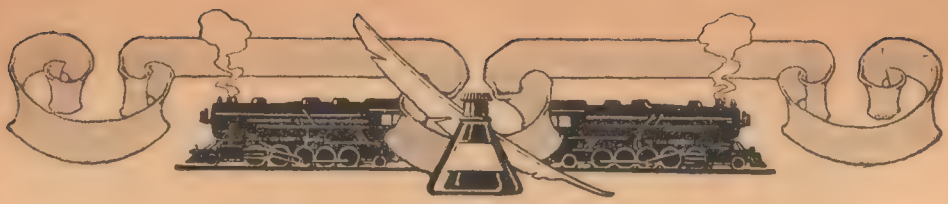
Information About Sets of Photos in This Series Will Be Found on Page 124

DULUTH, SOUTH SHORE & ATLANTIC

IN connection with our roster of motive power, we present a brief history of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Ry.—which got its name from the fact that through passengers and freight traveled via its western terminal, Duluth, along the south shore of Lake Superior, to the Atlantic seaboard. This system is composed of what was originally the Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette R. R., built in 1882; the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon, built in the early seventies, and the D., S. S. & A., completed in 1888, at which time the three lines were consolidated, a total of 559 miles, to which was added later the 57-mile Mineral Range R. R.

The D., S. S. & A. is controlled by the Soo Line, which in turn is owned by the Canadian Pacific. It carries a great deal of lumber, iron ore, copper and farm and dairy products. The territory it serves is regarded as a tourists' paradise. In the summer of 1928 President Coolidge spent his vacation at "Cedar Island Lodge," in an island in the Brule River, on the D., S. S. & A.

NEXT MONTH: ST. LOUIS SOUTHWESTERN (COTTON BELT)



On the Spot

AUSTRALIA is solving the bus and truck problem without any monkey business. If you want to know how it's done, read this interesting letter from one of our readers in Queensland, a retired engineer:

Considering its small population, Australia is probably as well provided with railways as any other country on the globe. We have approximately 25,000 miles of main line for a very scattered population of 6,000,000 people.

There are seven states—Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, North Australia, and Tasmania. Each has its own railway system, owned and operated by each state's government. The railways of North Australia, however, are under control of the federal government, which also operates the Transcontinental Railway.

Queensland, the second largest state in area, has the most extensive railway system, 6,500 miles. The mileage in the other states is: New South Wales, 5,400; Victoria, 4,500; West Australia, 3,600; South Australia, 2,000; Tasmania, 900, and North Australia, 400.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the railways in Australia is the difference in gages in each state. These range down from 5 ft. 6 in. in Victoria, to 3 ft. 6½ in. in Queensland. The standard gage, 4 ft. 8½ in., is used in the other states. Naturally, with such difference in gages, the interstate transport of goods by rail involves a great deal of handling, and passengers traveling across the continent are continually changing trains. A movement is on foot for the standardization of the entire Australian railway system, but owing to the enormous cost, it will be years before the scheme is actually started.

As in other countries, bus and truck competition has played havoc with railway earnings here, especially in the thickly-populated parts. There are vast stretches, sparsely populated, penetrated only by the railway; the rugged nature of the country excludes motor traffic. The various state governments, with a view to preventing heavy losses on their railways, recently placed exceptionally heavy taxes on all motor vehicles running in competition. As a result, bus and truck competition is gradually dying out.

Apart from steam, Australia has its electric trains and tube railways in Sydney, N. S. W., and Melbourne, V. In many parts of the country rail-motor cars are used to serve small districts.

As can be expected, the narrow gages in Australia do not permit of record-breaking speeds, though on the principal main lines in Victoria and N. S. W., express trains average 40-50 miles per hour, often a mile a minute.

The largest engine in use on the Australian railways is the D-5701 or "mountain" type. This is the largest main line locomotive in the Southern Hemisphere.

Should any reader be desirous of obtaining pictures of engines, trains, etc., in this country, I would be only too pleased to put him, or her, in touch with a source from which they may be obtained.—E. K. PATTERSON, "The Anchorage," Caloundra, Queensland, Australia.

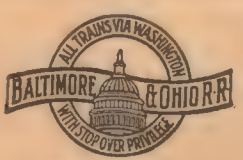
* * *

On a recent trip down south I was surprised to see many large fruit trucks doing good business and wearing out the public highways, while hundreds of locomotives were resting on sidetracks with no work to do. Why don't the states make truck and bus companies pay a fair share of the taxation?—HERBERT CHAPMAN, Waterbury, Vt.

* * *

Abandoned Main Lines

Here is an abandoned railroad project not mentioned in your April issue. This road was to run from Camden, N. J., to the Cape May naval base. In 1918 it was begun and had been graded part way when the Armistice was signed and the work halted. In Camden you can still see the roadbed and several of the railroad bridges.



I have walked along the second oldest railroad in the U. S. It runs a distance of about 3 miles from old Leiper's Quarries to Eddystone on the Delaware River. The whole distance it parallels the Crum Creek. I have several spikes from it. Leiper's Quarry is near Swarthmore and Eddystone where Baldwin Locomotive Works is located. Several times a year a small train with two or three gondola cars or coal cars runs in on the old line, which is now a stretch of rusty ribbon belonging to the B. & O.—JOHN RICHARDS, 501 Elm Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.

* * *

Answering O. L. Bourn's query (May "Spot" department): The railroad from Brattleboro to

South Londonderry, Vt., was rehabilitated after the flood of 1927, the last of all the lines put out of commission at that time. The C. V. threw up its lease of the line—made standard gage, is my impression—and the original owners rebuilt it. Owing to lack of patronage, passenger trains have been supplanted by bus service. The company said if every inhabitant of the valley would ride at least once a year it could be made profitable.

Did you know that the Bristol R. R. had been junked? Truck competition did it, as well as auto. The Bristol station has been turned into a bungalow, its architecture lending itself to such. The man who dismantled the road stored its rolling stock here in the C. V. yards. Only one engine is left now; I have two small snapshots of it to exchange with readers interested.—WILLIAM H. WANZER, 25 Bay View St., Burlington, Vt.

* * *

The old Portland & Ogdensburg R. R. interests me very much. For five years I have been spending summers at the end of this line on Lake Champlain. The P. & O. crossed the C. V. tracks about ¼ mile below Swanton, Vt., station and then ran west to the lake, turned and ended at a dock. There used to be a breakwater off shore, but this has been demolished by the weather. The rails have been removed as far as Swanton. Poplars have grown between the ties, forming an almost solid tree fence along the road.

The St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain now owns all this property and runs trains into Swanton. Their power is badly in need of repair. I have seen trains headed by an old 2-6-0 or 4-6-0 which should be in a museum.—ROBERT LE MASSENA, 339 Park Ave., Orange, N. J.

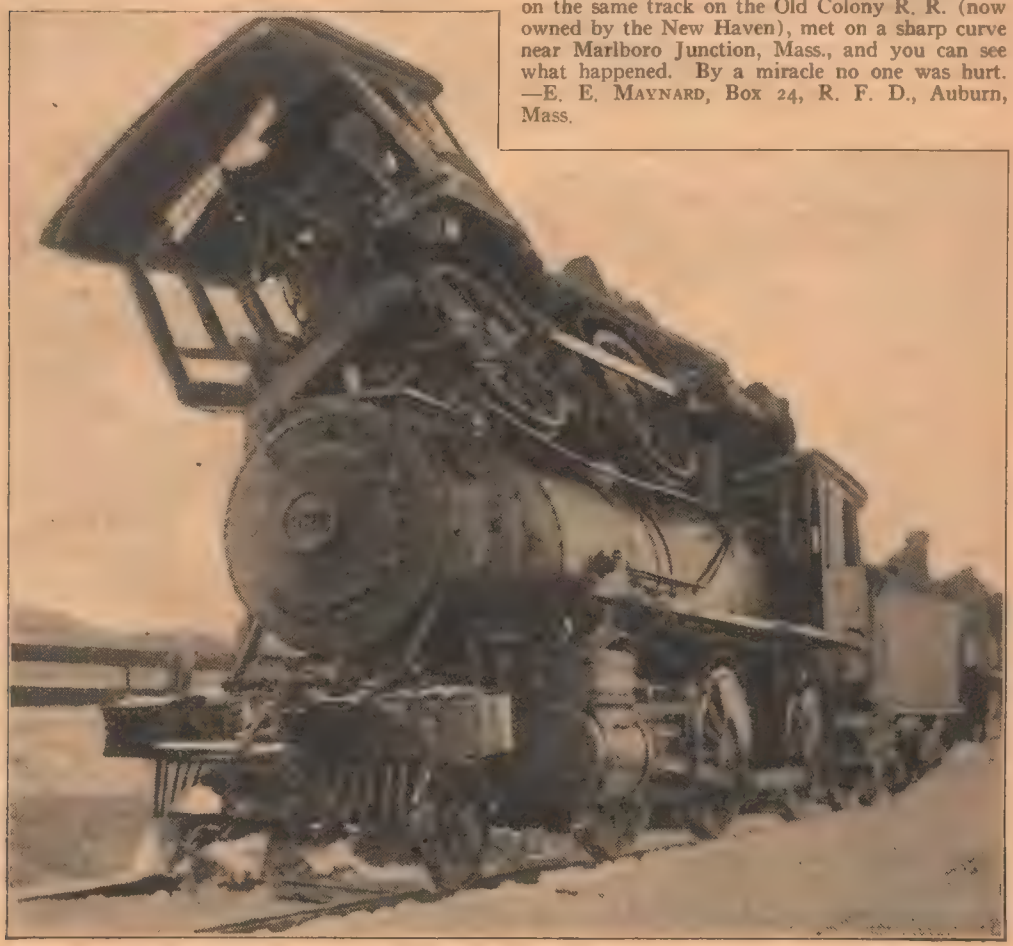
* * *

I liked Fraser's story about the Mt. Tamalpais & Muir Woods R. R. I remember that fire; it sure was a rip-snorter. What became of the rolling stock of that line?—LUKE SINCLAIR, 2423 15th Ave., San Francisco.

* * *

Another Freak Wreck

Here is a photo of a freak wreck similar to the one at Batavia in 1885, pictured in your recent May issue. This occurred in the winter of 1886. A blizzard raged during the night, making it impossible for the men in the engine cab to see far ahead. Two trains running in opposite directions on the same track on the Old Colony R. R. (now owned by the New Haven), met on a sharp curve near Marlboro Junction, Mass., and you can see what happened. By a miracle no one was hurt. —E. E. MAYNARD, Box 24, R. F. D., Auburn, Mass.



In the Maple Leaf Dominion

This item from the *Kamloops Sentinel* was clipped by John J. Waugh, Box 177, Kamloops, B. C.:

A few years ago a locomotive in the Canadian Pacific yards at Moose Jaw, Sask., became a galloping firetruck, pumping water on a blazing coal shed until the fire was extinguished.

Now engine No. 6103 of the Canadian Pacific Railway has distinguished itself by successfully completing a fortnight's stand as electrical power plant.

The scene was New Westminster alongside the new shortening factory of the Swift Canadian Company. The power plant for the new factory was not completed, the boilers had not been installed, but the plant needed electrical power. Locomotive 6103 was summoned, put under a full head of steam and began driving the turbines from her generous boilers.

Engine crews came and went, going on and off shift with all the ceremony which marks such transfers of authority "on the road." Steam was kept up 24 hours a day for two weeks and the meat plant had a steady and easily available supply of power.

* * *

Canada has her share of railroad mayors. For instance, James J. Crawford and George N. Galloway, Canadian National hoggers, both served as mayor of Samia, Ont. Crawford recently retired on pension, while Galloway is now running the fast "International Limited."—Reg Wooller, C. N. R. Fireman, 1 Barrington Ave., Toronto, Ont.

* * *

Great Britain's oldest passenger engine, No. W-13, the "Ryde" (pictured in your issue of Nov., 1931), is to be sold for scrapping. She was built in 1864 by Messrs. Byer, Peacock & Co., of Manchester, for the Isle of Wight Ry., and has been in service ever since. It seems a pity that this sturdy old veteran cannot be preserved for posterity!—F. C. Hatcher, 49 Innes Ave., Toronto, Ont.

* * *

Babies Born on Trains

Now that we have printed letters about most of the trackside graves in North America, we would like to hear from readers in regard to babies born on trains. Here are a few "births in berths" to start the ball rolling:

The stork caught up with a C. N. R. train near Regina, Sask., a few weeks ago, and Cameron Norman Roger Dreidger was presented to Mrs. J. S. Dreidger, of Craik, Sask., traveling by rail from her home to Regina. Another baby whose initials are the same as the railroad's is Miss Cecilie Norma Rollande Turgeon, of Montreal, born on a Canadian National train more than a year ago. You printed her photo in March, 1931.—G. H. Lash, C. N. R. Press Representative, 673 Fifth Ave., New York City.

* * *

A son was born to Mrs. Harry G. Blundell, of Preston, Ont., Canada, last February while she was riding homeward from Los Angeles in the Chicago & North Western's "Continental Limited." The stork boarded the train in Nevada, and baby's first bath was in a kettle borrowed from the dining car. Arriving at Galt, Ont., the father was arrested on a bank robbery charge.—W. D. Ralston, Tarentum, Pa

* * *

Not long ago two Frisco trains were overtaken by the stork. One infant was born to a passenger on Train 805 shortly after it had left St. Louis, while the other youngster made its début on the "Meteor" en route to St. Louis. —Myron H. Rowe, 53 E. Bradley Ave., Champaign, Ill.

* * *

I was born in a "dead" refrigerator car set on the ground at Fairview, Ariz., on the good old Santa Fe, in 1906, the year Railroad Stories was started. In those days it was called Railroad Man's Magazine.—W. W. Warner, Wiggins, Colo.

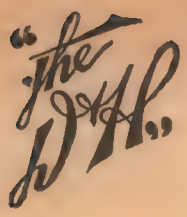
* * *

Information Wanted

Is there any brakeman in the United States or Canada, now in active service, who has less seniority than I have? If so, I'd like to hear from him. I was hired Nov. 14, 1930, on the New York Central and have been furloughed since March, 1932.—D. S. Bowman, R. F. D. No. 1, Moultrie, O.

* * *

Dellinger's "Steam and Steel" reminded me of the time I was in France with the 82nd Division. A. E. F. I'd like to hear from any man who served in that division.—William D. Quinn, R. D. No. 4, Port Byron, N. Y.



Would like to hear from any rail who worked on either the Erie or the Delaware & Hudson Railroad in 1915. My father had jobs as brakeman on both of those roads that year. He was known as "Erie."—CARL F. WOOSMAN, 409 Oneida St., Syracuse, N. Y.

* * *

Does any old-timer remember the Pittsburgh & Western? I think it ran from Pittsburgh to Akron, O., now part of the B. & O.—TOM MALLEY, 228 Clifton Ave., Sharpsburg, Pa.

* * *

Could anyone tell me of a wreck on the old Southern Central where a freight dove into Dryden Lake and was never recovered?—LAURENCE E. HOGAN, Marathon, N. Y.

* * *

On a B. M. T. subway train, Dec. 26, 1931, I met the Brooklyn Railway Club's secretary, but I didn't think to take his name and address. Please publish this paragraph—I'm sure he reads the magazine—I'd like to get in touch with him.—OLIVER N. CAREY, 12 Edgebrook Pl., Cranford, N. J.

* * *

In your issue of Dec., 1931, I read a very interesting article, "The Battle of the Gages," but the author, R. H. Tingley, was unable to explain how the drawheads came together on trains of mixed equipment.

I asked several railroad men and they were not sure, so I motored to Waynesburg in Green County, Pa., which still has mixed equipment to Washington, Pa. The original narrow (3 ft.) tracks are still in use there in the yards, turntable, roundhouse, box and flat cars and five small engines. The third rail connects with a branch of the Monongahela R. R. at Waynesburg.

The narrow-gage engine is attached to a narrow flat car which has a drawhead on the back to one side to fit the drawhead of the standard car. Thus the narrow-gage engine can be used to haul the standard cars over the twenty-eight miles of track to Washington, eliminating a change of tracks and bridges and the necessity of reloading.—MRS. GORDON LANE, R. F. D. No. 2, Belle Vernon, Pa.

* * *

Would like to see some histories of street railways, especially those now abandoned; also old trolley maps of lines in New England, interurban lines, etc.—FRANK DONOVAN, JR., 1919 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

Claim Settled by a Button

Those International Engine Picture Club pins remind me of a strange experience. A "Safety First" button, with a white cross in the center, saved me from possible assault and settled an old sourdough's claim for personal injuries he swore he'd received in a D. & R. G. W. wreck near Chama, N. M., in 1925.

Being a railroad claim agent, it was up to me to see Phil Flynn, of Silverton, Colo. Flynn's reputation was tough, pickled in alcohol, but an evangelist had been holding revival meetings in town and the old bird "got religion." Publicly he professed conversion, which made my task much easier. When I called on the convert, he was as good-natured as a tallowpot shoveling coal up a steep grade—until he spied the button on my coat lapel. Instantly he became polite and effusive.

"I wanna go straight," he said, "an' to prove it, I'm gonna drop my claim against the railroad. I wasn't hurt at all in that wreck, I just aimed to get even with the darned corporation. Yes, mister, I'm withdrawin' that claim," and he did.

The sudden confession puzzled me. Then I did some quick thinking. I wore a black suit, with a cross in that button, so Flynn must have mistaken me for a minister.—JACK WALSH, 160 S. Lincoln St., Denver, Colo.

Ridin' on th' Rods

CHUKA! chuka! chuka!
See that black smoke fog!
Who t' 'ell would wanter
Fire a mountain hog?

Smoke 'n' grease 'n' cinders
Flyin' 'bout in wads!
Gee! I'd rather be here—
Ridin' on th' rods!

Chuka! chuka! chuka!
Pusher in behind;
Bet them guys are shiverin'
Up there on the blind.

Ain't no place fer ridin'
On these yaller trains:
Allus gotta keep a
Watchin' fer the "brains."

Shack won't say much to yer,
Hoghead don't prowl about;
But when that con comes nosin'—
Cripes then, bo, look out!

Headin' down the mountain!
Watch these babies roll!
Hug that rod tight, pardner,
Don't you lose yer hol'.

Careful with that bindle:
Gump fer supper there;
Guess some farmer's short one—
What t' 'ell we care!

Bo's gotta eat, I reckon,
Huh! So what's t' odds!
Gosh! A guy gets hungry—
Ridin' on th' rods!

—A. LESLIE

Engine Pictures

Did YOU see a salmon-colored announcement of our engine picture contest? Last May we sent out 1,500 of them to be posted on bulletin boards in railroad shops, roundhouses, etc., all over the United States, Canada, Mexico and Central America, and we want to check up on results. Please tell us if one of those circulars was posted in the shop where you work.

I have a picture of the locomotive "Cornwall," built in 1847, which is still running in England on the L. M. & S. on the "Inspectors" or "Engineers" train. Its driving wheels are 102 inches in diameter, so W. G. Addison's statement in the May "Spot" department was incorrect. The original wheels of this engine were hand-forged—a mighty job for a blacksmith!—RICHARD A. BARKER, 2408 Western Ave., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

I consider myself a charter member of the International Engine Picture Club, as my name appeared in your very first list in Jan., 1931, in connection with an article on "Collecting Engine Pictures" written by your editor, Freeman H. Hubbard. This article actually started the I. E. P. Club.

Well, I hope the fans get a kick out of unscrambling the hashed-up pictures. Am I going to try? Watch for my entry, boys, and have a cash prize waiting!—GEORGE HOLZER, 30 Giles St., Waterbury, Conn.

* * *

Your picture contest is great! I hope you continue to print these cut-outs even after the contest is over. Much more fun than crossword puzzles.—JOHN A. DARRENBACHER, Box 955, Perry, N. Y.

* * *

The illustration of the locomotive "Nat Wright" from the scrapbook of R. Woodhouse, of Toronto, in your June issue, came from a lithograph advertisement of the Cincinnati Locomotive Works. The name "Moore & Richardson, Cincinnati," is on the oval plate in the center of the decorations on the cab panel.—ORNAM L. PATT, JR., 207 Lenox Ave., Providence, R. I.

* * *

Print more engine and train pictures. Also railroad history. Taking one road at a time, tell us the story of their early days and their growth. —RUSSELL H. SHAPLEY, 178 Box Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

Thanks for printing my request for back numbers. I received replies from all over U. S. A., Canada and Mexico. I got more copies of your magazine than I needed, and I had to send several back. I was starting an engine picture collection, and wanted magazines to clip out the pictures. —LEONARD PEONE, P. O. Box 114, Basin, Mont.

I have a scrapbook containing more than 400 clippings from RAILROAD STORIES. Please do not drop the "Casey in the Cab" comic strip. It adds spice and zest to a real live magazine.—MERION MCNEW, Laid-off Fireman, Route 6, Franklin, Ind.

* * *

Your idea of giving pins to members of the International Engine Picture Club is O. K. It helps to promote interest in the club.—GLENN GRABILL, JR., 132 W. Home St., Westerville, O.

* * *

An interesting new booklet is "Distinctive American Trains—Their Names, Their Territories, Their Dates," by Herbert C. Barker, Bureau of Railway Information, Lawrence, Kan.; 22 pages, 35¢ a copy, revised up to April 24, 1932. A valuable addition to any railroad library. We regret it is not illustrated.

* * *

Tribute from Naval Academy

We now hear from the son of a former Secretary of the Navy:

Railroading in any form has always been a hobby with me, but has just broken out like a fever which has remained unabated since last summer. If there are no commissions when my class graduates from the Naval Academy, I seriously consider getting an extension course or something in a good university and taking up locomotive engineering as a life work.

RAILROAD STORIES is the most interesting magazine of its kind I've ever read. In fact, it is the *only* magazine I know of that is devoted entirely to a great institution like the railroad, and embraces the field in so interesting a manner. There is no such publication about steamship lines, bus lines, aircraft industry, etc. When the name was changed from RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE to RAILROAD STORIES, I was afraid your book would degenerate into a purely "hairbreadth" thriller, but I'm glad to say that such is not the case.—EDWIN DENBY, JR., U. S. Naval Academy, 2016 Bancroft Hall, Annapolis, Md.

* * *

Railroading in Hawaii

The Oahu Railroad of Hawaii has 104 miles of track, not quite standard gage. Its engines are old Baldwin relics. Funny thing about those jacks. When you first come to the islands, you think they look like peanut roasters. After you have been here a few years you run outdoors whenever you see one of them rumble past.

Virtually all O. R. R. freight business comes from the sugarcane and pineapple plantations. Tourist business is fairly good, too. Honolulu has a fine stucco depot. The tourist planks down $2.40 and is yanked around to the other side of the island. Enroute he gets his money's worth of sun-drenched beaches and coral strands.

Out on bleak Kaena Point where the towering Waianae Mountains shoulder abruptly into the sea, the main line sidles by on its ballast bed of broken lava. The clearances are very small and the view is quite good.

A branch runs inland from the town of Waipahu to Schofield Barracks, U. S. army post. The day of army transport sailings, interesting scenes are presented. The train of twelve to twenty stubby little coaches which awaits the homebound troops is known as the "Short-Timers' Express." Transports always sail at high noon. Early in the morning the train, loaded to the rods with happy doughboys, moves out onto the main, while sad music is played by military bands and the hoghead tolls his bell with funereal solemnity.

An official of the Mid-Pacific Railroad of Hawaii once went to California and was entertained by a Southern Pacific "brass hat," who gave him a pass over the S. P. Lines. In return, the brass hat was given a pass over the Mid-Pacific.

Later the S. P. man came to Hawaii, boarded a Mid-Pacific train and presented his pass. It was honored, of course, but the visitor was disconcerted to find that the Mid-Pacific system has only three miles of line, being operated by the U. S. Army. The M.-P. cars are named after kings who used to reign over the islands.—SAMUEL M. CLAWSON, Post Signal Office, Schofield Sta., Honolulu.

* * *

Differences of Opinion

Let's have more true articles and not so much "blood and thunder" fiction.—WARREN B. MORSE, Box 63, Excelsior, Minn.

* * *

Your stories are very poor. Don't mistake me; they are entertaining and well written by men who know the railroad game, but they are out of place in this magazine. Omit love and crime.

Another bad thing: almost every story has a wreck in it. If you look into railroading closely you will discover that wrecks are rare today.

Give us more true stuff. Your most interesting department is "By the Light of the Lantern." The engine pictures are very good, but I dislike miniature railroads. Most rails get enough practice on the real thing; they don't want to build toys. I'm glad you got rid of "Honk and Horace."—HARRY A. MORRISON, Concord, N. H.

* * *

I strongly disagree with a statement by Granville Thomas in the May "Spot" department that most of your fiction has "childish plots" dealing with "the big hero, the impossible villain, and the beautiful girl." Anyone who reads RAILROAD STORIES carefully will see how ridiculous that assertion really is.—WILLIAM BELCHER, 10 Clifton St., Quincy, Mass.

* * *

I didn't know such a good magazine existed until a brakeman gave me an old copy of RAILROAD STORIES. If more of your readers would do the same, their friends would be grateful and it would be a big help to the book itself.—BOB MCGUIRE, Operator, N. & W. Ry., Cedar Bluff, Va.

I'm a Rock Island ex-rail. Things don't look very promising for me to be parked on a tallowpot's seat any more, but I can still railroad once a month by reading "our" magazine. I buy two copies each issue.—A. N. RICKERSON, 2315 Irving St., Beaumont, Texas.

* * *

Regarding "Danger Signals": Tell Johns that in the good old days the cabooses had a big brake wheel in the cupola so the hind animal could make a service reduction from there without having to decorate.—G. A. LATHROP, Box 638, Gunnison, Colo.

* * *

The greatest writer you have is E. S. Dellinger, the "Zane Grey" of railroad story writing.—FRED J. POCIUS, 10532 Edbrook Ave., Chicago.

* * *

Potato Train of 172 Cars

"When longer trains than that are hauled, we'll haul 'em," is what the boys are saying around the B. & A. yards at Northern Maine Junction.

As far as anyone knows, or can find out, engine 102—one of the big new freighters—pulled the longest freight train ever handled by one locomotive in New England when she came in with 172 cars, 167 of them loaded with potatoes and five empties, not to forget the buggy. W. F. Ranks was at the throttle, Earle E. Ingerson handled the stoker and A. C. Campbell was conductor.—HARRY W. PETERSON, Gardiner, Me.

* * *

Foreign Lands Heard From

I would like to see a log (time-table) showing the actual performance of America's fastest scheduled express.—A. E. ARNOLD, 3rd Ave., Fish Hook, Cape Town, South Africa.

* * *

RAILROAD STORIES is most interesting. I save every copy. The International Engine Picture Club is a great thing for all of us. Through it I have made many pen friends who send me interesting letters and pictures.—D. PEREZ DE LEON, Station Agent, Ferrocarriles Nacionales de Mexico, La Union, Pue., Mexico.

* * *

I'd be glad to get information and pictures of the New York subway systems.—J. BONNER, 41 Warren Rd., Marrickville, N. S. W., Australia.

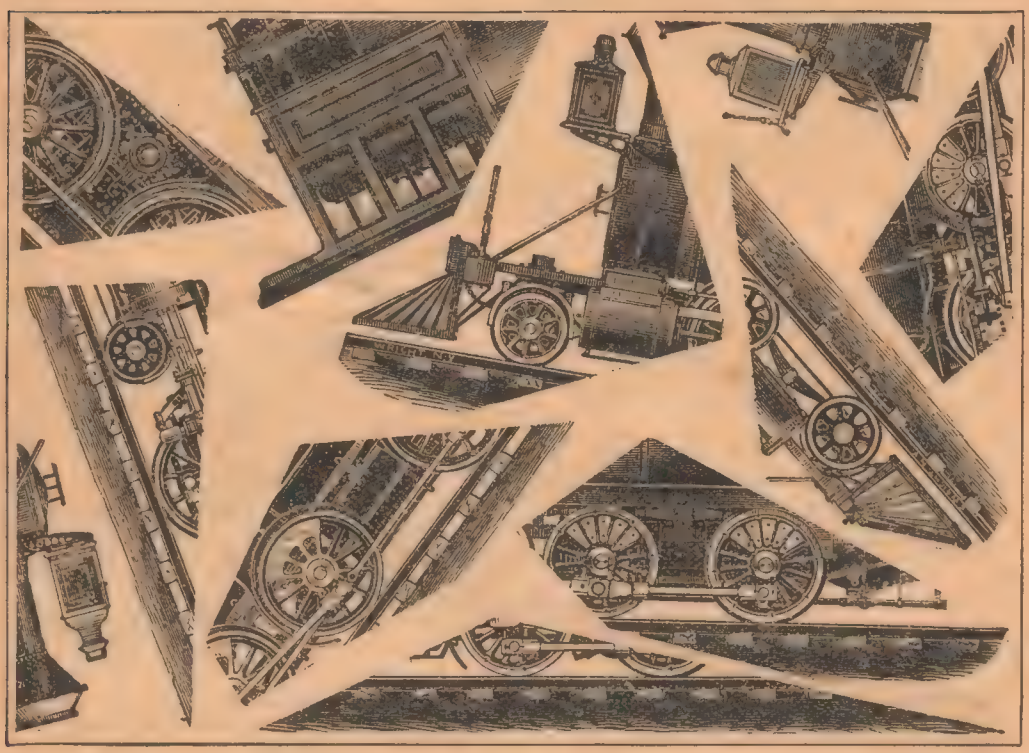
* * *

South African Railways have a 3½-foot gage. For this width we hold the world's record in heavy loads and speeds. After the U. S. and Canada, South Africa comes next with heaviest engines and rolling stock. One of our crack trains, "The Union Limited," travels from Johannesburg to Cape Town, a distance of 856 miles, in 28½ hours.—ALF SOLOMONS, 77-A 8th Ave., Bez Valley, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Railroad Pictures Free—Details on Page 142

ENGINE PICTURE CONTEST

$200.00 in Cash Prizes and 25 Free Subscriptions



THREE scrambled old locomotive pictures are printed on these two pages: a Baldwin ten-wheeler, a Hinkley eight-wheeler and a Danforth "Consolidation." Three scrambled pictures appeared in our June issue and three in July. Three more are coming in September. Twelve in all. Cut out and assemble the pieces. For the best complete sets sent to us, 33 prizes will be awarded:

FIRST CASH PRIZE.....$100.00
SECOND CASH PRIZE.... $50.00
THIRD CASH PRIZE..... $25.00
Five Cash Awards of $5 each.
25 other prizes, each a year's subscription to RAILROAD STORIES.

Rules of Contest

(1) Everybody eligible except Frank A. Munsey Co. employees and their families.

(2) Cut out all pieces of the 12 engine pictures. Put them together as correctly as you can. Paste them on paper, one or two on a sheet. Save sheets until set is complete. Send us all 12 pictures at the same time.

(3) Write, print or typewrite your name, address and occupation on the back of each sheet. It is not necessary to title the pictures, but you may do so if you prefer. Do not write a letter.

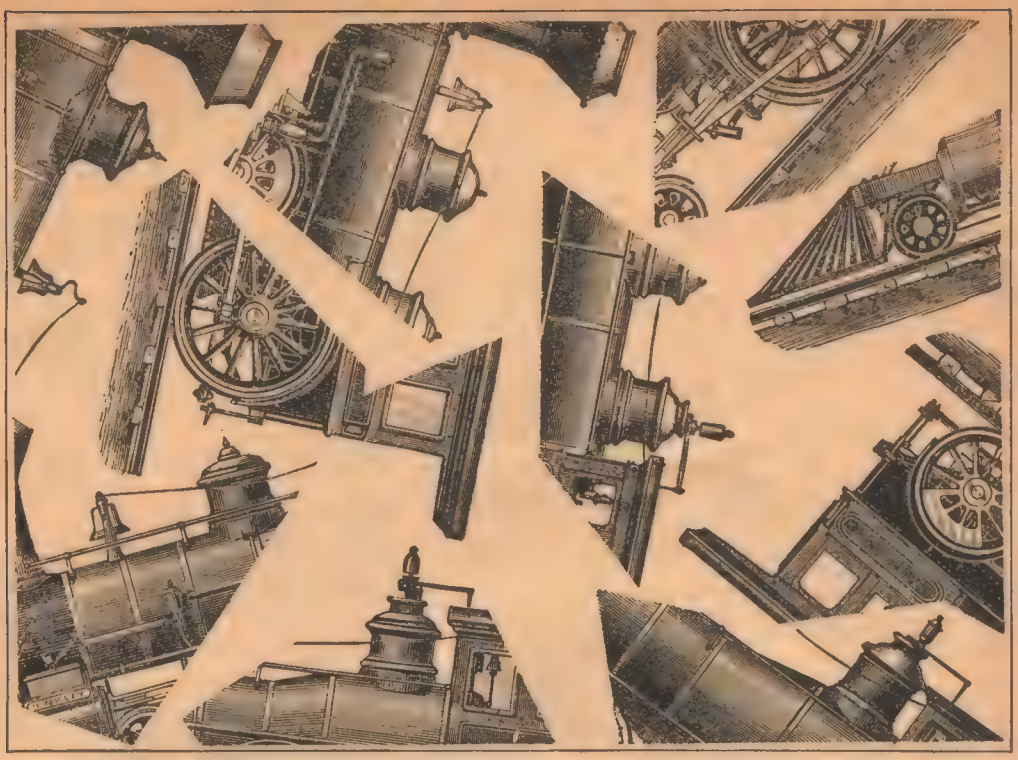
(4) Awards will be based upon accuracy, neatness and ingenuity in presentation. Don't be too elaborate. Simplicity is best.

(5) Address Contest Editor, Railroad Stories, 280 Broadway, New York City. All entries must reach this office not later than 5 p. m., Sept. 30, 1932. Those that arrive marked "postage due" are not eligible. No entries will be returned.

(6) Any contestant may send in as many sets as he or she wishes, but nobody can win more than one of the prizes. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

(7) No preference given to contestants with railroad experience, nor to our subscribers. It is not necessary to buy Railroad Stories. Contestants may copy or trace the cut-out pictures and assemble their entries from the copies they have made.

(8) Decisions of this board of judges must be accepted as final: Freeman H. Hubbard, Managing Editor, Railroad Stories, and G. H. Burck, Associate Editor; W. H. Winterrowd, Vice President, Lima Locomotive Works, Inc.; H. J. Downs, American Locomotive Co.; C. E. Chambers, Supt. of Motive Power, Central R. R. of N. J.; Joseph Lavelle, who has one of the world's largest engine picture collections; and M. B. Richardson, Associate Editor, Railway Age, Mechanical Department.



Winners in April Story-Title Contest

Warren C. Sweet

FIRST PRIZE, $25, "Supervision Plus." Warren C. Sweet, Edson, Alta., Canada. C. N. R. switchman for the past five years; prior to that he spent five years in C. N. R. shops and engine service. Married. Born in Minneapolis, son of a boomer trainman on the G. N., U. P. and N. P.

SECOND PRIZE, $15, "Super-Vision." Richard L. Hange, 3437 Wenonah Ave., Berwyn, Ill. Unemployed. Single. Former clerk on the Burlington Road, office of auditor of freight accounts, Chicago.

THIRD PRIZE, $5, "On the Right Track." Mrs. Clara L. H. Baird, 1946 Westholme Ave., Westwood Hills, Los Angeles. Widow, cousin of Philip Ferry, a P. R. R. fireman.

FOURTH PRIZE, $2.50, "It Happens in Fiction Only." Robert W. Goodwin, 806 W. 10th St., Santa Ana, Calif. Born at Marceline, Mo., son of a trainman now retired. Boomer, train crew caller, mudhop, engine watchman, switchman and brakeman, all on the Santa Fe; then Mo. P. switchman at Kansas City, 1917 till "outlaw" strike of 1920; then brakeman and conductor, Mo. & N. Ark. Ry., until 1927. Now a meat salesman, longing to get back to the iron road.

FIFTH PRIZE, $2.50, "Human Stuff—Handle with Care." R. B. Faris, principal of city schools, Lorain, O. Ex-car-checker, P. R. R.

Judges in this contest were Freeman H. Hubbard, Managing Editor, RAILROAD STORIES; G. H. Burck, Associate Editor, and three of our authors, John A. Thompson, A. Leslie and F. M. Westcott, all former railroad men. Five consolation prizes, each a year's subscription to the magazine, go to:

Hilary F. Turner, 1875 E. 22nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "The Fable of Two Railroad Men." Single. Unemployed. Son of a retired river-service veteran, L. V. R. R.

Roy L. Murphy, Green River, Wyo. "Golden Rule or Iron Rule?" Machinist helper, U. P.

James E. Garvin, 26 Thomas Ave., Batavia, N. Y. "For the Good of the Service." Inspector, N. Y. State Dept. Agriculture. Was boomer on 12 roads. Father, Daniel M. Garvin, had 46-year service record, D. & H. track supervisor.

Corning Cole Collins, 1168 Oak St., Huntington, Ind. "The Tale of Two Brass Hats." Postal clerk. Married. Was boiler-maker's helper in Erie R. R. shops. Son of an Erie engineman.

G. Beverly Keefer, Box 732, Thorold, Ont., Canada. (Thorold is the birthplace of Edward W. Beatty, president, C. P. R.) "Trainmasters or Trained Masters?" Schoolboy, 12 years old.

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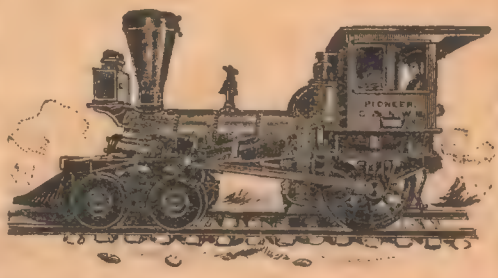

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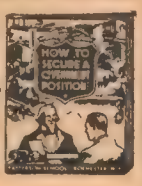

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....Head On! (June, '32)
....Hobo, You Can't Ride This Train! (May, '32)
....Thirty! (Feb., '32)
....The Iron War Horse (Jan., '32)
....Journey's End (Nov., '31)
....Race With Fire (Oct., '31)
....Still a Railroader (Sept., '31)
....The Iron Herd (June, '31)

Classified Advertising

The Purpose of this Department is to put the reader in touch immediately with the newest needfuls for the HOME, OFFICE, FARM, or PERSON; to offer, or seek, an unusual BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY, or to suggest a service that may be performed satisfactorily through correspondence. It will pay a housewife or business man equally well to read these advertisements carefully.

Classified Forms Close Six Weeks in Advance.

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AMAZING INVENTION! WORLD'S FIRST 100% AUTOMATIC FAUCET TYPE ELECTRIC WATER HEATER, GUARANTEED NEVER BURN OUT. PRODUCES HOT RUNNING WATER INSTANTLY! FITS ANY FAUCET. BAKELITE, CHROMIUM TRIMMED. $2.95 RETAIL, YOU MAKE UP TO $1.70. ALSO AUTOMATIC IMMERSION, 75¢ UP. FREE SAMPLE OFFER. DEPT. MC, ROBINSON-SCHENKEL, 215 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY OWNER BUYS GOLD INITIALS for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.45. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. AMERICAN MONOGRAM CO., Dept. 54, East Orange, N. J.

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY—$20 PER DAY CAN BE EARNED. Experience unnecessary. Home protection at cost. Ages 1 to 80, $250 to $1,000 at death. Not insurance. You make $5 for each member secured. NATIONAL AID SOCIETY, Myers Bldg., Springfield, Ill.

EASY MONEY SELLING 25C NEEDLEBOOKS. SENSATIONAL SELLERS. COST 1-3C TO 5C. NEW SELLING PLAN FOR UNEMPLOYED. FREE CATALOGUE. PATY NEEDLES, DEPT. M, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

EARN TO $40 WEEKLY. SELL 3 DRESSES $3.95. SEVENTY OTHER AMAZING VALUES. Earn dresses Free. Experience unnecessary. Marvelous sample outfit, gorgeous Fall styles Free. FASHION FROCKS, Dept. J-1003, Cincinnati, O.

DO YOU WANT AGENTS AND SALESMEN TO SELL YOUR MERCHANDISE? Men and women who are educated in personal salesmanship and know the house-to-house, office and store canvassing proposition. These advertisers are getting them year in and year out, and there are thousands more for you among the readers of the Munsey Magazines. Our Classified Service Bureau will gladly show you how to use this section most profitably and at the least cost. Write to-day to the CLASSIFIED MANAGER, MUNSEY COMBINATION, 280 Broadway, New York.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Sell By Mail! Books, Novelties, Bargains. Large profits! Forty different circulars with your imprint at one-fourth original cost. Profits as high as 90c on dollar orders. Particulars Free! M. ELFCO, 523 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

LOCOMOTIVE PICTURES

SEND 6¢ IN STAMPS FOR SAMPLE ENGINE PICTURE. Also list of many others for sale. A. H. CHRISTIANSEN, 822½ S. Oak Park Ave., Oak Park, Illinois.

MODELMAKING

THE MODELMAKER. A magazine for those interested in building model locomotives, cars, railroad systems, etc. Working models. Send 10 cents for sample copy. THE MODELMAKER, 122R Liberty Street, New York, N. Y.

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DON'T WORRY over unemployment and small pay, be independent, learn Sign Writing. Beginners' practical home study Course priced low, pay from your earnings. Write BROWN SIGN SYSTEM, Dept. M, 205½ S. Main St., Ft. Worth, Texas.

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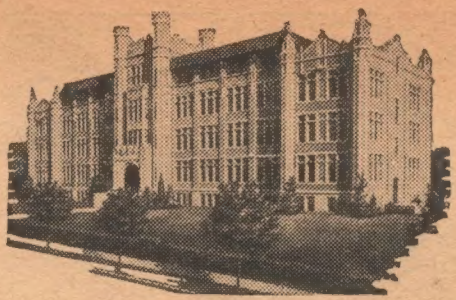

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The lessons are easy to understand and you will make rapid progress because you will be *in a class by yourself* and you will study under the guidance of instructors who are sincerely interested in helping you to get ahead and achieve the bigger things of life.

Just mark and mail the coupon and we will gladly send you interesting free booklets describing the High School Courses of the International Correspondence Schools or any other subject in which you are interested.

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- ☐ Business Correspondence
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TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

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- ☐ Mechanical Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
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- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
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- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Architects' Blueprints
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Automobile Work
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- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ Agriculture and Poultry
- ☐ Mathematics

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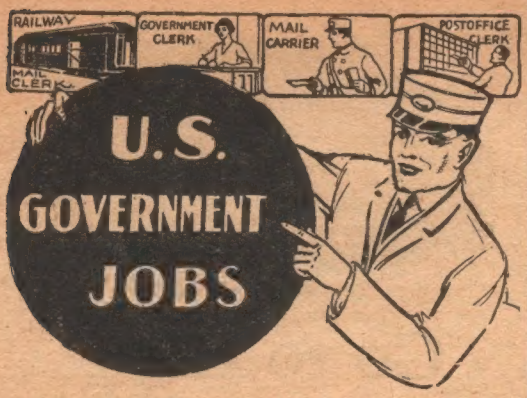
City..... State.....



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